For Darling Mamoo
with best love from
your little Boodo.

THE

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

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From Lodge. G.B.Shaw

Mary R.

THE

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT BART

VOL. I.

LONDON, ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

BEING THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE REBELLION 1745-46

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR

VOL. I

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INTRODUCTION

I ESTEEM it a privilege to be permitted to say a few words by way of introduction to Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. There can be few men who would not gladly take a part, however small and humble, in calling fresh attention to any work of so great and good a man, of so lovable and gifted a writer.

The first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather* was published nearly sixty years ago, in December 1827. The severe task of writing the *Life of Napoleon* had been finished on 9th June 1827, and the very next morning Scott records in his diary that "the good thought came into his head to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhart from the history of Scotland." The suggestion came to him from the popularity of Croker's *Stories from the History of England*, but he determined not to write quite so simply as Croker had done, because he felt a conviction that "both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are composed more for their betters and elders. I will," he says, "make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of style not quite my own. The grand and interesting con-

sists in ideas, not in words. A clever thing of the kind might have a race."

He was not disappointed in his expectation. The first *Tales* appeared early in December, and "their reception was more rapturous than that of any of his works since *Ivanhoe*." "He had," says his biographer, "solved for the first time the problem of narrating history so as at once to excite and gratify the curiosity of youth, and please and instruct the wisest of mature minds. The popularity of the book has grown with every year that has since elapsed; it is equally prized in the library, the boudoir, the school-room, and the nursery; it is adopted as the happiest of manuals, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; nay, it is to be seen in the hands of old and young all over the civilised world, and has, I have little doubt, extended the knowledge of Scottish history in quarters where little or no interest had ever before been awakened as to any other parts of that subject except those immediately connected with Mary Stuart and the Chevalier."

This estimate of the popularity of the *Tales* was perfectly accurate when Lockhart wrote his admirable biography. In more recent days they have been, so to speak, "crowded out" by the vast multiplicity of new publications. The present edition is due to the persuasion that the work is far too valuable to be suffered to sink into neglect.

The charm of the book lies partly in that indefinable stamp of genius and distinction which it shares with all the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and partly in its simplicity and vividness.

The preface warns us that the *Tales* were begun in a manner which was deemed most suitable to the com-

prehension of a very little boy, but, as they advanced, Sir Walter found that intelligent children can be interested in a style considerably more elevated, and one which is capable of attracting the attention of older and more critical readers. This was a belief which Sir Walter had derived from his own experience. Speaking of the early days in which he first became acquainted with the characters of Shakspeare, he says, in his Autobiography, "I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend; and therefore that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake: set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out." But the writer never lost sight of the fact that his first auditor was his young grandson, and he tested the suitableness of his style and matter in many a delightful ride in the woods of Abbotsford with his "Hugh Littlejohn." The result was all that could be desired. Every boy of healthy and unsophisticated tastes will read this sketch of Scottish history with advantage and delight. The early stories have all the legendary charm which we find in Livy's heroic tales of the early days of Rome, and, as in Arnold's *History of Rome*, they are written in a style which is sufficient to remind the reader that he is still wandering in the misty borderlands which separate fact from myth. As the book advances he will emerge from those "realms of faerie," and will find himself moving amid scenes of an interest as thrilling as any in romance, while at the same time he is face to face with actual events and with the famous personage whose deeds form the annals of

"An old and haughty nation proud in arms."

Sir Walter Scott had many of the highest qualifications

for the task which, like so many of his later tasks, was undertaken in days of calamity and ruin. The labour which fell upon him in the decline of his powers was severe and anxious, but it had its own healing blessedness for a brave and wounded spirit. The *Tales* were written with ease and heartiness. He was moving in fancy among scenes which he had loved from boyhood, and was inspired throughout by the enthusiasm of a love for Scotland which could not be surpassed in depth and intensity. The stories have caught some of the glow and rush of feeling with which they were first narrated to little Johnnie, as he galloped with his grandfather under the summer trees, and were afterwards dashed into writing in the library at Abbotsford. Mr. Adolphus, the author of the *Letters to Heber*, gives us a very pleasant picture of Sir Walter as he utilised the long wet hours of a rainy day by pressing forward in his task. His nerves were at that time susceptible of acute excitement from the slightest cause, so that the beauty of the evening, or the sighing of the summer breeze, brought tears —though not unhappy tears—into his eyes. He would sit for hours at his desk while the "dashing trot" of his pen over the paper seemed to vie with the pattering of the rain in rapidity and continuance. He felt no sense of disturbance when the merry cries of his grandchildren in the hall woke a stifled growl of protest from Nimrod, or Bear, or Spice, as they lay dosing at his feet. Few of his books were written more easily and happily. "This morning," he says, "was damp, dripping, and unpleasant, so I even made a work of necessity, and set to the *Tales* like a dragon. I murdered Maclellan of Bomby at the Thrieve Castle; stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of Stirling; astonished King James before Roxburgh; and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath in the Canongate. A

wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest; no lassitude in those days for want of work—

> "For treason, d'ye see,
> Was to them a dish of tea,
> And murder bread and butter."

A book written *con amore* is always likely to prove interesting, and Sir Walter had been prepared for his work by the varied training of a life. He came of an ancient family of which many of the members had taken an active and prominent part in the scenes which he describes. He abounded in rare local information. His tastes and pursuits had been in great measure formed by his love for the old songs and tales which, in the happy days of his early boyhood, formed the amusement of a retired country family. When he came down to the later parts of his narrative he could draw largely upon stories of Border depredations which were still matters of recent tradition, and in which Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Willie Fire-the-braes, and other moss-troopers had lived their stormy lives. His memory, from which names, dates, and other technicalities of history easily escaped, was singularly tenacious when fascinated by passages of poetry and Border-raid ballads. When writing of the '45 he could rely on evidence derived from those whose relatives had fallen at Culloden, and even from those who could speak of the Chevalier from personal knowledge. Subjects of history and "auld lang syne" were then discussed in Scotland with all the heat of the *perfervidum ingenium*, and intimate friends would almost quarrel over their different estimates of the gallant Montrose and the "dark and politic" Argyle. A little print of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was one of the ornaments of Scott's

student's "den" when he was living in his father's house at Edinburgh. Over it was hooked to the wall the saucer which once belonged to a cup which his father had flung out of the window rather than taste from anything which had been used by Mr Murray of Broughton, who, after being the secretary of Prince Charles Stuart, had purchased his own life by giving evidence against the noblest of his adherents. From the lips of Sir Ralph Abercromby he had heard the narrative of the journey which he had been obliged to make to the retreat of Rob Roy; and he had collected various relics not only of the famous cateran, but of all the chief families and heroes of Scottish story—including the sword presented by Charles I. to the great Marquis of Montrose. When the Duke of Montrose playfully threatened to make a raid on Abbotsford and recover this relic of his ancestor, "Your Grace is very welcome to try," answered Sir Walter drily; "but we're near Philiphaugh yonder."

Sir Walter had another advantage from his thorough knowledge of the scenes in which his narrative is placed. He had wandered far and wide over the hills and moors of Scotland in his youth, and had taken a journey into Northumberland to make a close inspection of Flodden Field. He had penetrated into the wild and inaccessible district of Liddesdale "to examine the ruins of the famous Castle of Hermitage, and to pick up some of the ancient *riding ballads* among the descendants of the moss-troopers who had followed the banner of the Douglases, when lords of that grim and remote fortress." When writing *The Lady of the Lake*, he "put to the test the practicability of riding from the banks of Loch Vennachar to the Castle of Stirling within the brief space which he had assigned to Fitz-James's gray, Bayard." Even the imaginary fortresses of

his nobles had their actual prototypes. Tullyveolan in *Waverley* was taken from Craighall in Perthshire, and Tillietudlem in *Old Mortality* bore some resemblance to the Castle of Craignethan on the Nethan, about three miles from its junction with the Clyde.

His father was vexed with his rambles, but they enabled him in after years to set off his narratives with a descriptive accuracy which enables the reader to realise them almost as vividly as the writer himself. No man knew so well as he the ruined abbeys, and feudal castles, and historic battlefields in which Scotland abounds. Melrose and Dryburgh, Selkirk and Hermitage, and Dunnottar and Lochleven, Bannockburn and Philiphaugh and Prestonpans, were to him familiar scenes, and I suppose that there were few places of great fame in the history of his country on which at some time or other in his life he had not gazed with the eye of a poet and the interest of an antiquary. And meanwhile he was learning from his rambles more valuable lessons than those of geography. He was gaining an intimate acquaintance with the living manners of his countrymen under conditions which belonged almost entirely to the past, and which were already undergoing a process of rapid obliteration. "He was *makin' himsell* a' the time," says Mr. Shortread; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed."

The chief charms of Scott's historical style are that it is so picturesque, and so human. Another passage from his Autobiography will illustrate both characteristics. "Show me," he says, "an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St. Andrews, the spirit moved me to give a picture of

the assassination of the Archbishop of St. Andrews to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested that my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. If I have since been able in poetry to trace with some success the principles of the latter, it has always been with reference to its general and leading features, or under some alliance with moral feeling; and even this proficiency has cost me study." Let any one read the narrative of the Battle of the Standard, or of the adventures of the Bruce and the Black Douglas in the first series of *Tales*, and he will see in perfection the gift of vividness which is so valuable to a historian. No intelligent boy who has read those narratives can surely ever forget the impression which they left upon his mind.

For the young, again, the moral and religious reflections occasionally woven into the narrative will have a real value. After observing that Edward I. may have deemed himself excusable for the force and fraud which he had used in his conquests, because he believed that much good would result from uniting the whole island of Britain under one government, and thus preventing future wars, Scott pauses to tell his grandson that "God who sees into our hearts will not bless those measures which are wicked in themselves because they are used under a pretence of bringing about that which is good;" and that the evil which Edward did, whatever may have been his motives, did but inflame the hatred and violence of national antipathy, and so retard the prospect of uniting the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English into one people. When he records the fact that many persons wept when, five hundred years

after his interment, the wasted skull of Robert Bruce was found in his grave at Dunfermline, he points out that it would be far better to be forgotten altogether than to be remembered for deeds of tyranny and oppression, since

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Once more, after narrating the assassination of Earl Douglas by James II. at Stirling, he shows that the follies and even the crimes of men are sometimes overruled by Divine Providence for wise and gracious ends. Such remarks may almost be resented as superfluous by ordinary readers, but they sprang from the manly and spontaneous piety which linked together the days of the great writer, and they have doubtless helped many a youthful student to notice the workings of God in history. This method of the interpretation of human events had been learnt by Scott from the Holy Scriptures, of which, from his earliest days, he had been a constant student, and which, like Coleridge, he regarded as the true manual for statesmen. He held as his clue to the meaning of history—even of a history so tragic and so bloody as the early annals of Scotland—the sentence with which Orosius begins his summary of St. Augustine's City of God—"*Divinâ providentia agitur mundus et homo.*" He would have said with the great Vico, that "History is a civil theology of the Divine Providence;" with Bolingbroke that it is "Philosophy teaching by examples;" with Wilhelm von Humboldt, that "The history of the world is not intelligible apart from a government of the world;" and with Fichte, that "Every step in advance in history is an inflowing of God;" "God alone makes history, but he does this by the agency of man."

The reader of the *Tales of a Grandfather* will feel a

unique source of interest in comparing the historic narrative with the imaginative reproduction of the same events, and with the delineation of the same great historic characters in the novels. Exquisite as a poet, picturesque as a historian, it is as a novelist that Scott has rendered his most splendid services to all who speak the tongue of Shakspeare and Milton. Next to the plays of Shakspeare there are no writings of a single author in whose pages the reader will find so rich and varied a source of elevating and innocent delight. The novelists who have written since Scott's day can be counted by hundreds, and many of them have been and are persons of high genius; yet readers whose taste and insight render them most competent to judge have declared that the peculiar merits of Sir Walter have never been surpassed, nor his pre-eminence in his own sphere of work ever shaken. In reading the *Tales of a Grandfather*, we can watch the artist at his work. Robert the Bruce meets us again in the *Lord of the Isles;* Robert III. and the Dukes of Rothesay and Albany in the *Fair Maid of Perth;* James IV. in *Marmion;* James V. in the *Lady of the Lake;* Mary Queen of Scots in the *Abbot;* James VI. in the *Fortunes of Nigel;* Charles II. in *Woodstock;* Graham of Claverhouse and Monmouth in *Old Mortality;* Prince Charlie in *Waverley* and *Redgauntlet.* Thus the history and the novels help each other. The stately figures of kings and heroes which pass before us in the narrative becoming living, breathing men, under the glamour of romance. We see them act, we hear them speak; we become familiar with their dress, their personal appearance, their motives, the surroundings in the midst of which they lived. On the other hand, the freer details of the novels in the slight matters in which they diverge from historic fact are readily corrected by the authentic memorials of the history. Thus

the novels become more instructive, the history more vividly interesting.

Nothing is more remarkable in Scott's writings than the absence of unfair bias. He was himself a convinced and steady Tory; yet, as he never allowed his Toryism to affect his private feelings of friendship, so he never allowed it to interfere with his historic judgment. In very early days he had formed a strong prejudice in favour of the Stuarts, originally derived from the songs and tales of the Jacobites, and deepened by the stories current in his family of the cruelties and executions which followed the battle of Culloden, and which had led him to detest "with more than infant hatred" the name of "Butcher Cumberland." Yet the fascinating halo of romance which magnifies and illumines the person of Prince Charles Edward has not led him to conceal the weakness and superficiality of his character. He has invested the captivity of Queen Mary at Lochleven with a pathetic dignity and interest, and he evidently felt the magnetic influence which the brilliant Queen has exercised even over the imagination of posterity. Yet he does not conceal her unpardonable indiscretions; and there can be little doubt that in his historic judgment he was convinced of her guilt even while he felt compassion for her misfortunes. "Of his impartiality of judgment," says Mr. Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera*, "I think it is enough, once for all, to bid you observe, that, though himself by an inherited disposition and accidental circumstances prejudiced in favour of the Stuart cause, the aristocratic character, and the Catholic religion,—the only perfectly noble character in his first novel is that of a Hanoverian colonel, and the most exquisitely finished and heroic character in all his novels that of a Presbyterian milkmaid." In the remarks which he makes in the Prefatory

Letter to the third series of *Tales*, he points out that no political party is infallible, and that actions are not to be approved or condemned in the gross because they were committed by a particular faction; but that each event is to be judged of by its own circumstances, and the motives of the actors. A friendly reviewer, who had given him full credit for truthfulness and impartiality in dealing with controverted points, had blamed him for suppressing certain inferences which seemed too obvious not to be discerned, and too stubborn to be refuted. Scott makes the interesting reply that he has not indeed deserted his banners though he has not unfurled them, but that he had been convinced by years of thought that many of the suggested conclusions might be challenged, and that others were liable to much modification. He says that in any case he would have thought it an unpardonable crime to falsify in any controverted point the truth of history, and that he regarded as a blot and stain upon our past annals, and as an element of future peril, the tendency of party-spirit to treat all its own adherents as demigods, and all on the other side as fiends or fools. Many historians of high fame might have been the better for weighing the worth of those simple remarks.

Scott aimed, therefore, at presenting in the following pages "a general and not uninteresting selection of facts, which might at a future time form a secure foundation for political sentiments," and which might lead his grandson in later days to a closer and more accurate study of the history of his country. But as far as accuracy is concerned there is very little in the *Tales of a Grandfather* which it would be necessary for a student to unlearn. Respecting some points indeed there have been more recent discoveries which have brought to light new documents and new facts;

but even these do not necessitate any material change of view. I have tested the flowing and interesting narrative of the *Tales* by comparing them with the grave description of the same events in the most recent and elaborate of the histories of Scotland—that by Mr. John Hill Burton. I do not think that there is a single *serious* error which requires correction. Even in telling so dark, so complicated, and so mysterious a story as the Gowrie Conspiracy, Sir Walter gave to his grandchild all the facts which were then available for the understanding of an event, respecting which the lost truth will, in all probability, remain concealed till the end of time. About his historical services, as about all that he ever did, Scott was extremely modest. In reply to a speech by Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, he said, "That in what he had done for Scotland as a writer, he was no more entitled to the merits which had been ascribed to him than the servant who scours the brasses to the credit of having made them; that he had perhaps been a good housemaid to Scotland, and given the country a 'rubbing up'; and in so doing might have deserved some praise for assiduity, and that was all." But a grateful posterity will give him far higher praise than that of diligence. "Scott," says Mr. Ruskin, "is the Old Mortality, not of tables of stone, but of the fleshly tables of the heart."

Since the *Tales of a Grandfather* were written there have been many theories and philosophies of history. A recent writer, Professor Flint, enumerates fourteen which are French, and thirteen which are German in origin. The study of history, like all other studies, tends to become more technical, more elaborate, more exhaustive, more scientific. "I do not, in the least, care to know what happened in the past," says Mr. John Morley, "except as it enables me to see my way more clearly through what

happens to-day." Another historian, Professor J. R. Seeley, tells us that history is not meant merely "to gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but to modify his view of the present, and his forecast of the future"; and that "history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." He seems almost to resent the endeavour to be interesting; he warns the historians to "break the drowsy spell of narrative," and to regard history as a vehicle for political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law. Nevertheless, it may be safely asserted that the older and simpler views of a historian's duty will not be sacrificed to these exalted theories. There is no historian, from the days of Herodotus down to those of Mr. Freeman, whose popularity has not largely depended on the very qualities which predominate in Sir Walter Scott—namely, a power of bright narration and an interest in facts in their human aspect, on the principle of the old Latin poet—"*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" He would have agreed with the views of history presented after his days by Walter Savage Landor and by his countryman Carlyle. Landor disapproved of our pushing valiant men back in order to protrude ourselves with husky disputations. "Show me," he says, "the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names that I may repeat them to my children. Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade; place History on her rightful throne, and at the side of her Eloquence and War." Carlyle held similar views. "Better is it," he says, "that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, and aiming only at some picture of the thing acted—which picture itself will be but a poor approximation—leave the in-

scrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret:" and again, "Great men are the inspired texts of that divine book of Revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named history."[1]

Judged by these latter standards, the *Tales of a Grandfather* fully deserve the title of History. Written in an English style, at once singularly pure and singularly picturesque; honest in their treatment of facts; fair in their handling of disputed questions; interpenetrated by a manly and religious spirit; glowing with patriotism; abounding with illustrations drawn from the stores of knowledge which had been accumulated amid the very scenes in which the main acts of the drama were enacted, it is impossible that they should ever lose their human interest. The old man who used to show the ruins of Melrose Abbey said of Sir Walter Scott, "He'll stand and crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife—and to think that of a man *that has such an awfu' knowledge of history!*" Whether in the modern sense Sir Walter's knowledge of history can be called "awfu'" or not, he certainly rendered to the annals of his own and other countries such services as have rarely lain within the power of historians far more elaborately erudite. He was himself legitimately proud of the fact that there is not in all his volumes one stain of that baseness, or that ill-concealed delight in evil things, which has tainted the pages of many another annalist. Neither his own countrymen nor others will cease to do homage to his genius, and if he may not be ranked with Thucydides or Tacitus, he may take a very honoured place side by side with Herodotus and Livy.

The work has been reprinted from the latest edition

[1] Several of the above quotations on History are borrowed from a bright essay in the second series of *Obiter Dicta* by Augustine Birrell.

published in the lifetime of Mr. Lockhart, and probably under his immediate supervision. It is hoped that, in this their new form, the *Tales* may have a long career of usefulness and popularity. The numberless stories written for the young are read by them with an eagerness which never seems to tire. In these pages they will meet with incidents as thrilling as any which they could find in the most exciting work of fiction, but which have the incomparable additional interest of being true. They will thus learn that History can be fascinating as well as instructive, and may perhaps be led by this discovery to wider and more serious studies.

F. W. FARRAR.

Dean's Yard, Westminster,
October 1, 1887.

PREFACE

THESE Tales were written in the interval of other avocations, for the use of the young relative to whom they are inscribed. They embrace at the same time some attempt at a general view of Scottish History, with a selection of its more picturesque and prominent points. Having been found useful to the young person for whom the compilation was made, they are now given to the public, in the hope that they may be a source of instruction for others. The compilation, though professing to be only a collection of Tales, or Narratives from the Scottish Chronicles, will nevertheless be found to contain a general view of the History of that country, from the period when it begins to possess general interest.

The Author may here mention that, after commencing his task in a manner obvious to the most limited capacity, of which the Tale of Macbeth is an example, he was led to take a different view of the subject, by finding that a style considerably more elevated was more interesting to his juvenile reader. There is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit, in presenting a child with ideas somewhat beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion.

The Author has carefully revised the present (second) edition, corrected several errors and inaccuracies, and made

numerous and large additions, so as to bring the little book nearer its proper character, of an abridged History of Scotland, for the use of young persons.* The reigns of Malcolm Canmore, and of his immediate successors, have been given in some detail, instead of passing at once from the defeat and death of Macbeth to the wars of Bruce and Baliol.

It is the Author's purpose to carry this little work down to the period of 1748, when the two sister nations became blended together in manners as well as by political ties. The task will afford an opportunity to show the slow and interrupted progress by which England and Scotland, ostensibly united by the accession of James the First of England, gradually approximated to each other, until the last shades of national difference may be almost said to have disappeared.

W. S.

Abbotsford, *Feb.* 1828.

* [Mr. J. G. Lockhart, in his *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, says:—"The *Tales of a Grandfather* appeared early in December 1827, and their reception was more rapturous than any one of Sir Walter's works since *Ivanhoe*. He had solved for the first time the problem of narrating history so as at once to excite and gratify the curiosity of youth, and please and instruct the wisest of mature minds. The popularity of the book has grown with every year that has since elapsed; it is equally prized in the library, the boudoir, the schoolroom, and the nursery; it is adopted as the happiest of manuals, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; nay, it is to be seen in the hands of old and young all over the civilised world, and has, I have little doubt, extended the knowledge of Scottish history in quarters where little or no interest had ever before been awakened."]

DEDICATION

To HUGH LITTLEJOHN, Esq.

Much Respected Sir,

Although I have not yet arrived at the reverend period of life which may put me once more on a level with yours, yet I find myself already better pleased to seek an auditor of your age, who is usually contented to hear the same story repeated twenty times over, than to attempt instructing the more critical hearers among my contemporaries, who are apt to object to any tale twice told. It is, therefore, probable that had we been to remain near to each other I should have repeated to you many of the stories contained in this book more than once. But, since that has ceased to be the case, I have nothing remaining save to put them in this shape, in which you may read them as often as you have a mind.

I have in this little book imitated one with which you are well acquainted,—I mean the collection of Stories taken from the *History of England*, and which has been so deservedly popular.[1]

As you, however, happen to be a person of quick study,

[1] *Stories from the History of England for Children*, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

and great penetration, it is my purpose to write a little work, which may not only be useful to you at the age of five or six years, which I think may be about your worship's present period of life, but which may not be beneath your attention, either for style or matter, at the graver term of eight, or even ten years old. When, therefore, you find anything a little too hard for you to understand at this moment, you must consider that you will be better able to make out the sense a year or two afterwards; or perhaps you may make a great exertion, and get at the meaning, just as you might contrive to reach something placed upon a high shelf by standing on your tiptoes, instead of waiting till you grow a little taller. Or who knows but Papa will give you some assistance, and that will be the same as if he set you upon a stool that you might reach down what you wanted.

And so farewell, my dear Hugh Littlejohn.[1] If you should grow wiser and better from what you read in this book, it will give great pleasure to your very affectionate

GRANDFATHER.

ARBOTSFORD, *December* 1827.

[1] [John Hugh Lockhart, nicknamed as above by his grandfather, was the son of J. G. Lockhart and Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott. John Hugh was born in 1821, and, after a precarious existence, died in 1831.]

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

CHAPTER I

How Scotland and England came to be separate Kingdoms

ENGLAND is the southern, and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are more wealthy, and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland. The towns, also, are much more numerous, and more populous.

Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills, and huge moors and wildernesses, which bear no corn, and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller, and less full of inhabitants than in England. But as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting, and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have

lived as one people under the same government. Accordingly, above two hundred years ago, the King of Scotland becoming King of England, as I shall tell you in another part of this book, the two nations have ever since then been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

But, before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars, between the two nations; and, far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbours and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many many hundred years; and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world, and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain, and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called the British, or Britons, whom they found living there. The Romans, who were a very brave people, and well armed, beat the British, and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. The Romans, therefore, gave up all attempts to subdue this impenetrable country, and resolved to remain satisfied with that level ground, of which they had already possessed themselves.[1]

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans.

These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called the Scots and the Picts; they

[1] The first invasion of England by the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, was in the 55th year before the Christian Era; that of Scotland, under Agricola, A.D. 40.

often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and the Britons who had been subdued by them. At length, the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain, and laying it waste. For this purpose, they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall; and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place; so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall was built[1] between the two great Firths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day. You can see it on the map.

This wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and enclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled in great numbers, and climbed over the wall, in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them. A man, named Grahame, is said to have been the first soldier who got over; and the common people still call the remains of the wall Grahame's dike.

Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the barbarians (for so they termed the Picts and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from the Picts and Scots.[2] Yet the barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over this second wall, as ever they had done to break through the former. But the Roman soldiers defended the second wall so well, that the Scots and Picts could not break through it; though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of ox hides, stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief. In the meantime, the poor Britons led a very

[1] During the invasion of Agricola, A.D. 81—and rebuilt by Antoninus in 140.

[2] The wall of Adrian, built A.D. 120. It extended quite across the island, from the river Tyne at Newcastle to the Solway Firth at Carlisle.

unhappy life; for the Romans, when they subdued their country, having taken away all their arms, they lost the habit of using them, or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of their conquerors.

But at this time great quarrels, and confusions, and civil wars, took place at Rome. So the Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could, against their unruly and warlike neighbours the Picts and Scots. The Roman soldiers were very sorry for the poor Britons, but they could do no more to help them than by repairing the wall of defence. They therefore built it all up, and made it as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships, and left the island.[1]

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians; for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and Scots broke through the wall at several points, wasted and destroyed the country, and took away the boys and girls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep, and upon the cattle, and burnt the houses, and did the inhabitants every sort of mischief. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north of Germany who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now, these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts [A.D. 449], and drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built; and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbours.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat of their northern enemies; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful rich country it was, and that the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their

[1] After the partial occupation of Great Britain by the Romans during a period of 500 years, they finally abdicated the island A.D. 446.

country taken from them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them; but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often, that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years; and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime, the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England; which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons who had conquered it.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and the Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarrelled and fought between themselves; and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts. The common people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely; but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country, and made the rest their servants and slaves; at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, did to the south part; and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots; and England, the land of the English. The two kingdoms were divided from each other, on the east by the river Tweed; then, as you proceed westward, by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and at length by a branch of the sea called the Firth of Solway. The division is not very far from the old Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins; but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over high hills, and through great bogs and morasses.

You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other.—There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous preci-

pices, wild heaths, and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, also a very wild and mountainous country, whither the remains of the ancient Britons had fled, to obtain safety from the Saxons.

The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws; yet the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it frequently. The two countries were under different kings, who fought together very often and very desperately; and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other. Papa will show you the two countries on the map, and you must take notice that Scotland is all full of hills, and wild moors covered with heather.—But now I think upon it, Mr. Hugh Littlejohn is a traveller, and has seen Scotland, and England too, with his own eyes. However, it will do no harm to look at the map.

The English are very fond of their fine country; they call it "Old England," and "Merry England," and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are also very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains; and, in the old language of the country, they call it "The land of the lakes and mountains; and of the brave men;" and often, also, "The Land of Cakes," because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men.[1]

This is but a dull chapter, Mr. Littlejohn. But as we are

[1] "From the time of Kenneth MacAlpine to that of Macbeth—that is, from 841 to 1040, a space of about two centuries, we have a line of fifteen kings of Scots, of whom it is easy to perceive that, in spite of the absurd prejudices concerning the inferiority of the Gaelic race, they sustained successfully the sceptre of Kenneth, and, by repeated battles both with the English and the Danes, not only repelled the attacks of their neighbours, but consolidated the strength of their kingdom, gradually modelling an association of barbarous, and in part wandering tribes, into the consistence of a regular state. It is true that, through the mist of years, these sceptered shades are seen but indistinctly and dimly; yet, as we catch a glimpse, we see them occupied always in battle, and often in conquest."—*Miscellaneous Prose Works.*

to tell many stories about Scotland and England, it is best to learn what sort of countries we are talking about. The next story shall be more entertaining.

CHAPTER II

The Story of Macbeth

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Canute, Harold, Hardi-Canute, Edward the Confessor. *France*: Henry I.

1033—1056

SOON after the Scots and Picts had become one people, as I told you before, there was a King of Scotland called Duncan, a very good old man. He had two sons; one was called Malcolm, and the other Donaldbane. But King Duncan was too old to lead out his army to battle, and his sons were too young to help him.

At this time Scotland, and indeed France and England, and all the other countries of Europe, were much harassed by the Danes. These were a very fierce, warlike people, who sailed from one place to another, and landed their armies on the coast, burning and destroying everything wherever they came. They were heathens, and did not believe in the Bible, but thought of nothing but battle and slaughter, and making plunder. When they came to countries where the inhabitants were cowardly, they took possession of the land, as I told you the Saxons took possession of Britain. At other times, they landed with their soldiers, took what spoil they could find, burned the houses, and then got on board, hoisted sails, and away again. They did so much mischief, that people put up prayers to God in the churches, to deliver them from the rage of the Danes.

Now, it happened in King Duncan's time, that a great fleet of these Danes came to Scotland and landed their men in Fife,[1] and threatened to take possession of that province. So a numerous Scottish army was levied to go to fight against them. The King, as I told you, was too old to command his army, and his sons were too young. He therefore sent out one of his

[1] Under the command of Sueno, King of Denmark and Norway.

near relations, who was called Macbeth; he was son of Finel, who was Thane, as it was called, of Glammis. The governors of provinces were at that time, in Scotland, called thanes; they were afterwards termed earls.

This Macbeth, who was a brave soldier, put himself at the head of the Scottish army, and marched against the Danes. And he carried with him a relation of his own, called Banquo, who was Thane of Lochaber, and was also a very brave man. So there was a great battle fought between the Danes and the Scots; and Macbeth and Banquo, the Scottish generals, defeated the Danes, and drove them back to their ships, leaving a great many of their soldiers both killed and wounded. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to a town in the north of Scotland, called Forres, rejoicing on account of their victory.

Now there lived at this time three old women in the town of Forres, whom people looked upon as witches, and supposed they could tell what was to come to pass. Nobody would believe such folly nowadays, except low and ignorant creatures, such as those who consult gipsies in order to have their fortunes told; but in those early times the people were much more ignorant, and even great men, like Macbeth, believed that such persons as these witches of Forres could tell what was to come to pass afterwards, and listen to the nonsense they told them, as if the old women had really been prophetesses. The old women saw that they were respected and feared, so that they were tempted to impose upon people, by pretending to tell what was to happen to them; and they got presents for doing so.

So the three old women went and stood by the wayside, in a great moor or heath near Forres, and waited till Macbeth came up. And then, stepping before him as he was marching at the head of his soldiers, the first woman said, "All hail, Macbeth—hail to thee, Thane of Glammis." The second said, "All hail, Macbeth—hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor." Then the third, wishing to pay him a higher compliment than the other two, said, "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King of Scotland." Macbeth was very much surprised to hear them give him these titles; and while he was wondering what they could mean, Banquo stepped forward, and asked them whether they had nothing to tell about him as well as about Macbeth. And they said that he should not be so great as Macbeth, but that,

though he himself should never be a king, yet his children should succeed to the throne of Scotland, and be kings for a great number of years.

Before Macbeth recovered from his surprise, there came a messenger to tell him that his father was dead, so that he was become Thane of Glammis by inheritance. And there came a second messenger, from the King, to thank Macbeth for the great victory over the Danes, and tell him that the Thane of Cawdor had rebelled against the King, and that the King had taken his office from him, and had sent to make Macbeth Thane of Cawdor as well as of Glammis. Thus the two first old women seemed to be right in giving him those two titles. I daresay they knew something of the death of Macbeth's father, and that the government of Cawdor was intended for Macbeth, though he had not heard of it.

However, Macbeth, seeing a part of their words come to be true, began to think how he was to bring the rest to pass, and make himself king, as well as Thane of Glammis and Cawdor. Now Macbeth had a wife, who was a very ambitious, wicked woman, and when she found out that her husband thought of raising himself up to be King of Scotland, she encouraged him in his wicked purpose, by all the means in her power, and persuaded him that the only way to get possession of the crown was to kill the good old King, Duncan. Macbeth was very unwilling to commit so great a crime, for he knew what a good sovereign Duncan had been; and he recollected that he was his relation, and had been always very kind to him, and had entrusted him with the command of his army, and had bestowed on him the government or thanedom of Cawdor. But his wife continued telling him what a foolish, cowardly thing it was in him not to take the opportunity of making himself King, when it was in his power to gain what the witches promised him. So the wicked advice of his wife, and the prophecy of these wretched old women, at last brought Macbeth to think of murdering his King and his friend. The way in which he accomplished his crime, made it still more abominable.

Macbeth invited Duncan to come to visit him, at a great castle near Inverness; and the good King, who had no suspicions of his kinsman, accepted the invitation very willingly. Macbeth and his lady received the King and all his retinue with much appearance of joy, and made a great

feast, as a subject would do to make his King welcome. About the middle of the night, the King desired to go to his apartment, and Macbeth conducted him to a fine room which had been prepared for him. Now, it was the custom, in those barbarous times, that wherever the King slept, two armed men slept in the same chamber, in order to defend his person in case he should be attacked by any one during the night. But the wicked Lady Macbeth had made these two watchmen drink a great deal of wine, and had besides put some drugs into the liquor; so that when they went to the King's apartment they both fell asleep, and slept so soundly, that nothing could awaken them.

Then the cruel Macbeth came into King Duncan's bedroom about two in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night; but the noise of the wind and of the thunder did not awaken the King, for he was old, and weary with his journey; neither could it awaken the two sentinels, who were stupefied with the liquor and the drugs they had swallowed. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth having come into the room, and stepped gently over the floor, he took the two dirks which belonged to the sentinels, and stabbed poor old King Duncan to the heart, and that so effectually, that he died without giving even a groan. Then Macbeth put the bloody daggers into the hands of the sentinels, and daubed their faces over with blood, that it might appear as if they had committed the murder. Macbeth was, however, greatly frightened at what he had done, but his wife made him wash his hands and go to bed.

Early in the morning, the nobles and gentlemen who attended on the King assembled in the great hall of the castle, and there they began to talk of what a dreadful storm it had been the night before. But Macbeth could scarcely understand what they said, for he was thinking on something much worse and more frightful than the storm, and was wondering what would be said when they heard of the murder. They waited for some time, but finding the King did not come from his apartment, one of the noblemen went to see whether he was well or not. But when he came into the room, he found poor King Duncan lying stiff, and cold, and bloody, and the two sentinels both fast asleep, with their dirks or daggers covered with blood. As soon as the Scottish nobles saw this terrible sight, they were greatly astonished and enraged; and Macbeth

made believe as if he were more enraged than any of them, and, drawing his sword, before any one could prevent him, he killed the two attendants of the King who slept in the bedchamber, pretending to think they had been guilty of murdering King Duncan.

When Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of the good King, saw their father slain in this strange manner within Macbeth's castle, they became afraid that they might be put to death likewise, and fled away out of Scotland; for, notwithstanding all the excuses which he could make, they still believed that Macbeth had killed their father. Donaldbane fled into some distant islands, but Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, went to the Court of England, where he begged for assistance from the English King, to place him on the throne of Scotland as his father's successor.

In the meantime, Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland, and thus all his wicked wishes seemed to be fulfilled. But he was not happy. He began to reflect how wicked he had been in killing his friend and benefactor, and how some other person, as ambitious as he was himself, might do the same thing to him. He remembered, too, that the old women had said, that the children of Banquo should succeed to the throne after his death, and therefore he concluded that Banquo might be tempted to conspire against him, as he had himself done against King Duncan. The wicked always think other people are as bad as themselves. In order to prevent this supposed danger, Macbeth hired ruffians to watch in a wood, where Banquo and his son Fleance sometimes used to walk in the evening, with instructions to attack them, and kill both father and son. The villains did as they were ordered by Macbeth; but while they were killing Banquo, the boy Fleance made his escape from their wicked hands, and fled from Scotland into Wales. And it is said, that, long afterwards, his children came to possess the Scottish crown.[1]

Macbeth was not the more happy that he had slain his brave friend and cousin, Banquo. He knew that men began to suspect the wicked deeds which he had done, and he was constantly afraid that some one would put him to death as he had done his old sovereign, or that Malcolm would obtain assistance from the King of England, and come to make war

[1] Stewart family.

against him, and take from him the Scottish kingdom. So, in this great perplexity of mind, he thought he would go to the old women, whose words had first put into his mind the desire of becoming a king. It is to be supposed that he offered them presents, and that they were cunning enough to study how to give him some answer, which should make him continue in the belief that they could prophesy what was to happen in future times. So they answered him that he should not be conquered, or lose the crown of Scotland, until a great forest, called Birnam Wood, should come to attack a strong castle situated on a high hill called Dunsinane,[1] in which castle Macbeth commonly resided. Now, the hill of Dunsinane is upon the one side of a great valley, and the forest of Birnam is upon the other. There are twelve miles' distance betwixt them; and besides that, Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees could ever come to the assault of the castle. He therefore resolved to fortify his castle on the hill of Dunsinane very strongly, as being a place in which he would always be sure to be safe. For this purpose he caused all his great nobility and thanes to send in stones, and wood, and other things wanted in building, and to drag them with oxen up to the top of the steep hill where he was building the castle.

Now, among other nobles who were obliged to send oxen, and horses, and materials to this laborious work, was one called Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Macbeth was afraid of this Thane, for he was very powerful, and was accounted both brave and wise; and Macbeth thought he would most probably join with Prince Malcolm, if ever he should come from England with an army. The King, therefore, had a private hatred against the Thane of Fife, which he kept concealed from all men, until he should have some opportunity of putting him to death, as he had done Duncan and Banquo. Macduff, on his part, kept upon his guard, and went to the King's court as seldom as he could, thinking himself never safe unless while in his own castle of Kennoway, which is on the coast of Fife, near to the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

It happened, however, that the King had summoned several of his nobles, and Macduff, the Thane of Fife, amongst others, to attend him at his new castle of Dunsinane; and they were all obliged to come—none dared stay behind. Now, the King

[1] In Scotland pronounced Dunsinnan.

was to give the nobles a great entertainment, and preparations were made for it. In the meantime, Macbeth rode out with a few attendants, to see the oxen drag the wood and the stones up the hill, for enlarging and strengthening the castle. So they saw most of the oxen trudging up the hill with great difficulty (for the ascent is very steep), and the burdens were heavy, and the weather was extremely hot. At length Macbeth saw a pair of oxen so tired that they could go no farther up the hill, but fell down under their load. Then the King was very angry, and demanded to know who it was among his Thanes that had sent oxen so weak and so unfit for labour, when he had so much work for them to do. Some one replied that the oxen belonged to Macduff, the Thane of Fife. "Then," said the King, in great anger, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself."

There was a friend of Macduff who heard these angry expressions of the King, and hastened to communicate them to the Thane of Fife, who was walking in the hall of the King's castle while dinner was preparing. The instant that Macduff heard what the King had said, he knew he had no time to lose in making his escape; for whenever Macbeth threatened to do mischief to any one, he was sure to keep his word.

So Macduff snatched up from the table a loaf of bread, called for his horses and his servants, and was galloping back to his own province of Fife, before Macbeth and the rest of the nobility were returned to the castle. The first question which the King asked was, what had become of Macduff? and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, he ordered a body of his guards to attend him, and mounted on horseback himself to pursue the Thane, with the purpose of putting him to death.

Macduff, in the meantime, fled as fast as horses' feet could carry him; but he was so ill provided with money for his expenses, that, when he came to the great ferry over the river Tay, he had nothing to give to the boatmen who took him across, excepting the loaf of bread which he had taken from the King's table. The place was called, for a long time afterwards, the Ferry of the Loaf.

When Macduff got into his province of Fife, which is on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before, towards his own castle of Kennoway, which, as I told you, stands close by

the seaside; and when he reached it, the King and his guards were not far behind him. Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle, draw up the drawbridge, and on no account to permit the King or any of his soldiers to enter. In the meantime, he went to the small harbour belonging to the castle, and caused a ship which was lying there to be fitted out for sea in all haste, and got on board himself, in order to escape from Macbeth.

In the meantime, Macbeth summoned the lady to surrender the castle, and to deliver up her husband. But Lady Macduff, who was a wise and a brave woman, made many excuses and delays, until she knew that her husband was safely on board the ship, and had sailed from the harbour. Then she spoke boldly from the wall of the castle to the King, who was standing before the gate still demanding entrance, with many threats of what he would do if Macduff was not given up to him.

"Do you see," she said, "yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again, till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm, to pull you down from the throne, and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened, on the Thane of Fife's neck."

Some say that Macbeth was so much incensed at this bold answer, that he and his guards attacked the castle and took it, killing the brave lady and all whom they found there. But others say, and I believe more truly, that the King, seeing that the fortress of Kennoway was very strong, and that Macduff had escaped from him, and was embarked for England, returned to Dunsinane without attempting to take the castle. The ruins are still to be seen, and are called the Thane's Castle.

There reigned at that time in England a very good king, called Edward the Confessor. I told you that Prince Malcolm, the son of Duncan, was at his court, soliciting assistance to recover the Scottish throne. The arrival of Macduff greatly aided the success of his petition; for the English King knew that Macduff was a brave and a wise man. As he assured Edward that the Scots were tired of the cruel Macbeth, and would join Prince Malcolm if he were to return to his country at the head of an army, the King ordered a great warrior, called Siward, Earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with a large force [A.D. 1054], and assist Prince Malcolm in the recovery of his father's crown.

Then it happened just as Macduff had said; for the Scottish thanes and nobles would not fight for Macbeth, but joined Prince Malcolm and Macduff against him; so that at length he shut himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where he thought himself safe, according to the old women's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should come against him. He boasted of this to his followers, and encouraged them to make a valiant defence, assuring them of certain victory. At this time Malcolm and Macduff were come as far as Birnam Wood, and lay encamped there with their army. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle of Dunsinane, Macduff advised that every soldier should cut down a bough of a tree and carry it in his hand, that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were coming against them.

Now, the sentinel who stood on Macbeth's castle-wall, when he saw all these branches, which the soldiers of Prince Malcolm carried, ran to the King, and informed him that the wood of Birnam was moving towards the castle of Dunsinane. The King at first called him a liar, and threatened to put him to death; but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam, he knew the hour of his destruction was come. His followers, too, began to be disheartened and to fly from the castle, seeing their master had lost all hopes.

Macbeth, however, recollected his own bravery, and sallied desperately out at the head of the few followers who remained faithful to him. He was killed, after a furious resistance, fighting hand to hand with Macduff in the thick of the battle. Prince Malcolm mounted the throne of Scotland, and reigned long and prosperously. He rewarded Macduff by declaring that his descendants should lead the vanguard of the Scottish army in battle, and place the crown on the King's head at the ceremony of coronation. King Malcolm also created the Thanes of Scotland earls, after the title of dignity adopted in the court of England.[1]

[1] The preceding traditional story of *Macbeth* has been adopted by Holingshed, dignified by the classical Latinity of Buchanan, and dramatised by Shakspeare. For its variation from ascertained historical facts, see HAILES's *Annals*, 8vo, vol. i. pp. 1-4; CHALMERS's *Caledonia*, vol. i. pp. 404-414.

"Malcolm died peaceably in 1033, and was succeeded by 'The gracious Duncan,' the same who fell by the poniard of Macbeth. On reading

CHAPTER III

The Feudal System, and the Norman Conquest

THE conduct of Edward the Confessor, King of England, in the story of Macbeth, was very generous and noble. He sent a large army and his General Siward to assist in dethroning the tyrant Macbeth, and placing Malcolm, the son of the murdered King Duncan, upon the throne; and we have seen how, with the assistance of Macduff, they fortunately succeeded. But King Edward never thought of taking any part of Scotland to himself in the confusion occasioned by the invasion; for he was a good man, and was not ambitious or covetous of what did not belong to him. It had been well both for England and Scotland that there had been more such good and moderate

these names every reader must feel as if brought from darkness into the blaze of noonday; so familiar are we with the personages whom we last named, and so clearly and distinctly we recall the events in which they are interested, in comparison with any doubtful and misty views which we can form of the twilight times before and after that fortunate period. But we must not be blinded by our poetical enthusiasm, nor add more than due importance to legends because they have been woven into the most striking tale of ambition and remorse that ever struck awe into a human bosom. The genius of Shakspeare having found the tale of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Holingshed, adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by a near investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation.

"Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernational kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the King afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

"Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's

kings, as it would have prevented many great quarrels, long wars, and terrible bloodshed.

But good King Edward the Confessor did not leave any children to succeed him on the throne. He was succeeded by a king called Harold, who was the last monarch of the Saxon race that ever reigned in England. The Saxons, you recollect, had conquered the Britons, and now there came a new enemy to attack the Saxons. These were the Normans, a people who came from France, but were not originally Frenchmen. Their forefathers were a colony of those Northern pirates, whom we mentioned before as plundering all the sea-coasts which promised them any booty. They were frequently called Northmen or Normans, as they came from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the other Northern regions. A large body of them landed on the north part of France, and compelled the king of that country to yield up to them the possession of a large territory,

life. He attacked and slew the King at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince. Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seems, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the Court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056.

"Very slight observation will enable us to recollect how much this simple statement differs from that of the drama, though the plot of the latter is consistent enough with the inaccurate historians from whom Shakspeare drew his materials. It might be added, that early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled farther from Macbeth than across the flat scene, according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stewart. All these things are now known: but the mind retains pertinaciously the impression made by the impositions of genius. While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language subsists, History may say what she will, but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as a sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as a deformed murtherer."—LARDNER'S *Cyclopædia*.

or province, called Neustria, the name of which was changed to Normandy, when it became the property of these Northmen, or Normans. This province was governed by the Norman chief, who was called a duke, from a Latin word signifying a general. He exercised all the powers of a king within his dominions of Normandy, but, in consideration of his being possessed of a part of the territories of France, he acknowledged the king of that country for his sovereign, and became what was called his vassal.

This connection of a king as *sovereign*, with his princes and great men as *vassals*, must be attended to and understood, in order that you may comprehend the history which follows. A great king, or sovereign prince, gave large provinces, or grants of land, to his dukes, earls, and noblemen; and each of these possessed nearly as much power, within his own district, as the king did in the rest of his dominions. But then the vassal, whether duke, earl, or lord, or whatever he was, was obliged to come with a certain number of men to assist the sovereign, when he was engaged in war; and in time of peace, he was bound to attend on his court when summoned, and do homage to him—that is, acknowledge that he was his master and liege lord. In like manner, the vassals of the crown, as they were called, divided the lands which the king had given them into estates, which they bestowed on knights and gentlemen, whom they thought fitted to follow them in war, and to attend them in peace; for they, too, held courts, and administered justice, each in his own province. Then the knights and gentlemen, who had these estates from the great nobles, distributed the property among an inferior class of proprietors, some of whom cultivated the land themselves, and others by means of husbandmen and peasants, who were treated as a sort of slaves, being bought and sold like brute beasts, along with the farms which they laboured.

Thus, when a great king, like that of France or England, went to war, he summoned all his crown vassals to attend him, with the number of armed men corresponding to his fief, as it was called; that is, the territory which had been granted to each of them. The prince, duke, or earl, in order to obey the summons, called upon all the gentlemen to whom he had given estates, to attend his standard with their followers in arms. The gentlemen, in their turn, called on the franklins, a lower

order of gentry, and upon the peasants; and thus the whole force of the kingdom was assembled in one array. This system of holding lands for military service, that is, for fighting for the sovereign when called upon, was called the FEUDAL SYSTEM. It was general throughout all Europe for a great many ages.

But as many of these great crown vassals, as, for example, the Dukes of Normandy, became extremely powerful, they were in the custom of making peace and war at their own hand, without the knowledge or consent of the King of France, their sovereign. In the same manner, the vassals of those great dukes and princes frequently made war on each other, for war was the business of every one; while the poor bondsman, who cultivated the ground, was subjected to the greatest hardships, and plundered and ill-treated by whichever side had the better. The nobles and gentlemen fought on horseback, arrayed in armour of steel, richly ornamented with gold and silver, and were called knights or squires. They used long lances, with which they rode fiercely against each other, and heavy swords, or clubs or maces, to fight hand to hand, when the lance was broken. Inferior persons fought on foot, and were armed with bows and arrows, which, according to their form, were called long-bows, or cross-bows, and served to kill men at a distance, instead of guns and cannon, which were not then invented. The poor husbandmen were obliged to come to the field of battle with such arms as they had: and it was no uncommon thing to see a few of these knights and squires ride over and put to flight many hundreds of them; for the gentry were clothed in complete armour, so that they could receive little hurt, and the poor peasants had scarce clothes sufficient to cover them. You may see coats of the ancient armour preserved in the Tower of London and elsewhere, as matters of curiosity.

It was not a very happy time this, when there was scarcely any law, but the strong took everything from the weak at their pleasure; for as almost all the inhabitants of the country were obliged to be soldiers, it naturally followed that they were engaged in continual fighting.

The great crown-vassals, in particular, made constant war upon one another, and sometimes upon the sovereign himself, though to do so was to incur the forfeiture of their fiefs, or the territories which he had bestowed upon them, and which he

was enabled by law to recall when they became his enemies But they took the opportunity, when they were tolerably certain that their prince would not have strength sufficient to punish them. In short, no one could maintain his right longer than he had the power of defending it; and this induced the more poor and helpless to throw themselves under the protection of the brave and powerful—acknowledge themselves their vassals and subjects, and do homage to them, in order that they might obtain their safeguard and patronage.

While things were in this state, William, the Duke of Normandy, and the leader of that valiant people whose ancestors had conquered that province, began, upon the death of good King Edward the Confessor, to consider the time as favourable for an attempt to conquer the wealthy kingdom of England. He pretended King Edward had named him his heir; but his surest reliance was upon a strong army of his brave Normans, to whom were joined many knights and squires from distant countries, who hoped, by assisting this Duke William in his proposed conquest, to obtain from him good English estates, under the regulations which I have described.

The Duke of Normandy landed [on the 28th of September, at Pevensey] in Sussex, in the year one thousand and sixty-six after the birth of our blessed Saviour. He had an army of sixty thousand chosen men, for accomplishing his bold enterprise. Harold, who had succeeded Edward the Confessor on the throne of England, had been just engaged in repelling an attack upon England by the Norwegians, and was now called upon to oppose this new and more formidable invasion. He was, therefore, taken at considerable disadvantage.

The armies of England and Normandy engaged in a desperate battle near Hastings, and the victory was long obstinately contested. The Normans had a great advantage, from having amongst them large bands of archers, who used the long-bow, and greatly annoyed the English, who had but few bow-men to oppose them, and only short darts called javelins, which they threw from their hands, and which could do little hurt at a distance. Yet the victory remained doubtful, though the battle had lasted from nine in the morning until the close of the day, when an arrow pierced through King Harold's head, and he fell dead on the spot.[1] The English then retreated from the field,

[1] The battle of Hastings was fought 14th October 1066.

and Duke William used his advantage with so much skill and dexterity, that he made himself master of all England, and reigned there under the title of William the Conqueror. He divided great part of the rich country of England among his Norman followers, who held their estates of him for military service, according to the rules of the Feudal System, of which I gave you some account. The Anglo-Saxons, you may well suppose, were angry at this, and attempted several times to rise against King William, and drive him and his soldiers back to Normandy. But they were always defeated; and so King William became more severe towards these Anglo-Saxons, and took away their lands, and their high rank and appointments, until he left scarce any of them in possession of great estates, or offices of rank, but put his Normans above them, as masters, in every situation.

Thus the Saxons who had conquered the British, as you have before read, were in their turn conquered by the Normans, deprived of their property, and reduced to be the servants of those proud foreigners. To this day, though several of the ancient nobility of England claim to be descended from the Normans, there is scarcely a nobleman, and very few of the gentry, who can show that they are descended of the Saxon blood; William the Conqueror took so much care to deprive the conquered people of all power and importance.

It must have been a sad state of matters in England, when the Normans were turning the Saxons out of their estates and habitations, and degrading them from being freemen into slaves. But good came out of it in the end; for these Normans were not only one of the bravest people that ever lived, but they were possessed of more learning and skill in the arts than the Saxons. They brought with them the art of building large and beautiful castles and churches composed of stone, whereas the Saxons had only miserable houses made of wood. The Normans introduced the use of the long-bow also, which became so general, that the English were afterwards accounted the best archers in the world, and gained many battles by their superiority in that military art. Besides these advantages, the, Normans lived in a more civilised manner than the Saxons, and observed among each other the rules of civility and good-breeding, of which the Saxons were ignorant. The Norman barons were also great friends to national liberty, and would

not allow their kings to do anything contrary to their privileges, but resisted them whenever they attempted anything beyond the power which was given to them by law. Schools were set up in various places by the Norman princes, and learning was encouraged. Large towns were founded in different places of the kingdom, and received favour from the Norman kings, who desired to have the assistance of the townsmen in case of any dispute with their nobility.

Thus the Norman Conquest, though a most unhappy and disastrous event at the time it took place, rendered England, in the end, a more wise, more civilised, and more powerful country than it had been before; and you will find many such cases in history, my dear child, in which it has pleased the providence of God to bring great good out of what seems, at first sight, to be unmixed evil.

CHAPTER IV

Reign of Malcolm Canmore—of David I.—Battle of the Standard Origin of the Claim by England of Supremacy over Scotland—Malcolm IV.—Origin of Armorial Bearings William the Lion

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Harold, William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I. *France*: Henry I., Philip I., Louis VI., Louis VII., Philip II.

1057—1189

THE last chapter may seem to have little to do with Scottish history, yet the Norman Conquest of England produced a great effect upon their neighbours. In the first place, a very great number of the Saxons who fled from the cruelty of William the Conqueror, retired into Scotland, and this had a considerable effect in civilising the southern parts of that country; for if the Saxons were inferior to the Normans in arts and in learning, they were, on the other hand, much superior to the Scots, who were a rude and very ignorant people.

These exiles were headed and accompanied by what remained of the Saxon royal family, and particularly by a young prince

named Edgar Etheling, who was a near kinsman of Edward the Confessor, and the heir of his throne, but dispossessed by the Norman Conqueror.

This prince brought with him to Scotland two sisters, named Margaret and Christian. They were received with much kindness by Malcolm III., called Canmore (or Great Head), who remembered the assistance which he had received from Edward the Confessor, and felt himself obliged to behave generously towards his family in their misfortunes. He himself married the Princess Margaret [1068], and made her the Queen of Scotland. She was an excellent woman, and of such a gentle, amiable disposition, that she often prevailed upon her husband, who was a fierce, passionate man, to lay aside his resentment, and forgive those who had offended him.

When Malcolm, King of Scotland, was thus connected with the Saxon royal family of England, he began to think of chasing away the Normans, and of restoring Edgar Etheling to the English throne. This was an enterprise for which he had not sufficient strength; but he made deep and bloody inroads into the northern parts of England, and brought away so many captives, that they were to be found for many years afterwards in every Scottish village, nay, in every Scottish hovel. No doubt, the number of the Saxons thus introduced into Scotland tended much to improve and civilise the manners of the people; for, as I have already said, the Scots were inferior to the Saxons in all branches of useful knowledge.

Not only the Saxons, but afterwards a number of the Normans themselves, came to settle in Scotland. King William could not satisfy the whole of them, and some, who were discontented, and thought they could mend their fortunes, repaired to the Scottish court, and were welcomed by King Malcolm.[1] He was desirous to retain these brave men in his service, and

[1] "During this reign a great change was introduced into the manners of Scotland. Malcolm had passed his youth at the English court; he married an Anglo-Saxon princess; he afforded an asylum in his dominions to many English and Norman malcontents. The king appeared in public with a state and retinue unknown in more rude and simple times, and affected to give frequent and sumptuous entertainments to his nobles. The natives of Scotland, tenacious of their ancient customs, viewed with disgust the introduction of foreign manners, and secretly censured the favour shown to the English and Norman adventurers, as proceeding from injurious partiality."—HAILES'S *Annals of Scotland*.

for that purpose he gave them great grants of land, to be held for military services; and most of the Scottish nobility are of Norman descent. And thus the Feudal System was introduced into Scotland as well as England, and went on gradually gaining strength, till it became the general law of the country, as indeed it was that of Europe at large.

Malcolm Canmore, thus increasing in power, and obtaining reinforcements of warlike and civilised subjects, began greatly to enlarge his dominions. At first he had resided almost entirely in the province of Fife, and at the town of Dunfermline, where there are still the ruins of a small tower which served him for a palace. But as he found his power increase, he ventured across the Firth of Forth, and took possession of Edinburgh and the surrounding country, which had hitherto been accounted part of England. The great strength of the castle of Edinburgh, situated upon a lofty rock, led him to choose that town frequently for his residence, so that in time it became the metropolis, or chief city of Scotland.

This King Malcolm was a brave and wise prince, though without education.[1] He often made war upon King William the Conqueror of England, and upon his son and successor William, who, from his complexion, was called William Rufus, that is, Red William. Malcolm was sometimes beaten in these wars, but he was more frequently successful; and not only made a complete conquest of Lothian, but threatened also to possess himself of the great English province of Northumberland, which he frequently invaded. In Cumberland, also, he held many possessions. But in the year 1093, having assembled a large army for the purpose, Malcolm besieged the Border fort-

[1] "In the introduction of the Saxon language into his kingdom," it has been said, "Malcolm himself was a considerable agent. As frequently happens, he caught the flame of religion from the pure torch of conjugal affection. His love of his consort led him to engage in the devotional services which afterwards procured for her the title of a saint. Totally illiterate, the King was unable to peruse his wife's missals and prayer-books; but he had them gorgeously bound, and frequently, by kissing them, expressed his veneration for what he could not understand. When the Queen undertook to correct some alleged abuses of the church, Malcolm stood interpreter betwixt the fair and royal reformer and such of the Scottish clergy as did not understand English, which Malcolm loved because it was the native tongue of Margaret. Such pictures occurring in history delight by their beauty and simplicity."—*Miscellaneous Prose Works.*

ress of Alnwick, where he was unexpectedly attacked by a great Norman baron, called Robert de Moubray, who defeated the Scottish army completely. Malcolm Canmore was killed in the action, and his eldest son fell by his side.

There is a silly story told of Malcolm being killed by one of the garrison of Alnwick, who, pretending to surrender the keys of the castle on the point of a spear, thrust the lance-point into the eye of the King of Scotland, and so killed him. They pretend that this soldier took the name of Pierce-eye, and that the great family of the Percies of Northumberland were descended from him. But this is all a fable. The Percies are descended from a great Norman baron, who came over with William, and who took his name from his castle and estate in Normandy.

Queen Margaret of Scotland was extremely ill at the time her husband marched against England. When she was lying on her death-bed, she saw her second son, who had escaped from the fatal battle, approach her bed. "How fares it," said the expiring Queen, "with your father, and with your brother Edward?"—The young man stood silent.—"I conjure you," she added, "by the Holy Cross, and by the duty you owe me, to tell me the truth."

"Your husband and your son are both slain."

"The will of God be done!" answered the Queen, and expired, with expressions of devout resignation to the pleasure of Heaven. This good princess was esteemed a saint by those of the period in which she lived, and was called Saint Margaret.

After the death of Malcolm Canmore, the Scottish crown was occupied successively by three princes of little power or talent, who seized on the supreme authority because the children of the deceased sovereign were under age. After these had ended their short reigns, the sons of Malcolm came to the throne in succession, by name Edgar; Alexander, called the First; and David, also called the First of that name. These two last princes were men of great ability. David, in particular, was a wise, religious, and powerful prince. He had many furious wars with England, and made dreadful incursions into the neighbouring provinces, which were the more easy that the country of England was then disunited by civil war. The cause was this:—

Henry I., the youngest son of William the Conqueror, had

died, leaving only one child, a daughter, named Matilda, or Maud, whose mother was a daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and a sister, consequently, of David, King of Scotland. During Henry's life, all the English barons had agreed that his daughter should succeed him in the throne. Upon the King's death [1135], however, Stephen, Earl of Montague, a great Norman lord, usurped the government, to the exclusion of the Empress Matilda (so called because she had married the Emperor of Germany), and caused himself to be proclaimed king. Many of the English barons took arms against Stephen, with the purpose of doing justice to the Empress Maud, and her son Henry. It was natural that David, King of Scotland, should join the party which favoured his niece. But he also took the opportunity to attempt an extension of his own dominions.

He assembled from the different provinces of Scotland a large but ill-disciplined army, consisting of troops of different nations and languages, who had only one common principle—the love of plunder. There were Normans, and Germans, and English; there were the Danes of Northumberland, and the British of Cumberland, and of the valley of Clyde; there were the men of Teviotdale, who were chiefly Britons, and those of Lothian, who were Saxons; and there were also the people of Galloway. These last were almost a separate and independent people, of peculiarly wild and ferocious habits. Some historians say they came of the race of the ancient Picts; some call them the wild Scots of Galloway; all agree that they were a fierce, ungovernable race of men, who fought half naked, and committed great cruelty upon the inhabitants of the invaded country. These men of Galloway were commanded by several chiefs. Amongst others, was a chief leader called William MacDonochy, that is, William the son of Duncan.

The barons of the northern parts of England, hearing that the King of Scotland was advancing at the head of this formidable army, resolved to assemble their forces to give him battle. Thurstan, the Archbishop of York, joined with them. They hoisted a banner, which they called that of Saint Peter, upon a carriage mounted on wheels;[1] from which circumstance the

[1] "It was the mast of a ship, fitted into the perch of a high four-wheeled carriage; from it were displayed the banners of St. Peter of York, of St. John of Beverly, and of St. Wilfred of Rippon. On the top of this mast there was a little casket, containing a consecrated host."—HAILES.

war took the name of the Battle of the Standard. The two armies came in sight of each other at Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, and prepared to fight on the next morning. It was a contest of great importance; for if David should prove able to defeat the army now opposed to him, there seemed little to prevent him from conquering England as far as the Humber.

There was in the English army an aged baron named Robert Bruce, father of a race afterwards very famous in Scottish history. He had great estates both in England and Scotland. He loved King David, because he had been formerly his companion in arms, and he resolved to make an effort to preserve peace.

He went, therefore, to the Scottish camp, and endeavoured to persuade King David to retreat, and to make peace—remonstrated with him on the excesses which his army had committed—exaggerated the danger in which he was placed; and finally burst into tears when he declared his own purpose of relinquishing his allegiance to the King of Scotland, and fighting against him in battle, if he persevered in his invasion. The King shed tears at this exhortation; but William MacDonochy exclaimed, "Bruce, thou art a false traitor!" Bruce, incensed at this insult, left the camp of the Scots, renouncing for ever all obedience to David, and giving up the lands he held of him in Scotland.

A dispute arose in the Scottish council of war. The Galloway men, who had gained a considerable battle in their advance into England, were intoxicated with their own success, and demanded peremptorily that they should lead the van in the battle of the next day. King David would fain have eluded the request. He had more confidence in the disciplined valour of the men-at-arms in his service, than in those brave, but tumultuous barbarians. A chief, called Malise, Earl of Strathearn, saw and was angry at David's hesitation. "Why so much confidence in a plate of steel, or in rings of iron?" said he. "I who wear no armour, will go as far to-morrow with a bare breast, as any one who wears a cuirass."

"Rude earl," said Allan de Percy, a Norman knight, "you brag of what you dare not do."

The King interposed, and with difficulty appeased the dispute. He granted with reluctance the request of the men of Galloway.

In the morning, David prepared for the eventful contest. He drew his army up in three lines. The first, according to his promise, consisted of the Galloway men, who were commanded by William MacDonochy, and Ulrick, and Dovenald. The second line consisted of the men-at-arms, the Borderers of Teviotdale, with the archers of Cumberland and Strathclyde. They were headed by Henry, Prince of Scotland, a brave and amiable youth. The King himself, surrounded by a guard consisting of English and Norman men-at-arms, commanded the third body of troops, who were the men of Lothian, with the Northern Scots, properly so called.

The English were formed into one compact and firm battalion, in the midst of which the consecrated Standard was displayed. The bishop of Orkney, as deputed by the aged Thurstan, mounted the carriage of St. Peter's Standard, and proclaiming the war was a holy one, assured each English soldier that those who fell should immediately pass into Paradise. The English barons grasped each other's hands, and swore to be victorious, or die in the field.[1]

The armies being now near each other, the men of Galloway charged, with cries which resembled the roar of a tempest. They fought for two hours with the greatest fury, and made such slaughter amongst the English spearmen that they began to give way. But the archers supported them, and showered their arrows so thick upon the Galloway men, that, having no defensive armour to resist the shot, they became dismayed, and began to retreat. Prince Henry of Scotland advanced to their support with the men-at-arms. He rushed at full gallop on that part of the English line which was opposed to him, and broke through it, says a historian, as if it had been a spider's web. He then attacked the rear of the English; the men of Galloway rallied, and were about to renew the contest, when an English soldier showed the head of a slain man on a spear, and called out it was the King of Scots. The falsehood

[1] "The aged and venerable Walter L'Espec (also) ascended the carriage in which the holy standard was fixed, and harangued the surrounding multitude. He reminded them of the glory of their ancestors, and described the barbarities of the Scottish invaders. 'Your cause is just; it is for your all that you combat; I swear, said he, grasping the hand of the Earl of Albemarle, 'I swear,' that on this day I will overcome the Scots, or perish.' 'So swear we all,' cried the barons assembled around him."—HAILES.

was believed by the Scottish army, who fell into confusion, and fled. The King in vain threw his helmet from his head, and rode barefaced among the soldiers, to show that he still lived. The alarm and panic were general, and the Scots lost a battle which, if they had won, must have given them a great part of England, and eventually, it may be, the whole of that kingdom, distracted as it was with civil war. Such was the famous battle of the Standard.[1] It forced David to make peace with England, but it was upon the most favourable terms; since, excepting the fortresses of Newcastle and Bamborough, the whole of Northumberland and Durham was surrendered by Stephen to the Scottish monarch.

David died in the year 1153. His brave and amiable son, Henry, had died two or three years before his father. David was a most excellent sovereign. He would leave his sport of hunting, or anything in which he was engaged at the time, if the meanest of his subjects came to complain of any wrong which he had received; nor would he resume his amusement till he had seen the poor man redressed. He is also much praised by historians, who, in those times, were chiefly clergymen, for his great bounty to the church. He founded bishoprics, and built and endowed many monasteries, which he vested with large grants of lands out of the patrimony of the kings. Amongst these were the Abbeys of Holyrood, near Edinburgh; of Melrose, in Roxburghshire; of Dryburgh, in Berwickshire; of Newbattle, in Lothian; of Cambuskenneth, in Stirlingshire; also those of Kelso and Jedburgh, and many ecclesiastical houses of less note.

It was, perhaps, as much from his munificence to the church, as from his private virtues and public deeds, that this monarch was received into the catalogue of holy persons, and called Saint David.[2] One of his successors, James I., who esteemed

[1] "The Galwegians cast away their arms; the troops of Lothian, the Islanders, and all who composed the third body, fled without show of resistance. The King leapt from his horse, and brought up the reserve to support the infantry of the second body; but the Scots, abandoned by so many of their companions, were now dispirited and feeble. The nobles who attended on the person of the King, saw that the day was irrecoverably lost; they urged and even compelled him to retreat. The fugitives, perceiving the royal ensign displayed, rallied around it, opposed a formidable body to the conquerors, and checked their pursuit. This memorable battle was fought on the 22d August 1138."—HAILES.

[2] "Aldred," says Lord Hailes, "has recorded many curious, although

his liberality to the church rather excessive, said, "St. David had proved a sore saint for the crown." But we ought to recollect that the church lands were frequently spared, out of veneration to religion, when, in those restless times, all the rest of the country was burned and plundered. David, therefore, by putting these large estates under the protection of the church, may be considered as having done his best to secure them against devastation; and we may observe that most of his monasteries were founded in provinces peculiarly exposed to the dangers of war. The monks, it must be also remembered, were the only persons possessed of the most ordinary branches of knowledge. They were able to read and write; they understood French and Latin; they were excellent architects, as their magnificent buildings still testify; they possessed the art of gardening, and of forming plantations; and it appears that the children of the gentry were often educated in these monasteries. It was, therefore, no wonder that David should have desired to encourage communities so nearly connected with arts and learning, although he certainly carried to excess the patronage which he was disposed to afford them.

It was during the reigns of Malcolm Canmore and his successors, that a dispute arose, grounded upon the feudal law,

minute particulars, of the manners and private life of David. At the condemnation of the worst of criminals his strong emotions of sympathy were visible to the spectators; yet, resisting the seduction of his tender nature, he constantly maintained the just severity of a magistrate. His apartments were always open to suitors; for he had nothing secret but his counsels. On certain days he sat at the gate of his palace, to hear and to decide the causes of the poor. This he did, probably, with the view of restraining the enormities of inferior judges, so prevalent in loose times. To suppose that *he regarded the poor in judgment*, would be to impute ostentatious injustice to a wise and good man. While deciding against the poor, he attempted to make them understand and acknowledge the equity of his decisions: an attempt equally benevolent and vain! At sunset he dismissed all his attendants, and retired to meditate on his duty to God and the people. At daybreak he resumed his labours. He used hunting as an exercise; yet so as never to encroach on the hours of business. 'I have seen him,' says Aldred, 'quit his horse and dismiss his hunting equipage, when any, even of the meanest of his subjects, implored an audience.' He sometimes employed his leisure hours in the culture of his garden, and in the philosophic amusement of budding and ingrafting trees." Buchanan, whose principles are esteemed unfavourable to monarchy, says, "A more perfect exemplar of *a good king* is to be found in the reign of David I. than in all the theories of the learned and ingenious."

which occasioned a most dreadful quarrel between England and Scotland; and though Master Littlejohn be no great lawyer, it is necessary he should try all he can to understand it, for it is a very material point in history.

While the English were fighting among themselves, and afterwards with the Normans, the Scottish Kings, as I have repeatedly told you, had been enlarging their dominions at the expense of their neighbours, and had possessed themselves, in a great measure, of the northern provinces of England, called Lothian, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. After much fighting and disputing, it was agreed that the King of Scotland should keep these English provinces, or such parts of them as he possessed, not as an independent sovereign, however, but as a vassal of the King of England; and that he should do homage for the same to the English King, and attend him to the field of battle when summoned. But this homage, and this military service, were not paid on account of the kingdom of Scotland, which had never since the beginning of the world been under the dominion of an English King, but was, and had always remained independent, a free state, having sovereigns and monarchs of its own. It may seem strange to Master Littlejohn, how a King of Scotland should be vassal for that part of his dominions which lay in England, and an independent prince when he was considered as King of Scotland; but this might easily happen, according to the regulations of the Feudal System. William the Conqueror himself stood in the same situation; for he held his great dukedom of Normandy, and his other possessions in France, as a vassal of the King of France, by whom it had been granted as a fief to his ancestor Rollo; but he was, at the same time, the independent Sovereign of England, of which he had gained possession by his victory at Hastings.

The English Kings, however, occasionally took opportunities to insinuate that the homage paid by the Scottish Kings was not only for the provinces which they at this time possessed in England, but also for the kingdom of Scotland. The Scottish Kings, on the contrary, although they rendered the homage and services demanded, as holding large possessions within the boundaries of England, uniformly and positively refused to permit it to be said or supposed, that they were subject to any claim of homage on account of the kingdom of Scotland. This

was one cause of the frequent wars which took place betwixt the countries, in which the Scots maintained their national independence, and though frequently defeated, were often victorious, and threatened, upon more than one occasion, to make extensive acquisitions of territory at the expense of their neighbours.

At the death of David the First of Scotland, that monarch was in full possession of Lothian, which began to be considered as a part of Scotland, and which still continues to be so; as also of Northumberland and of Cumberland, with great part of Westmoreland, of which his sovereignty was less secure.

David was succeeded by his grandson, named MALCOLM [1153, in his twelfth year], the eldest son of the brave and generous Prince Henry. Malcolm did homage to the King of England for the possessions which he had in England. He was so kind and gentle in his disposition that he was usually called Malcolm the Maiden. Malcolm attached himself particularly to Henry II., King of England, who was indeed a very wise and able prince. The Scottish King at one time went the length of resigning to Henry the possessions he held in the north of England; nay, he followed that prince into France, and acted as a volunteer in his army. This partiality to the English King disgusted the Scottish nation, who were afraid of the influence which Henry possessed over the mind of their youthful sovereign. They sent a message to France to upbraid Malcolm with his folly and to declare they would not have Henry of England to rule over them. Malcolm returned to Scotland with all speed, and reconciled himself to his subjects. He died at Jedburgh in the year 1165.

Malcolm the Maiden was succeeded by his brother WILLIAM [crowned 24th December 1165,] a son of Prince Henry, and grandson of the good King David. In his time, warriors and men of consequence began to assume what are called armorial bearings, which you may very often see cut upon seals, engraved on silver plate, and painted upon gentlemen's carriages. Now, Master Littlejohn, it is as well to know the meaning of this ancient custom.

In the time of which I am speaking, the warriors went into battle clad in complete armour, which covered them from top to toe. On their head they wore iron caps, called helmets, with visors, which came down and protected the face, so that

nothing could be seen of the countenance except the eyes peeping through bars of iron. You have seen such helmets in grandpapa's entrance-hall. But as it was necessary that a king, lord, or knight, should be known to his followers in battle, they adopted two ways of distinguishing themselves. The one was by a crest, that is, a figure of some kind or other, as a lion, a wolf, a hand holding a sword, or some such decoration, which they wore on the top of the helmet, as we talk of a cock's comb being the crest of that bird. But besides this mark of distinction, these warriors were accustomed to paint emblematical figures, sometimes of a very whimsical kind, upon their shields. These emblems became general; and at length no one was permitted to bear any such armorial device, excepting he either had right to carry it by inheritance, or that such right had been conferred upon him by some sovereign prince. To assume the crest or armorial emblems of another man was a high offence, and often mortally resented; and to adopt armorial bearings for yourself, was punished as a misdemeanour by a peculiar court, composed of men called Heralds, who gave their name to the science called Heraldry. As men disused the wearing of armour, the original purpose of heraldry fell into neglect, but still persons of ancient descent remained tenacious of the armorial distinctions of their ancestors; and, as I told you before, they are now painted on carriages, or placed above the principal door of country-houses, or frequently engraved on seals. But there is much less attention paid to heraldry now than there was formerly, although the College of Heralds still exists.

Now, William King of Scotland having chosen for his armorial bearing a Red Lion, *rampant* (that is, standing on its hind legs, as if it were going to climb), he acquired the name of William the Lion. And this Rampant Lion still constitutes the arms of Scotland, and the President of the Heralds' Court in that country, who is always a person of high rank, is called Lord Lion King-at-Arms.

William, though a brave man, and though he had a lion for his emblem, was unfortunate in war. In the year 1174 he invaded England, for the purpose of demanding and compelling restoration of the portion of Northumberland which had been possessed by his ancestors. He himself, with a small body of men, lay in careless security near Alnwick, while his numerous,

but barbarous and undisciplined army, were spread throughout the country, burning and destroying wherever they came. Some gallant Yorkshire barons marched to the aid of their neighbours of Northumberland. They assembled four hundred men-at-arms, and made a forced march of twenty-four miles from Newcastle towards Alnwick, without being discovered. On the morning a thick mist fell—they became uncertain of their road—and some proposed to turn back. "If you should all turn back," said one of their leaders, named Bernard de Baliol, "I would go forward alone." The others adopted the same resolution, and, concealed by the mist, they rode forward towards Alnwick. In their way they suddenly encountered the Scottish King, at the head of a small party of only sixty men. William so little expected a sudden attack of this nature that at first he thought the body of cavalry which he saw advancing was a part of his own army. When he was undeceived, he had too much of the lion about him to fear. "Now shall we see," he said, "which of us are good knights;" and instantly charged the Yorkshire barons, with the handful of men who attended him. But sixty men at arms could make no impression on four hundred, and as the rest of William's army were too distant to give him assistance, he was, after defending himself with the utmost gallantry, unhorsed and made prisoner. The English immediately retreated with their royal captive, after this bold and successful adventure. They carried William to Newcastle, and from that town to Northampton, where he was conducted to the presence of Henry II., King of England, with his legs tied under his horse's belly, as if he had been a common malefactor or felon.[1]

This was a great abuse of the advantage which fortune had given to Henry, and was in fact more disgraceful to himself than to his prisoner. But the English King's subsequent conduct was equally harsh and ungenerous. He would not release his unfortunate captive until he had agreed to do homage to the King of England, not only for his English possessions, but also for Scotland, and all his other dominions. The Scottish parliament were brought to acquiesce in this treaty; and thus, in order to recover the liberty of their King,

[1] "William was at first confined to the castle of Richmond, but Henry, sensible of the value of this unexpected acquisition, secured him beyond seas at Falaise in Normandy."—HAILES.

they sacrificed the independence of their country, which remained for a time subject to the English claim of paramount sovereignty. This dishonourable treaty was made on the 8th of December 1174.

Thus the great national question of supremacy was for a time abandoned by the Scots; but this state of things did not last long. In 1189 Henry II. died, and was succeeded by his son, Richard the First, one of the most remarkable men in English history. He was so brave that he was generally known by the name of Cœur de Lion, that is, the Lion-hearted; and he was as generous as he was brave. Nothing was so much at his heart as what was then called the Holy War, that is, a war undertaken to drive the Saracens out of Palestine. For this he resolved to go to Palestine with a large army: but it was first necessary that he should place his affairs at home in such condition as might ensure the quiet of his dominions during his absence upon the expedition. This point could not be accomplished without his making a solid peace with Scotland; and in order to obtain it, King Richard resolved to renounce the claim for homage, which had been extorted from William the Lion. By a charter, dated 5th December of the same year (1189), he restored to the King of Scots the castles of Berwick and Roxburgh, and granted an acquittance to him of all obligations which Henry II. had extorted from him in consequence of his captivity, reserving only Richard's title to such homage as was anciently rendered by Malcolm Canmore. For this renunciation William paid ten thousand merks; a sum which probably assisted in furnishing the expenses of Richard's expedition to Palestine.

Thus was Scotland again restored to the dignity of an independent nation, and her monarchs were declared liable only to the homage due for the lands which the King of Scotland held beyond the boundaries of his own kingdom, and within those of England. The period of Scottish subjection lasted only fifteen years.

This generous behaviour of Richard of England was attended with such good effects that it almost put an end to all wars and quarrels betwixt England and Scotland for more than a hundred years, during which time, with one or two brief interruptions, the nations lived in great harmony together. This was much to the happiness of both, and might in time have led

to their becoming one people, for which Nature, which placed them both in the same island, seemed to have designed them. Intercourse for the purpose of traffic became more frequent. Some of the Scottish and English families formed marriages and friendships together, and several powerful lords and barons had lands both in England and Scotland. All seemed to promise peace and tranquillity betwixt the two kingdoms, until a course of melancholy accidents having nearly extinguished the Scottish royal family, tempted the English monarch again to set up his unjust pretensions to be sovereign of Scotland, and gave occasion to a series of wars, fiercer and more bloody than any which had ever before taken place betwixt the countries.

CHAPTER V

Accession of Alexander II.—Burning of the Bishop of Caithness—Accession of Alexander III.—Battle of Largs

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: John, Henry III. *France*: Philip II., Louis VIII., Louis IX.

1214—1266

WILLIAM THE LION died at Stirling in December 1214, and was succeeded by his son, Alexander II., a youth in years, but remarkable for prudence and for firmness. In his days there was some war with England, as he espoused the cause of the disaffected barons, against King John. But no disastrous consequences having arisen, the peace betwixt the two kingdoms was so effectually restored that Henry III. of England, having occasion to visit his French dominions, committed the care of the northern frontiers of his kingdom to Alexander of Scotland, the prince who was most likely to have seized the opportunity of disturbing them. Alexander II. repaid with fidelity the great and honourable trust which his brother sovereign had reposed in him.

Relieved from the cares of an English war, Alexander endeavoured to civilise the savage manners of his own people. These were disorderly to a great degree.

For example, one Adam, Bishop of Caithness, proved extremely rigorous in enforcing the demand of tithes,—the tenth part, that is, of the produce of the ground, which the church claimed for support of the clergy. The people of Caithness assembled to consider what should be done in this dilemma, when one of them exclaimed, "Short rede, good rede, slay we the bishop!" which means, "Few words are best, let us kill the bishop." They ran instantly to the bishop's house, assaulted it with fury, set it on fire, and burned the prelate alive in his own palace (A.D. 1222).

While this tragedy was going on, some of the bishop's servants applied for protection for their master to the Earl of Orkney and Caithness. This nobleman, who probably favoured the conspiracy, answered hypocritically, that the bishop had only to come to him, and he would assure him of protection;—as if it had been possible for the unhappy bishop to escape from his blazing palace, and through his raging enemies, and to make his way to the earl's residence.

The tidings of this cruel action were brought to Alexander II. when he was upon a journey towards England. He immediately turned back, marched into Caithness with an army, and put to death four hundred of those who had been concerned in the murder of the bishop. The hard-hearted earl was soon afterwards slain, and his castle burned, in revenge of that odious crime.

By the prompt administration of justice, Alexander both became obeyed and dreaded. He was a sovereign of considerable power, beloved both by English and Scots. He had a brave and not ill-disciplined army; but his cavalry, which amounted only to a thousand spears, were not very well mounted, and bore no proportion to one hundred thousand of infantry, strong, good, and resolute men.

ALEXANDER III., then only in his eighth year, succeeded to his father in 1249. Yet, when only two years older, he went to York to meet with the English King, and to marry his daughter, the Princess Margaret. On this occasion Henry endeavoured to revive the old claim of homage, which he insisted should be rendered to him by the boy-bridegroom for all his dominions. Alexander answered, with wisdom beyond his years, that he was come to marry the Princess of England, and not to treat of affairs of state; and that he could not, and would

not, enter upon the subject proposed, without advice of his Parliament.

Upon another occasion, when visiting his father-in-law at London, Alexander made it a condition of his journey, that he should not be called upon to discuss any state affairs. In this, and on other occasions, Alexander showed great willingness to be on good terms with England, qualified by a sincere resolution that he would not sacrifice any part of the rights and independence of his dominions.

In the days of Alexander III. Scotland was threatened with a great danger, from the invasion of the Danes and the Norwegians. I have told you before, that these northern people were at this time wont to scour the seas with their vessels, and to make descents and conquests where it suited them to settle. England had been at one time conquered by them, and France had been compelled to yield up to them the fine provinces which, after their name, were called Normandy. The Scots, whose country was at once poor and mountainous, had hitherto held these rovers at defiance. But in the year 1263 Haco, King of Norway, at the head of a powerful fleet and army, came to invade and conquer the kingdom of Scotland. Alexander, on his part, lost no time in assembling a great army, and preparing for the defence of the country, in which he was zealously seconded by most of his nobles. They were not all, however, equally faithful, some of them had encouraged the attempt of the invaders.

On the 1st October 1263 Haco, having arrived on the western coast, commenced hostilities by making himself master of the Islands of Bute and Arran, lying in the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, and then appeared with his great navy off the village of Largs, in Cunninghame. The Scots were in arms to defend the shore, but Haco disembarked a great part of his troops, and obtained some advantages over them. On the next day, more Scottish troops having come up, the battle was renewed with great fury. Alexander, fighting in person at the head of his troops, was wounded in the face by an arrow. Alexander the Steward, a high officer in the Scottish court, was killed. But the Danes lost the nephew of their king, one of the most renowned champions in their host. While the battle was still raging on shore, a furious tempest arose, which drove the ships of the Danes and Norwegians from their

anchorage; many were shipwrecked on the coast, and the crews were destroyed by the Scots, when they attempted to get upon land. The soldiers, who had been disembarked, lost courage, and retired before the Scots, who were hourly reinforced by their countrymen coming from all quarters. It was with the utmost difficulty that Haco got the remnant of his scattered forces on board of such vessels as remained. He retired to the Orkney Islands, and there died, full of shame and sorrow for the loss of his army, and the inglorious conclusion of his formidable invasion.

The consequence of this victory was, that the King of the Island of Man, who had been tributary to Haco, now submitted himself to the King of Scotland; and negotiations took place betwixt Alexander III. and Magnus, who had succeeded Haco in the throne of Norway, by which the latter resigned to the King of Scotland (1266) all right to the islands on the western side of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

The traces of the battle of Largs, a victory of so much consequence to Scotland, are still to be found on the shores where the action was fought. There are visible great rocks and heaps of stones, beneath which lie interred the remains of the slain. Human bones are found in great quantities, and also warlike weapons, particularly axes, and swords, which being made of brass, remain longer unconsumed than if they had been of iron or steel like those now used.

Thus you see, Master Littlejohn, that down to the period of which we speak, Scotland had been a powerful and victorious nation, maintaining a more equal rank with England than could have been expected from the different size and strength of the two kingdoms, and repelling by force of arms those northern people who had so long been the terror of Europe.

CHAPTER VI

Death of Alexander III.—Margaret of Norway—Interregnum—Competitors for the Crown—Usurpation of Edward I. of England

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry III., Edward I. *France*: Louis IX., Philip IV.

1266—1296

SEVEN kings of Scotland, omitting one or two temporary occupants of the throne, had reigned in succession after Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who recovered the kingdom from Macbeth. Their reigns occupied a period of nearly two hundred years. Some of them were very able men; all of them were well-disposed, good sovereigns, and inclined to discharge their duty towards their subjects. They made good laws; and, considering the barbarous and ignorant times they lived in, they appear to have been men as deserving of praise as any race of kings who reigned in Europe during that period. Alexander, the third of that name, and the last of these seven princes, was an excellent sovereign. He married, as I told you in the last chapter, Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England; but unhappily all the children who were born of that marriage died before their father. After the death of Queen Margaret, Alexander married another wife; but he did not live to have any family by her. As he was riding in the dusk of the evening, along the sea-coast of Fife, betwixt Burntisland and Kinghorn, he approached too near the brink of the precipice, and his horse starting or stumbling, he was thrown over the rock, and killed on the spot. It is now no less than five hundred and forty-two years since Alexander's death, yet the people of the country still point out the very spot where it happened, and which is called the King's Crag. The very melancholy consequences which followed Alexander's decease made the manner of it long remembered. A sort of elegy is also preserved, in which his virtues, and the misfortunes that followed his death, are recorded. It is the oldest specimen of the Scottish language which is known to remain in existence; but as you would not understand it, I am obliged to alter it a little:—

When Alexander our king was dead,
Who Scotland led in love and le,
Away was wealth of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee.
Then pray to God, since only he
Can succour Scotland in her need,
That placed is in perplexity!

Another legend says, that a wise man, who is called Thomas the Rhymer, and about whom many stories are told, had said to a great Scottish nobleman, called the Earl of March, that the sixteenth day of March should be the stormiest day that ever was witnessed in Scotland. The day came, and was remarkably clear, mild, and temperate. But while they were all laughing at Thomas the Rhymer on account of his false prophecy, an express brought the news of the King's death. "There," said Thomas, "that is the storm which I meant; and there was never tempest which will bring more ill luck to Scotland." This story may very possibly be false; but the general belief in it serves to show that the death of Alexander the Third was looked upon as an event of the most threatening and calamitous nature.

The full consequences of the evil were not visible at first; for, although all Alexander's children had, as we have already said, died before him, yet one of them, who had been married to Eric, King of Norway, had left a daughter named Margaret, upon whom, as the grand-daughter and nearest heir of the deceased prince, the crown of Scotland devolved. The young princess, called by our historians, the Maid of Norway, was residing at her father's court.

While the crown of Scotland thus passed to a young girl, the King of England began to consider by what means he could so avail himself of circumstances, as to unite it with his own. This king was Edward, called the First, because he was the first of the Norman line of princes so named. He was a very brave man, and a good soldier,—wise, skilful, and prudent, but unhappily very ambitious, and desirous of extending his royal authority, without caring much whether he did so by right means or by those which were unjust. And although it is a great sin to covet that which does not belong to you, and a still greater to endeavour to possess yourself of it by any unfair practices, yet his desire of adding the kingdom

of Scotland to that of England was so great, that Edward was unable to resist it.

The mode by which the English King at first endeavoured to accomplish his object was a very just one. He proposed a marriage betwixt the Maiden of Norway, the young Queen of Scotland, and his own eldest son, called Edward, after himself. A treaty was entered into for this purpose; and had the marriage been effected, and been followed by children, the union of England and Scotland might have taken place more than three hundred years sooner than it did, and an immeasurable quantity of money and bloodshed would probably have been saved. But it was not the will of Heaven that this desirable union should be accomplished till many long years of war and distress had afflicted both these nations. The young Queen of Scotland sickened and died, and the treaty for the marriage was ended with her life.[1]

The kingdom of Scotland was troubled, and its inhabitants sunk into despair, at the death of their young princess. There was not any descendant of Alexander III. remaining, who could be considered as his direct and undeniable heir: and many of the great nobles, who were more or less distantly related to the royal family, prepared each of them to assert a right to the crown, began to assemble forces and form parties, and threatened the country with a civil war, which is the greatest of all misfortunes. The number of persons who set up claims to the crown was no fewer than twelve, all of them forming pretensions on some relationship, more or less distant, to the royal family. These claimants were most of them powerful, from their rank and the number of their followers; and, if they should dispute the question of right by the sword, it was evident that the whole country would be at war from one sea to the other.

To prevent this great dilemma, it is said the Scottish nobility resolved to submit the question respecting the succession of their kingdom to Edward I. of England, who was one of the wisest princes of his time, and to request of him to settle, as umpire, which of the persons claiming the throne of Scotland had best right to be preferred to the others. The people of Scotland are said to have sent ambassadors to Edward, to re-

[1] She landed in Orkney, on her way to take possession of her crown, and died there, Sept. 1290.

quest his interference as judge; but he had already determined to regulate the succession of the kingdom, not as a mere umpire, having no authority but from the desire of the parties, but as himself a person principally concerned; and for this purpose he resolved to revive the old pretext of his having right to the feudal sovereignty of Scotland, which, as we have before seen, had been deliberately renounced by his generous predecessor, Richard I.

With this secret and unjust purpose, Edward of England summoned the nobility and clergy of Scotland to meet him at the castle of Norham, a large and strong fortress, which stands on the English side of the Tweed, on the line where that river divides England from Scotland. They met there on the 10th May 1291, and were presented to the King of England, who received them in great state, surrounded by the high officers of his court. He was a very handsome man, and so tall, that he was popularly known by the name of Longshanks, that is, long legs. The Justiciary of England then informed the nobility and clergy of Scotland, in King Edward's name, that before he could proceed to decide who should be the vassal King of Scotland, it was necessary that they should acknowledge the King of England's right as lord paramount, or sovereign of that kingdom.

The nobles and churchmen of Scotland were surprised to hear the King of England propose a claim which had never been admitted, except for a short time, in order to procure the freedom of King William the Lion, and which had been afterwards renounced for ever by Richard I. They refused to give any answer until they should consult together by themselves. "By St. Edward!" said the King, "whose crown I wear, I will make good my just rights, or perish in the attempt!" He then dismissed the assembly, allowing the Scots a delay of three weeks, however, to accede to his terms.

The Scottish nobility being thus made aware of King Edward's selfish and ambitious designs, ought to have assembled their forces together, and declared that they would defend the rights and independence of their country. But they were much divided among themselves, and without any leader; and the competitors who laid claim to the crown were mean-spirited enough to desire to make favour with King Edward, in expectation that he would raise to the throne him whom he should

find most willing to subscribe to his own claims of paramount superiority.

Accordingly, the second assembly of the Scottish nobility and clergy took place without any one having dared to state any objection to what the King of England proposed, however unreasonable they knew his pretensions to be. They were assembled in a large open plain, called Upsettlington, opposite to the castle of Norham, but on the northern or Scottish side of the river. The Chancellor of England then demanded of such of the candidates as were present, whether they acknowledged the King of England as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and whether they were willing to receive and hold the crown of Scotland as awarded by Edward in that character. They all answered that they were willing to do so; and thus, rather than hazard their own claims by offending King Edward, these unworthy candidates consented to resign the independence of their country, which had been so long and so bravely defended.

Upon examining the claims of the candidates, the right of succession to the throne of Scotland was found to lie chiefly betwixt Robert Bruce, the Lord of Annandale, and John Baliol, who was the Lord of Galloway. Both were great and powerful barons; both were of Norman descent, and had great estates in England as well as Scotland; lastly, both were descended from the Scottish royal family, and each by a daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. Edward, upon due consideration, declared Baliol to be King of Scotland, as being son of Margaret, the eldest of the two sisters. But he declared that the kingdom was always to be held under him as the lord paramount, or sovereign thereof. John Baliol closed the disgraceful scene by doing homage to the King of England, and acknowledging that he was his liege vassal and subject. This remarkable event took place on 20th November 1292.

Soon after this remarkable, and to Scotland most shameful transaction, King Edward began to show to Baliol that it was not his purpose to be satisfied with a bare acknowledgment of his right of sovereignty, but that he was determined to exercise it with severity on every possible occasion. He did this, no doubt, on purpose to provoke the dependent king to some act of resistance which should give him a pretext for depriving

him of the kingdom altogether as a disobedient subject, and taking it under his own government in his usurped character of lord paramount. The King of England, therefore, encouraged the Scottish subjects to appeal from the courts of Baliol to his own; and as Baliol declined making appearance in the English tribunals, or answering there for the sentences which he had pronounced in his capacity of King of Scotland, Edward insisted upon having possession of three principal fortresses of Scotland —Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh.

Baliol surrendered, or at least agreed to surrender, these castles; but the people murmured against this base compliance, and Baliol himself, perceiving that it was Edward's intention gradually to destroy his power, was stung at once with shame and fear, and entering into a league with France, raised a great army, for the purpose of invading England, the dominions of the prince whom he had so lately acknowledged his lord paramount, or sovereign. At the same time he sent a letter to Edward, formally renouncing his dependence upon him.[1] Edward replied in Norman-French, "Ha!—dares this idiot commit such folly? Since he will not attend on us, as is his duty, we will go to him."

The King of England accordingly assembled a powerful army, amongst which came Bruce, who had formerly contended for the crown of Scotland with Baliol, and who now hoped to gain it upon his forfeiture. Edward defeated the Scottish army in a great battle near Dunbar, and Baliol, who appears to have been a mean-spirited man, gave up the contest. He came before Edward in the castle of Roxburgh, and there made a most humiliating submission. 28th April 1296.
He appeared in a mean dress, without sword, royal robes, or arms of any kind, and bearing in his hand a white wand. He there confessed that through bad counsel and folly he had rebelled against his liege lord, and, in atonement, he resigned the kingdom of Scotland, with the inhabitants, and all right which he possessed to their obedience and duty, to their liege lord, King Edward. He was then permitted to retire uninjured.

[1] "The reasons assigned by Baliol were:—1. That Edward had wantonly, and upon slight suggestions, summoned Baliol to his courts. 2. Had seized his English estates. 3. Had seized his goods and the goods of his subjects. 4. Had forcibly carried off, and still detained, certain natives of Scotland" (April 1296).—Hailes.

Baliol being thus removed, Bruce expressed his hopes of being allowed to supply his place, as tributary or dependent King of Scotland. But Edward answered him sternly, "Have we nothing, think you, to do, but to conquer kingdoms for you?" By which words the English King plainly expressed that he intended to keep Scotland to himself; and he proceeded to take such measures as made his purpose still more evident.

Edward marched through Scotland at the head of a powerful army, compelling all ranks of people to submit to him. He removed to London the records of the kingdom of Scotland, and was at the pains to transport to the Abbey Church at Westminster a great stone, upon which it had been the national custom to place the King of Scotland when he was crowned for the first time. He did this to show that he was absolute master of Scotland, and that the country was in future to have no other king but himself, and his descendants the Kings of England. The stone is still preserved, and to this day the King's throne is placed upon it at the time when he is crowned.[1] Last of all, King Edward placed the government of Scotland in the hands of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, a brave nobleman; of Hugh Cressingham, a clergyman, whom he named chief treasurer; and of William Ormesby, whom he appointed the chief judge of the kingdom. He placed English soldiers in all the castles and strongholds of Scotland, from the one end of the kingdom to the other; and not trusting the

[1] "This fatal stone was said to have been brought from Ireland by Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyleshire. Its virtues are preserved in the celebrated leonine verse—

'Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Which may be rendered thus:—

Unless the fates are faithless found,
And prophets' voice be vain,
Where'er this monument is found
The Scottish race shall reign.

There were Scots who hailed the accomplishment of this prophecy at the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, and exulted, that in removing this palladium, the policy of Edward resembled that which brought the Trojan horse in triumph within their walls, and which occasioned the destruction of their royal family. The stone is still preserved, and forms the support of King Edward the Confessor's chair, which the Sovereign occupies at his coronation, and, independent of the divination so long in being accomplished, is in itself a very curious remnant of extreme antiquity."—Sir Walter Scott, *Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

Scots themselves, he appointed English governors in most of the provinces of the kingdom.

We may here remark, my dear child, that a little before he thus subdued Scotland, this same Edward I. had made conquest of Wales, that mountainous part of the island of Britain into which the Britons had retreated from the Saxons, and where, until the reign of this artful and ambitious prince, they had been able to maintain their independence. In subduing Wales, Edward had acted as treacherously, and more cruelly, than he had done in Scotland; since he had hanged the last Prince of Wales, when he became his prisoner, for no other crime than because he defended his country against the English, who had no right to it. Perhaps Edward thought to himself that, by uniting the whole island of Britain under one king and one government, he would do so much good by preventing future wars, as might be an excuse for the force and fraud which he made use of to bring about his purpose. But, my dear child, God, who sees into our hearts, will not bless those measures which are wicked in themselves, because they are used under a pretence of bringing about that which is good. We must not do evil even that good may come of it; and the happy prospect that England and Scotland would be united under one government, was so far from being brought nearer by Edward's unprincipled usurpation, that the hatred and violence of national antipathy which arose betwixt the sister countries, removed to a distance almost incalculable, the prospect of their becoming one people, for which nature seemed to design them.

CHAPTER VII

Sir William Wallace

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward I.
France: Philip IV.

1296—1305

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward I. of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the

kingdom, less by his bravery, than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed amongst the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander III.

The English, however, had in point of fact obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigour. The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them. Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cressingham, the English treasurer, tormented the Scottish nation by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded, and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them, to rise up in a body against the English or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty and independence of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of WILLIAM WALLACE, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers who belonged to the garrison of Ayr came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to

a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavouring to force their way in at the front of the house Wallace escaped by a back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers.[1] In the meantime the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people called the Barns of Ayr. It is alleged that the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof; and, as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were

[1] In the western face of the chasm of Cartland crags, a few yards above the new bridge, a cave in the rock is pointed out by tradition as having been the hiding-place of Wallace.

pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner was, it is said, Sir Reginald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drunk plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the prior of the convent caused all the friars to arm themselves, and, attacking the English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the "Friar of Ayr's blessing." We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these were Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglas-dale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confident. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English

governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warenne," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. That took place which Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his

whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin; a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonourable thing of the Scots to insult thus the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions; some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavoured to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

11th Sept. 1297.

Indeed, it appears, that, though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women, and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland, the English had placed a garrison in the strong castle of Dunnottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place is almost inaccessible, Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea, and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea-fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country, that he only laughed at the contrition of his soldiers—"I will absolve you all myself," he said. "Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands?" So deep-seated was Wallace's feeling of national resentment, that it seems to have overcome, in such instances, the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered; for which purpose he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no King at the time. He was now

titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland.[1] Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armour. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing

[1] "These mean and selfish jealousies were increased by the terror of Edward's military renown, and in many by the fear of losing their English estates; so that at the very time when an honest love of liberty, and a simultaneous spirit of resistance, could alone have saved Scotland, its nobility deserted it at its utmost need, and refused to act with the only man whose military talents and prosperity were equal to the emergency." —TYTLER'S *History of Scotland.*

each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks and undaunted appearance of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armour, and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, bishop," answered Basset contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armour. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but, on the contrary, fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scottish cavalry were few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows that it was impossible to sustain the discharge.

It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon 22d July 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak-tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as marking the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago Grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the guardians of the kingdom, and another distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments, of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or

with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed upon the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner, and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burnt towns and castles, with having killed many men and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm

resolution, "That it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor. 23d August 1305.

No doubt King Edward thought, that by exercising this great severity towards so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace he should terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures, to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life, in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

CHAPTER VIII

Robert the Bruce

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward I., Edward II. *France*: Philip IV.

1305—1314

I HOPE, my dear child, that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the

great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavouring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland, and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as lord paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English yoke should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce who, as you have heard, disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch,[1] usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as king of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with

[1] "He was the son of Marjory, sister of King John Baliol, by her marriage with John Comyn of Badenoch, one of the competitors with Baliol for the crown, but who afterwards withdrew his pretensions and supported the claim and the government of Baliol."—Wood's *Peerage*.

the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old traditions of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighbouring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now. this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man: there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general: that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and

he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who, I told you, was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by despatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honour.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland.

He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned King at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the King's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on 29th March 1306. On the 18th May he was excommunicated by the Pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion, and authorised any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of

Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related.[1] Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed, amidst his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the King at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up, and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled

[1] According to Wyntown, M'Dougal married the third daughter of Comyn.

to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The King, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the King, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body, that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the King struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the King's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor.[1] Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The King met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people received much education. But King Robert had been well instructed in the learning of the times; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such

[1] "Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. MacNaughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed on this memorable retreat, with the highest expression of admiration. 'It seems to give thee pleasure,' said Lorn, 'that he makes such havoc among our friends.' 'Not so, by my faith,' replied MacNaughton; 'but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who by his knightly feats has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce.'"—*Note to* SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Lord of the Isles.*

wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have witnessed such scenes. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates, and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's Queen, as well as the Queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan, as I before told you, had given Edward great offence by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny, or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigour.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but

if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed, and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick,[1] had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had yet happened.

[1] Or Brodick: now a seat of the Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Arran.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions, that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry-head became visible, and the King and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms, and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was, as I have told you, a man daring even to rashness.

"I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly he began to skirmish with the English so successfully as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the King, being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery, or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

At one time a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the King one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the King saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the King, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The King called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer, upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the King again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall

die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the King. One of them fetched a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke and stumbled, so that the King with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the King, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the King wiped his bloody sword, and looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle together, and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighbouring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy, and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and

very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds or sleuthhounds (so called from *slot* or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase) were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighbourhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the King was was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the King's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he re-

flected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armour, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the riverside. Then the King thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand until his men came to assist him. His armour was so good and strong that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure, guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honour would be lost for ever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through and assault him. But by this time

the King's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.[1]

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the King divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The King again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of

[1] "When the soldiers came up, they found the King wearied, but unwounded, and sitting on a bank, where he had cast off his helmet to wipe his brow, and cool himself in the night air."—TYTLER.

him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to follow hard, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of what he pursued, gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His

foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The King answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant.

They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to

keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armour which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The King answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I

have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death.

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after they heard the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farm-house, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase.

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford,

and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

CHAPTER IX

Douglas and Randolph

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward I., Edward II. *France*: Philip IV.

1307—1314

WHEN King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the Borders, as I have already told you, with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels. But he was now old and feeble, and while he was making his preparations, he was taken very ill, and after lingering a long time, at length died on the 6th July 1307, at a place in Cumberland called Burgh upon the Sands, in full sight of Scotland, and not three miles from its frontier. His hatred to that country was so inveterate, that his thoughts of revenge seemed to occupy his mind on his deathbed. He made his son promise never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued. He gave also very singular directions concerning the disposal of his dead body. He ordered that it should be boiled in a cauldron till the flesh parted from the bones, and that then the bones should be wrapt up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the English army, as often as the Scots attempted to recover their freedom. He thought that he had inflicted such distresses on the Scots, and invaded and defeated them so often, that his very dead bones would terrify them. His son, Edward the Second, did not choose to execute this strange injunction, but caused his father to be buried in Westminster Abbey; where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing for an inscription, HERE LIES THE HAMMER OF

THE SCOTTISH NATION.[1] And, indeed, it was true, that during his life he did them as much injury as a hammer does to the substances which it dashes to pieces.

Edward the Second was neither so brave nor so wise as his father: on the contrary, he was a weak prince, fond of idle amusements, and worthless favourites. It was lucky for Scotland that such was his disposition. He marched a little way into Scotland[2] with the large army which Edward the First had collected, but retired without fighting; which gave great encouragement to Bruce's party.

Several of the Scottish nobility now took arms in different parts of the country, declared for King Robert, and fought against the English troops and garrisons. The most distinguished of these was the Good Lord James of Douglas, whom we have often mentioned before. Some of his most memorable exploits respected his own castle of Douglas, in which, being an important fortress, and strongly situated, the English had placed a large garrison. James of Douglas saw, with great displeasure, his castle filled with English soldiers, and stored with great quantities of corn, and cattle, and wine, and ale, and other supplies which they were preparing, to enable them to assist the English army with provisions. So he resolved, if possible, to be revenged upon the captain of the garrison and his soldiers.

For this purpose, Douglas went in disguise to the house of one of his old servants, called Thomas Dickson, a strong, faithful, and bold man, and laid a scheme for taking the castle.

19th March 1306-7. A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day it was common, in the Roman Catholic times, that the people went to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. Just as the English soldiers, who had marched down from the castle, got into church, one of Lord James's followers raised the cry of *Douglas, Douglas!* which was the shout with which that family always began battle. Thomas Dickson and some friends whom he had collected instantly drew their swords and killed the first Englishman whom they met. But as the signal had been given too soon, Dickson was borne down and slain. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way

[1] Edwardus longus Scotorum Malleus hic est.

[2] To Cumnock, on the frontiers of Ayrshire.

into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves; but, being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly, and with so little noise, that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate, they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home, busied cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men eat up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them.

It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogsheads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and, last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it—after which he set fire to the castle; and finally marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. "He loved better," he said, "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men, than to shut himself and them up in castles.

When Clifford, the English general, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out the well, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord James would again attack him. And, indeed, Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had done the former. For this purpose he again had recourse to stratagem. He laid a part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen

men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle. As soon as Thirlwall saw this, he swore that he would plunder the Scots' drovers of their cattle, and came out with a considerable part of his garrison for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carriers' cloaks, and appearing in armour, cried the cry of Douglas, and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle.

When Lord James had thus slain two English commanders or governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and the fortress was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it proved so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave and valiant, so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it became the fashion for the ladies to demand proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those knights who desired to please the ladies, to try some extraordinary deed of arms, to show their bravery and deserve their favour.

At the time we speak of, there was a young lady in England whom many knights and noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy, and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers, and numerous other gallant knights; and after the feast she arose and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestable bravery, she had formed her resolution not to marry any one save one who should show his courage by defending the Perilous Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for although

the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the Good Lord James of Douglas. At last a brave young knight started up and said, that for the love of that lady he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the King pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas at last, by a stratagem,[1] induced him to venture out with a part of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison.

Other great lords, besides Douglas, were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, as I told you, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to adhere to Edward First to save his life. He remained so constant in this, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water,[2] by the Good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest

[1] This stratagem was, in its contrivance and success, the same as his former one, save that in place of cattle-driving, Sir James made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as if corn for the county market-town of Lanark, distant twelve miles from the Castle of Douglas.—See Introduction to "Castle Dangerous," *Waverley Novels*.

[2] The Lyne falls into the Tweed a little above Peebles.

and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round

another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on, without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up, and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh castle taken in March 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry, and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honourable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English,

contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver their country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighbourhood. There lived, at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus.

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear his signal, which was to be,—"Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great waggon with hay. But in the waggon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could

not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the waggon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates, and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had got under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut asunder the *saom*, that is the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment, Binnock cried as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the signal agreed on, ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

Perhaps you may be tired, my dear child, of such stories; yet I will tell you how the great and important castle of Roxburgh was taken from the English, and then we will pass to other subjects.

You must know Roxburgh was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnised with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle were drinking and carousing, but still they

had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were.—"Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, "it is farmer such a one's cattle" (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); "the good man is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them, when they behaved ill, that they "would make the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

> "Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel,

struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I daresay she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

While Douglas, Randolph, and other true-hearted patriots, were thus taking castles and strongholds from the English, King Robert, who had now a considerable army under his command, marched through the country, beating and dispersing such bodies of English as he met on his way. He went to the north country, where he conquered the great and powerful family of Comyn, who retained strong ill-will against him for having slain their relation, the Red Comyn. They had joined the English with all their forces; but now, as the Scots began to get the upper hand, they were very much distressed. Bruce caused more than thirty of them to be beheaded in one day, and the place where they are buried is called "the Grave of the headless Comyns."

Neither did Bruce forget or forgive John M'Dougal of Lorn, who defeated him at Dalry, and had very nearly made him prisoner, by the hands of his vassals, the M'Androssers, and afterwards pursued him with a bloodhound. When John of Lorn heard that Bruce was marching against him, he hoped to defend himself by taking possession of a very strong pass on the side of one of the largest mountains in Scotland, Ben Cruachen. The ground was very strait, having lofty rocks on the one hand, and on the other deep precipices, sinking down on a great lake called Lochawe; so that John of Lorn thought himself perfectly secure, as he could not be attacked except in front, and by a very difficult path. But King Robert, when he saw how his enemies were posted, sent a party of light-armed archers, under command of Douglas, with directions to go, by a distant and difficult road, around the northern side of the hill, and thus to attack the men of Lorn in the rear as well as in front; that is, behind, as well as before. He had signals made when Douglas arrived at the place appointed. The King then advanced upon the Lorn men in front, when they raised a shout of defiance, and began to shoot arrows and roll stones down the path, with great confidence in the security of their own position. But when they were attacked by the Douglas and his archers in the rear, the

soldiers of M'Dougal lost courage and fled. Many were slain among the rocks and precipices, and many were drowned in the lake, and the great river which runs out of it. John of Lorn only escaped by means of a boat, which he had in readiness upon the lake. Thus King Robert had full revenge upon him, and deprived him of a great part of his territory.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was likely to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward II., who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness.—"Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

CHAPTER X

Battle of Bannockburn

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England:* Edward II.
France: Philip IV.

1314

KING EDWARD II., as we have already said, was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favourites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father, Edward I., would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army before he had left Bruce time to reconquer so much of the country. But we have seen that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious King, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I. had made to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the provinces which the King of England possessed in France,—many Irish, many Welsh,—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the

King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with watercourses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' Hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination

to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds), made so gallant a show that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger

appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed him-

self to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning being the 24th June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, see-

ing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for another army coming to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; But Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive Sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions. As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English King was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English still had a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many

of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.[1]

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitton, in Yorkshire. So many priests took part in the fight, that the Scots called it the Chapter of Mitton,[2]—a meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral being

[1] "Multitudes of the English were drowned when attempting to cross the river Forth. Many, in their flight, fell into the pits, which they seem to have avoided in their first attack, and were there suffocated or slain; others, who vainly endeavoured to pass the rugged banks of the stream called Bannockburn, were slain in that quarter; so that this little river was so completely heaped up with the dead bodies of men and horses, that men might pass dry over the mass as if it were a bridge. Thirty thousand of the English were left dead upon the field; and amongst these two hundred belted knights, and seven hundred esquires. A large body of Welsh fled from the field, under the command of Sir Maurice Berkclay, but the greater part of them were slain, or taken prisoners, before they reached England. Such, also, might have been the fate of the King of England himself, had Bruce been able to spare a sufficient body of cavalry to follow up the fight."—"The riches obtained by the plunder of the English, and the subsequent ransom for the multitude of the prisoners, must have been very great. Their exact amount cannot be easily estimated, but some idea of its greatness may be formed by the tone of deep lamentation assumed by the Monk of Malmesburg. 'O day of vengeance and of misfortune!' says he (p. 152)—'day of disgrace and perdition! unworthy to be included in the circle of the year, which tarnished the fame of England, and enriched the Scots with the plunder of the precious stuffs of our nation, to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds (*nearly three millions of our present money*). Alas! of how many noble barons, and accomplished knights, and high-spirited young soldiers,—of what a store of excellent arms, and golden vessels, and costly vestments, did one short and miserable day deprive us!'—The loss of the Scots in the battle was incredibly small, and proves how effectually the Scottish squares had repelled the English cavalry. Sir William Vipont, and Sir Walter Ross, the bosom friend of Edward Bruce, were the only persons of note who were slain."—TYTLER.

[2] "20th September 1319. Three hundred ecclesiastics fell in this battle."—HAILES.

called a Chapter. There was a great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honour and gratitude.

CHAPTER XI

Edward Bruce—The Douglas—Randolph, Earl of Murray—Death of Robert Bruce

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward II., Edward III. *France*: Louis X., Philip V., Charles IV., Philip VI.

1315—1330

YOU will be naturally curious to hear what became of Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce, who was so courageous, and at the same time so rash. You must know that the Irish, at that time, had been almost fully conquered by the English; but becoming weary of them, the Irish chiefs, or at least a great many of them, invited Edward Bruce to come over,

drive out the English, and become their king. He was willing enough to go, for he had always a high courageous spirit, and desired to obtain fame and dominion by fighting. Edward Bruce was as good a soldier as his brother, but not so prudent and cautious; for, except in the affair of killing the Red Comyn, which was a wicked and violent action, Robert Bruce, in his latter days, showed himself as wise as he was courageous. However, he was well contented that his brother Edward, who had always fought so bravely for him, should be raised up to be King of Ireland. Therefore King Robert not only gave him an army to assist in making the conquest, but passed over the sea to Ireland himself in person, with a considerable body of troops, to assist him. The Bruces gained several battles, and penetrated far into Ireland; but the English forces were too numerous, and so many of the Irish joined with them rather than with Edward Bruce, that King Robert and his brother were obliged to retreat before them.

The chief commander of the English was a great soldier, called Sir Edmund Butler, and he had assembled a much greater army than Edward Bruce and his brother King Robert had to oppose to him. The Scots were obliged to retreat every morning, that they might not be forced to battle by an army more numerous than their own.

I have often told you that King Robert the Bruce was a wise and a good prince. But a circumstance happened during this retreat which showed he was also a kind and humane man. It was one morning, when the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have risked a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favoured his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the King; and he was informed by his attendants that a poor woman, a laundress, or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages nor means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians! In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish King was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

But Robert was obliged to leave the conquest of Ireland to his brother Edward, being recalled by pressing affairs to his own country. Edward, who was rash as he was brave, engaged, against the advice of his best officers, in battle with an English general, called Sir Piers de Bermingham. The Scots were surrounded on all sides, but continued to defend themselves valiantly, and Edward Bruce showed the example by fighting in the very front of the battle. At length a strong English champion, called John Maupas, engaged Edward hand to hand; and they fought till they killed each other. Maupas was found lying after the battle upon the body of Bruce; both were dead men.[1] After Edward Bruce's death, the Scots gave up further attempts to conquer Ireland.

5th Oct. 1318.

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and was so constantly victorious over the English, that

[1] "The corpse of Edward Bruce was not treated with honours like those which the King of Scots bestowed on the brave English who fell at Bannockburn. His body was quartered, and distributed for a public spectacle over Ireland. Bermingham presented the head of Edward Bruce to the English King, and obtained the dignity of *Earl of Louth*, as a reward of his services."—HAILES.

the Scots seemed during his government to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbours. But then we must remember that Edward II., who then reigned in England, was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so that it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters, and acquired in consequence so much renown that, as I have often said, he was generally accounted one of the best soldiers and wisest sovereigns of his time.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle called Cardross, on the beautiful banks of the river Clyde, near to where it joins the sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field.

While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward II., King of England, died, and was succeeded by his son Edward III. He turned out afterwards to be one of the wisest and bravest kings whom England ever had; but when he first mounted the throne he was very young, and under the entire management of his mother, who governed by means of a wicked favourite called Mortimer.

The war between the English and the Scots still lasting at the time, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the Good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English, as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the

skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way; cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting them to their ankles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them *rough-footed* Scots, and sometimes, from the colour of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wherever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armour, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for, though only a boy of sixteen years old, he longed to fight the Scots, and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and at length he grew so impatient, that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships, from want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords, and swamps, and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp, and claimed the reward which the King had offered. He told the King that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they had said they should be as glad to meet the English King as he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English King was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river, called the Wear, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then climbing up the steep hill in the

very face of their enemy; a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the King sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said, that when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him, insultingly, how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the King was displeased with this, they said, he must find his way across the river to fight them the best way he could.

The English King, determined not to quit sight of the Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and troublesome enemies, desirous to bring them to a battle, when he might hope to gain an easy victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying,—"Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here."—In those days, you must know, the English used to swear by Saint George, as the Scots did by Saint Andrew. Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade,—"I cannot tell what is to happen to us in this place; but, for

my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick."

"You shall have cause to say so," said Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry,—"Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men." His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavoured to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the King himself, and very nearly carried that young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young King escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the King's officers were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman who encountered him with a huge club. This man he killed, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his soldiers, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

4th August 1327.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising those audacious adversaries; and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas when he returned to the Scottish camp, "What he had done?"—"We have drawn some blood."—"Ah," said the earl, "had we gone all together to the night attack, we should have discomfited them."—"It might well have been so," said Douglas, "but the risk would have been too great."—"Then will we fight them in open battle," said Randolph, "for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions."—"Not so," replied Douglas; "we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable."—"And how

was that?" said the Earl of Murray.—Hereupon the Douglas told him this story:—

"A fisherman," he said, "had made a hut by a riverside, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. 'Ho, Mr. Robber!' said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the doorway to prevent the fox's escape, 'you shall presently die the death.' The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon;—and so," said Douglas, "shall we escape the great English army by subtilty, and without risking battle with so large a force."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scottish army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But in the meantime Douglas had caused a road to be made through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the bottom of the bog, and filling the trench with faggots of wood. Without this contrivance it would have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march towards Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living men in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying, "If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland."

The place where the Scots fixed this famous encampment, was in the forest of Weardale, in the bishopric of Durham; and the road which they cut for the purpose of their retreat, is still called the *Shorn Moss*.

After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce, on terms highly honourable to Scotland; for the English King renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country, and, moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Joanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was very advantageous for the Scots. It was called the treaty of Northampton, because it was concluded at that town in the year 1328.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than fifty-four years, but, as I said before, his bad health was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his deathbed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly, that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land.

To make you understand the meaning of this request, I must tell you, that at this time a people called Saracens, who believed in the false prophet Mahomet, had obtained by conquest possession of Jerusalem, and the other cities and places which are mentioned in the Holy Scripture; and the Christians of Europe, who went thither as pilgrims to worship at these places, where so many miracles had been wrought, were insulted by these heathen Saracens. Hence many armies of Christians went from their own countries out of every kingdom of Europe, to fight against these Saracens; and believed that they were doing a great service to religion, and that what sins they had committed would be pardoned by God Almighty, because they had taken a part in this which they called a holy warfare. You may remember that Bruce thought of going upon this expedition when he was in despair of recovering the crown of Scotland; and now he desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James of

Douglas to take the charge of it. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office,—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship.

The King soon afterwards expired [at Cardross]; and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed, that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. 7th June 1329. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck, by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land, with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave King Robert, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and his companions had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance.

Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine he landed in Spain, where the Saracen King, or Sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish King of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded the Scottish earl, that he would do good service to the Christian cause, by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah*, which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily, and were dispersed from each other.

In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have instant help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but presently was himself

also surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him, as to leave him no chance of escaping, the Earl took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the King had he been alive,—"Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou were wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He then threw the King's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

This Good Lord James of Douglas was one of the best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten in thirteen, and victorious in fifty-seven. The English accused him of being cruel; and it is said that he had such a hatred of the English archers, that when he made one of them prisoner, he would not dismiss him until he was either blinded of his right eye, or had the first finger of his right hand struck off. The Douglas's Larder also seems a very cruel story; but the hatred at that time betwixt the two countries was at a high pitch, and Lord James was much irritated at the death of his faithful servant Thomas Dickson; on ordinary occasions he was mild and gentle to his prisoners. The Scottish historians describe the good Lord James as one who was never dejected by bad fortune, or unduly elated by that which was good. They say he was modest and gentle in time of peace, but had a very different countenance upon the day of battle. He was tall, strong, and well made, of a swarthy complexion, with dark hair, from which he was called the Black Douglas. He lisped a little in his speech, but in a manner which became him very much. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight at the court of King Alphonso, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas replied modestly, he thanked God, who had always enabled his hands to guard and protect his face.

Many of Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest resolved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but to return to Scotland. Since the time of the Good Lord James, the Douglases have carried

upon their shields a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition. I formerly, when speaking of William the Lion, explained to you, that in ancient times men painted such emblems on their shields that they might be known by them in battle, for their helmet hid their face; and that now, as men no longer wear armour in battle, the devices, as they are called, belonging to particular families, are engraved upon their seals, or upon their silver plate, or painted upon their carriages.

Thus, for example, there was one of the brave knights who was in the company of Douglas, and was appointed to take charge of the Bruce's heart homewards again, who was called Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee. He took afterwards for his device, and painted on his shield, a man's heart, with a padlock upon it, in memory of Bruce's heart, which was padlocked in the silver case. For this reason, men changed Sir Simon's name from Lockhard to Lockheart, and all who are descended from Sir Simon are called Lockhart to this day. Did you ever hear of such a name, Master Hugh Littlejohn?

Well, such of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the Good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while before Master Hugh Littlejohn was born, which I take to be six or seven years ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding-sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent

from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognised, nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King, could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

CHAPTER XII

Government of Scotland

I FEAR, my dear Hugh, that this will be rather a dull Chapter, and somewhat difficult to be understood; but if you do not quite comprehend it at the first reading, you may perhaps do so upon a second trial, and I will strive to be as plain and distinct as I can.

As Scotland was never so great nor so powerful as during the reign of Robert Bruce, it is a fit time to tell you the sort of laws by which the people were governed, and the society which then subsisted.

And first, you must observe, that there are two kinds of government; one called *despotic* or *absolute*, in which the king can do whatever he pleases with his subjects—seize upon their property, or deprive them at their lives at pleasure. This is the case of almost all the kingdoms of the East, where the kings, emperors, sultans, or whatever other name they bear, may do whatever they like to their subjects, without being controlled by any one. It is very unfortunate for the people who live under such a government, whose subjects can be considered as no better than slaves, neither life nor property being safe. Some kings, it is true, are good men, and use the power which is put into their hands only to do good to the people. But then others are thoughtless; and cunning and wicked persons contrive to get their confidence, by flattery and other base means, and lead them to do injustice, even when perhaps they themselves do not think of it. And, besides, there are bad kings, who, if they have the uncontrolled power of taking the money and the goods of their subjects, of throwing them into prison, or putting them to death at their pleasure, are apt to indulge their cruelty and their greediness at the expense of the people, and are called by the hateful name of Tyrants.

Those states are therefore a thousand times more happy which have what is called a free government; that is, where the king himself is subject to the laws, and cannot rule otherwise than by means of them. In such governments the king is controlled and directed by the laws, and can neither put a man to death unless he has been found guilty of some crime for which the law condemns him to die, nor force him to pay any money beyond what the laws give the sovereign a right to collect for the general expenses of the state. Almost all the nations of modern Europe have been originally free governments; but, in several of them, the kings have acquired a great deal too much power, although not to such an unbounded degree as we find in the Eastern countries. But few countries, like that of Great Britain, have had the good fortune to retain a free constitution, which protects and preserves those who live under it from all oppression, or arbitrary power. We owe this blessing to our brave ancestors, who were at all times ready to defend these privileges with their lives; and we are, on our part, bound to hand them down, in as ample form as we receive them, to the posterity who shall come after us.

In Scotland, and through most countries of Europe, the principles of freedom were protected by the Feudal System, which was now universally introduced. You recollect that the king, according to that system, bestowed large estates upon the nobles and great barons, who were called vassals for the fiefs, or possessions, which they thus received from the king, and were obliged to follow him when he summoned them to battle, and to attend upon his Great Council, in which all matters concerning the affairs of the kingdom were considered, and resolved upon. It was in this great council, now called a Parliament, that the laws of the kingdom were resolved upon, or altered, at the pleasure, not of the king alone, nor of the council alone, but as both the king and council should agree together. I must now tell you particularly how this great council was composed, and who had the privilege of sitting there.

At first, there is no doubt that every vassal who held lands directly of the crown had this privilege; and a baron, or royal vassal, not only had the right, but was obliged, to attend the great council of the kingdom. Accordingly, all the great nobility usually came on the king's summons; but then it was very inconvenient and expensive for men of smaller estates to be making long journeys to the Parliament, and remaining, perhaps, for many days, or weeks, absent from their own families, and their own business. Besides, if all the royal vassals, or freeholders, as they began to be called, had chosen to attend, the number of the assembly would have been far too great for any purpose of deliberation—it would not have been possible to find a room large enough to hold such a meeting, nor could any one have spoken so as to have made himself understood by such an immense multitude. From this it happened that, instead of attending all of them in their own persons, the lesser barons (as the smaller freeholders were called, to distinguish them from the great nobles) assembled in their different districts, or shires, as the divisions of the country are termed, and there made choice of one or two of the wisest and most experienced of their number to attend the Parliament, or great council, in the name, and to take care of the interest, of the whole body. Thus the crown vassals who attended upon and composed the Parliament, or the National Council of Scotland, came to consist of two different bodies;

namely, the peers, or great nobility, whom the king especially summoned, and such of the lesser barons as were sent to represent the crown vassals in the different shires or counties of Scotland. But besides these two different classes, the great council also contained the representatives of the clergy, and of the boroughs, or considerable towns.

In the times of the Roman Catholic religion, the churchmen exercised very great power and authority in every kingdom of Europe, and omitted no opportunity by which their importance could be magnified. It is therefore not wonderful that the chief men of the clergy, such as the bishops, and those abbots of the great abbeys who were called mitred abbots, from their being entitled to wear mitres, like bishops, should have obtained seats in Parliament. They were admitted there for the purpose of looking after the affairs of the church, and ranked along with the peers or nobles having titles.

It remains to mention the boroughs. You must know, that in order to increase the commerce and industry of the country, and also to establish some balance against the immense power of the great lords, the kings of Scotland, from an early period, had been in the use of granting considerable privileges to many of the towns in their dominions, which, in consequence of the charters which they obtained from the crown, were termed royal boroughs. The citizens of these boroughs had the privilege of electing their own magistrates, and had considerable revenues, some from lands conferred on them by the king, others from tolls and taxes upon commodities brought into the town. These revenues were laid out by the magistrates (usually called the provost and bailies), for the use of the town. The same magistrates, in those warlike days, led out the burghers, or townsmen, to battle, either in defence of the town's lands and privileges, which were often attacked by the great lords and barons in their neighbourhood, or for the purpose of fighting against the English. The burghers were all well trained to arms, and were obliged to attend the king's army, or host, whenever they were summoned to do so. They were also bound to defend the town itself, which had in most cases walls and gates. This was called keeping watch and ward. Besides other privileges, the boroughs had the very important right of sending representatives or commissioners, who sat in Parliament, to look after the interests of the towns

which they represented, as well as to assist in the general affairs of the nation.

You may here remark that, so far as we have gone, the Scottish Parliament entirely resembled the English in the nature of its constitution. But there was this very material difference in the mode of transacting business, that in England, the peers, or great nobility, with the bishops and great abbots, sat, deliberated, and voted, in a body by themselves, which was called the House of Lords, or of Peers, and the representatives of the counties, or shires, together with those of the boroughs, occupied a different place of meeting, and were called the Lower House, or House of Commons. In Scotland, on the contrary, the nobles, prelates, representatives for the shires, and delegates for the boroughs, all sat in the same apartment, and debated and voted as members of the same assembly. Since the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the Parliament, which represents both countries, sits and votes in two distinct bodies, called the two Houses of Parliament, and there are many advantages attending that form of conducting the national business.

You now have some idea of the nature of the Parliament, or grand council of the nation, and of the various classes of persons who had a right to sit there. I am next to tell you, that they were summoned together and dismissed by the king's orders; and that all business belonging to the nation was transacted by their advice and opinion. Whatever measures they proposed passed into laws, on receiving the consent of the king, which was intimated by touching with the sceptre the bills that were passed by the Parliament. Thus you see that the laws by which the country was governed were, in a great measure, of the people's own making, being agreed to by their representatives in Parliament. When, in particular, it was necessary to raise money for any public purpose, there was a necessity for obtaining the consent of Parliament, both as to the amount of the sum, and the manner in which it was to be collected; so that the king could not raise any money from his subjects, without the approbation of his grand council.

It may be said, in general, of the Scotch laws, that they were as wisely adapted for the purpose of government as those of any state in Europe, at that early period; nay, more, that

they exhibit the strongest marks of foresight and sagacity. But it was the great misfortune of Scotland, that the good laws which the kings and Parliaments agreed upon were not carried steadily into execution; but, on the contrary, were broken through and neglected, just as if they had not existed at all. I will endeavour to explain some of the causes of this negligence.

The principal evil was the great power of the nobility, which was such as to place them almost beyond the control of the king's authority. The chief noblemen had obtained the right of administering justice each upon his own estate; and therefore the whole power of detecting, trying, and punishing crimes, rested in the first place with those great men. Now, most of those great lords were much more interested in maintaining their own authority, and extending their own power, within the provinces which they occupied, than in promoting general good order and tranquillity throughout the country at large. They were almost constantly engaged in quarrels with each other, and often with the king himself. Sometimes they fought amongst themselves, sometimes they united together against the sovereign. On all occasions they were disposed for war, rather than peace, and therefore took little care to punish the criminals who offended against public order. Instead of bringing to trial the persons who committed murder, robbery, and other violent actions, they often protected them, and enlisted them in their own immediate service; and frequently, from revenge or ambition, were actually the private encouragers of the mischief which these men perpetrated.

The judges named by the king, and acting under his authority, had a right indeed to apprehend and to punish such offenders against the public peace when they could get hold of them; but then it was very difficult to seize upon the persons accused of such acts of violence, when the powerful lords in whose territory they lived were disposed to assist them in concealing themselves, or making their escape. And even when the king's courts were able to seize such culprits, there was a law which permitted the lord on whose territory the crime had been committed, to demand that the accused person should be delivered up to him, to be tried in his own court. A nobleman or baron making such a demand was, indeed, obliged to give security that he would execute justice on the persons within a

certain reasonable time. But such was the weakness of the royal government, and such the great power of the nobility, and the barons of high rank, that if they once got the person accused into their own hand, they might easily contrive either to let him escape, or to have him acquitted after a mock trial. Thus it was always difficult, and often impossible, to put in execution the good laws which were made in the Scottish Parliament, on account of the great power possessed by the nobles, who, in order to preserve and extend their own authority, threw all manner of interruption in the way of public justice.

Each of these nobles within the country which was subject to him, more resembled a king himself than a subject of the monarch of Scotland: and, in one or two instances, we shall see that some of them became so powerful as to threaten to dispossess the king of his throne and dominions. The very smallest of them often made war on each other without the king's consent, and thus there was a universal scene of disorder and bloodshed through the whole country. These disorders seemed to be rendered perpetual, by a custom which was called by the name of *deadly feud*. When two men of different families quarrelled, and the one injured or slew the other, the relatives of the deceased, or wronged person, knowing that the laws could afford them no redress, set about obtaining revenge, by putting to death some relation of the individual who had done the injury, without regarding how innocent the subject of their vengeance might have been of the original cause of offence. Then the others, in their turn, endeavoured to execute a similar revenge upon some one of the family who had first received the injury; and thus the quarrel was carried on from father to son, and often lasted betwixt families that were neighbours and ought to have been good friends, for several generations, during which time they were said to be at *deadly feud* with each other.

From the want of due exercise of the laws, and from the revengeful disposition which led to such long and fatal quarrels, the greatest distresses ensued to the country. When, for example, the kings of Scotland assembled their armies, in order to fight against the English, who were then the public enemy, they could bring together indeed a number of brave nobles, with their followers, but there always was great difficulty, and sometimes an absolute impossibility, of making them

act together; each chief being jealous of his own authority, and many of them engaged in personal quarrels, either of their own making, or such as existed in consequence of this fatal and cruel custom of *deadly feud*, which, having been originally perhaps some quarrel of little importance, had become inveterate by the cruelties and crimes which had been committed on both sides, and was handed down from father to son. It is true, that under a wise and vigorous prince, like Robert the Bruce, those powerful barons were overawed by his wisdom and authority; but we shall see too often, that when kings and generals of inferior capacity were at their head, their quarrels amongst themselves often subjected them to defeat and to disgrace. And this accounts for a fact which we shall often have occasion to notice, that when the Scots engaged in great battles with large armies, in which, of course, many of those proud independent nobles were assembled, they were frequently defeated by the English: whereas, when they fought in smaller bodies with the same enemy, they were much more often victorious over them; because at such times the Scots were agreed among themselves, and obeyed the commands of one leader, without pretending to dispute his authority.

These causes of private crimes and public defeat subsisted even in the midland counties of Scotland, such as the three Lothians, Fifeshire, and other provinces, where the king generally resided, and where he necessarily possessed most power to maintain his own authority, and enforce the execution of the laws. But there were two great divisions of the country, the Highlands namely, and the Borders, which were so much wilder and more barbarous than the others, that they might be said to be altogether without law; and although they were nominally subjected to the King of Scotland, yet when he desired to execute any justice in either of those great districts, he could not do so otherwise than by marching there in person, at the head of a strong body of forces, and seizing upon the offenders, and putting them to death with little or no form of trial. Such a rough course of justice, perhaps, made these disorderly countries quiet for a short time, but it rendered them still more averse to the royal government in their hearts, and disposed on the slightest occasion to break out, either into disorders amongst themselves, or into open rebellion. I must give you some more particular account of these wild and

uncivilised districts of Scotland, and of the particular sort of people who were their inhabitants, that you may know what I mean when I speak of Highlanders and Borderers.

The Highlands of Scotland, so called from the rocky and mountainous character of the country, consist of a very large proportion of the northern parts of that kingdom. It was into these pathless wildernesses that the Romans drove the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain; and it was from these that they afterwards sallied to invade and distress that part of Britain which the Romans had conquered, and in some degree civilised. The inhabitants of the Highlands spoke, and still speak, a language totally different from the Lowland Scots. That last language does not greatly differ from English, and the inhabitants of both countries easily understand each other, though neither of them comprehend the Gaelic, which is the language of the Highlanders. The dress of these mountaineers was also different from that of the Lowlanders. They wore a plaid, or mantle of frieze, or of a striped stuff called tartan, one end of which being wrapt round the waist, formed a short petticoat, which descended to the knee, while the rest was folded round them like a sort of cloak. They had buskins made of raw hide; and those who could get a bonnet, had that covering for their heads, though many never wore one during their whole lives, but had only their own shaggy hair tied back by a leathern strap. They went always armed, carrying bows and arrows, large swords, which they wielded with both hands, called claymores, pole-axes, and daggers for close fight. For defence, they had a round wooden shield, or target, stuck full of nails; and their great men had shirts of mail, not unlike to the flannel shirts now worn, only composed of links of iron instead of threads of worsted; but the common men were so far from desiring armour, that they sometimes threw their plaids away, and fought in their shirts, which they wore very long and large, after the Irish fashion.

This part of the Scottish nation was divided into clans, that is, tribes. The persons composing each of these clans believed themselves all to be descended, at some distant period, from the same common ancestor, whose name they usually bore. Thus, one tribe was called MacDonald, which signifies the sons of Donald; another MacGregor, or the sons of Gregor; MacNeil, the sons of Neil, and so on. Every one of these

tribes had its own separate chief, or commander, whom they supposed to be the immediate representative of the great father of the tribe from whom they were all descended. To this chief they paid the most unlimited obedience, and willingly followed his commands in peace or war; not caring although, in doing so, they transgressed the laws of the king, or went into rebellion against the king himself. Each tribe lived in a valley, or district of the mountains, separated from the others; and they often made war upon, and fought desperately with each other. But with Lowlanders they were always at war. They differed from them in language, in dress, and in manners; and they believed that the richer grounds of the low country had formerly belonged to their ancestors, and therefore they made incursions upon it, and plundered it without mercy. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, equal in courage and superior in discipline, gave many severe checks to the Highlanders; and thus there was almost constant war or discord between them, though natives of the same country.

Some of the most powerful of the Highland chiefs set themselves up as independent sovereigns. Such were the famous Lords of the Isles, called MacDonald, to whom the island, called the Hebrides, lying on the north-west of Scotland, might be said to belong in property. These petty sovereigns made alliances with the English in their own name. They took the part of Robert the Bruce in the wars, and joined him with their forces. We shall find, that after his time, they gave great disturbance to Scotland. The Lords of Lorn, MacDougals by name, were also extremely powerful; and you have seen that they were able to give battle to Bruce, and to defeat him, and place him in the greatest jeopardy. He revenged himself afterwards by driving John of Lorn out of the country, and by giving great part of his possessions to his own nephew, Sir Colin Campbell, who became the first of the great family of Argyll, which afterwards enjoyed such power in the Highlands.

Upon the whole, you can easily understand that these Highland clans, living among such high and inaccessible mountains, and paying obedience to no one save their own chiefs, should have been very instrumental in disturbing the tranquillity of the kingdom of Scotland. They had many virtues, being a kind, brave, and hospitable people, and remarkable for their

fidelity to their chiefs; but they were restless, revengeful, fond of plunder, and delighting rather in war than in peace, in disorder than in repose.

The Border counties were in a state little more favourable to a quiet or peaceful government. In some respects the inhabitants of the counties of Scotland lying opposite to England, greatly resembled the Highlanders, and particularly in their being, like them, divided into clans, and having chiefs, whom they obeyed in preference to the king, or the officers whom he placed among them. How clanship came to prevail in the Highlands and Borders, and not in the provinces which separated them from each other, it is not easy to conjecture, but the fact was so. The Borders are not, indeed, so mountainous and inaccessible a country as the Highlands; but they also are full of hills, especially on the more western part of the frontier, and were in early times covered with forests, and divided by small rivers and morasses into dales and valleys, where the different clans lived, making war sometimes on the English, sometimes on each other, and sometimes on the more civilised country which lay behind them.

But though the Borderers resembled the Highlanders in their mode of government and habits of plundering, and, as it may be truly added, in their disobedience to the general government of Scotland, yet they differed in many particulars. The Highlanders fought always on foot, the Borderers were all horsemen. The Borderers spoke the same language with the Lowlanders, wore the same sort of dress, and carried the same arms. Being accustomed to fight against the English, they were also much better disciplined than the Highlanders. But in point of obedience to the Scottish government, they were not much different from the clans of the north.

Military officers, called Wardens, were appointed along the Borders, to keep these unruly people in order; but as these wardens were generally themselves chiefs of clans, they did not do much to mend the evil. Robert the Bruce committed great part of the charge of the Borders to the good Lord James of Douglas, who fulfilled his trust with great fidelity. But the power which the family of Douglas thus acquired, proved afterwards, in the hands of his successors, very dangerous to the crown of Scotland.

Thus you see how much the poor country of Scotland was

torn to pieces by the quarrels of the nobles, the weakness of the laws, the disorders of the Highlands, and the restless incursions of the Borderers. If Robert the Bruce had lived, and preserved his health, he would have done much to bring the country to a more orderly state. But Providence had decreed that in the time of his son and successor, Scotland was to fall back into a state almost as miserable as that from which this great prince rescued it.

CHAPTER XIII

David II.—Regency and Death of Randolph—Battle of Dupplin—Edward Baliol—Battle of Halidon Hill

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward III.
France: Philip VI.

1329—1333

ROBERT BRUCE, the greatest king who ever wore the Scottish crown, being dead, as you have been told, the kingdom descended to his son David, who was called David the Second, to distinguish him from the first king of that name, who reigned about a hundred years before. This David the Second was only four years old at his father's death, and although we have seen children who thought themselves very wise at that age, yet it is not usual to give them the management of kingdoms. So Randolph, Earl of Murray, of whom you have heard so much, became what is called Regent of the kingdom of Scotland; that is, he exercised the royal authority until the King should be old enough to take the charge upon himself. This wise provision had been made by Bruce, with consent of the Parliament of Scotland, and was very acceptable to the kingdom.

The Regent was very strict in administering justice. If a husbandman had the plough-irons stolen from his plough when he left them in the field, Randolph caused the sheriff of the county to pay the value; because it was the duty of that magistrate to protect property left in the open fields. A fellow tried to cheat under colour of this law: he hid his own plough-

irons, and pretending that they had been stolen, claimed the price from the sheriff, and was paid accordingly the estimated value, which was two shillings. But the fraud being discovered, the Regent caused the man to be hanged.

Upon one occasion, a criminal who had slain a priest, and afterwards fled to Rome, and done penance there, was brought before the Regent. The culprit confessed the murder, but pleaded that he had obtained the Pope's pardon. "The Pope," said Randolph, "might pardon you for killing a priest, but his remission cannot avail you for murdering a subject of the King of Scotland;" and accordingly he caused the culprit to be executed. This was asserting a degree of independence of the Pope's authority, which was very unusual among the princes and governors of that time.

While the Regent was sitting in judgment at Wigtown, in Galloway, a man stepped forward to complain, that at the very time he was speaking, a company of his enemies were lying in ambush in a neighbouring forest to put him to death. Randolph sent a party of his attendants to seize the men, and bring them before him. "Is it you," said he, "who lie in wait to kill the King's liege subjects?—To the gallows with them instantly."

Randolph was to be praised for his justice, but not for his severity. He appears to have taken a positive pleasure in putting criminals to death, which marked the ferocity of the times and the turn of his own disposition. Having sent his coroner before him to Ellandonan Castle in the Highlands to execute certain thieves and robbers, that officer caused their heads to be hung round the walls of the castle, to the number of fifty. When Randolph came down the lake in a barge, and saw the castle adorned with these grim and bloody heads, he said, "He loved better to look upon them than on any garland of roses he had ever seen."

The efforts of the Regent to preserve the establishment of justice and order were soon interrupted, and he was called upon to take measures for the defence of the country; for Robert Bruce was no sooner in his grave than the enemies of his family began to plot the means of destroying the government which he had established. The principal person concerned in these machinations was Edward Baliol, the son of that John Baliol, who was formerly created King of Scotland

by Edward I., and afterwards dethroned by him, and committed to prison, when Edward desired to seize upon the country for himself. After being long detained in prison, John Baliol was at length suffered to go to France, where he died in obscurity. But his son, Edward Baliol, seeing, as he thought, a favourable opportunity, resolved to renew the claim of his father to the Scottish throne. He came over to England with this purpose, and although Edward III., then King of England, remembering the late successes of the Scots, did not think it prudent to enter into a war with them, yet Baliol found a large party of powerful English barons well disposed to aid his enterprise. Their cause of resentment was as follows :—

When Scotland was freed from the dominion of England, all the Englishmen to whom Edward the First, or his successors, had given lands within that kingdom, were of course deprived of them. But there was another class of English proprietors in Scotland, who claimed estates to which they succeeded, not by the grant of the English prince, but by inheritance from Scottish families, to whom they were related, and their pretensions were admitted by Robert Bruce himself, at the treaty of peace made at Northampton, in 1328, in which it was agreed that these English lords should receive back their Scottish inheritances. Notwithstanding this agreement, Bruce, who did not desire to see Englishmen enjoy land in Scotland, under what pretext soever, refused, or delayed at least, to fulfil this part of the treaty. Hence, upon the death of that monarch, the disinherited lords resolved to levy forces, and unite themselves with Edward Baliol, to recover their estates, and determined to invade Scotland for that purpose. But their united forces did not amount to more than four hundred men-at-arms, and about four thousand archers and soldiers of every description. This was a small army with which to invade a nation which had defended itself so well against the whole English forces; but Scotland was justly supposed to be much weakened by the death of her valiant king.

A great misfortune befell the country, in the unexpected death of the Regent Randolph, whose experience and valour might have done so much for the protection of Scotland. He had assembled an army, and was busied with preparations for defence against the enterprise of Baliol and the disinherited lords, when, wasted by a painful and consuming disorder, he

died at Musselburgh, July 1332. The regret of the Scottish nation for the Regent's death was so great, that it has occasioned their historians to allege that he was poisoned by the English; but for this there seems no foundation.

Donald, Earl of Mar, nephew to Robert Bruce, was appointed by the Scottish Parliament to be Regent in the room of the Earl of Murray; but he was without experience as a soldier, and of far inferior talents as a man.

Meantime, the King of England, still affecting to maintain peace with Scotland, prohibited the disinherited lords from invading that country from the English frontier. But he did not object to their equipping a small fleet in an obscure English seaport, for the purpose of accomplishing the same object by sea. They landed in Fife, with Baliol at their head, and defeated the Earl of Fife, who marched hastily to oppose them. They then advanced northward towards Dupplin, near which the Earl of Mar lay encamped with a large army, whilst another, under the Earl of March, was advancing from the southern counties of Scotland to attack the disinherited lords in the flank and in the rear.

6th Aug. 1332.

It seemed as if that small handful of men must have been inevitably destroyed by the numbers collected to oppose them, but Edward Baliol took the bold resolution of attacking the Regent's army by night, and in their camp. With this purpose he crossed the Earn, which river divided the two hostile armies. The Earl of Mar had neither placed sentries, nor observed any other of the usual precautions against surprise, and the English came upon his army while the men were asleep and totally unprepared. They made a great slaughter amongst the Scots, whose numbers only served to increase the confusion. The Regent was himself slain, with the Earls of Carrick, of Murray, of Menteith, and many other men of eminence. Many thousands of the Scots were slain with the sword, smothered in the fight, or drowned in the river. The English were themselves surprised at gaining, with such inferior numbers, so great and decided a victory.

I said that the Earl of March was advancing with the southland forces to assist the Regent. But upon learning Mar's defeat and death, March acted with so little activity or spirit, that he was not unjustly suspected of being favourably inclined

to Baliol's cause. That victorious general now assumed the crown of Scotland, which was placed upon his head at Scone; a great part of Scotland surrendered to his authority, and it seemed as if the fatal battle of Dupplin, fought 12th August 1332, had destroyed all the advantages which had been gained by that of Bannockburn. 24th Sept. 1332.

Edward Baliol made an unworthy use of his success. He hastened again to acknowledge the King of England as his liege lord and superior, although every claim to such supremacy had been renounced, and the independence of Scotland explicitly acknowledged by the treaty of Northampton. He also surrendered to the King of England the strong town and castle of Berwick, and engaged to become his follower in all his wars at his own charges. Edward III. engaged on his part to maintain Baliol in possession of the crown of Scotland. Thus was the kingdom reduced pretty much to the same state of dependence and subjection to England, as when the grandfather of Edward placed the father of Baliol on the throne, in the year 1292, about forty years before.

But the success of Baliol was rather apparent than real. The Scottish patriots were in possession of many of the strongholds of the country, and the person of the young King David was secured in Dumbarton Castle, one of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, or perhaps in the world.

At no period of her history was Scotland devoid of brave men, able and willing to defend her rights. When the scandalous treaty, by which Baliol had surrendered the independence of his country to Edward, came to be known in Scotland, the successors of Bruce's companions were naturally among the first to assert the cause of freedom. John Randolph, second son of the Regent, had formed a secret union with Archibald Douglas, a younger brother of the Good Lord James, and they proceeded to imitate the actions of their relatives. They suddenly assembled a considerable force, and attacking Baliol, who was feasting near Annan, they cut his guards in pieces, killed his brother, and chased him out of Scotland in such haste, that he escaped on horseback without time to clothe himself, or even to saddle his horse.

Archibald Douglas, who afterwards became Earl of Douglas, was a brave man like his brother, but not so good a general, nor so fortunate in his undertakings.

There was another Douglas, called Sir William, a natural son of the Good Lord James, who made a great figure at this period. Although illegitimate by birth, he had acquired a large fortune by marrying the heiress of the Grahames of Dalkeith, and possessed the strong castle of that name, with the still more important one called the Hermitage, a large and massive fortress situated in the wild country of Liddesdale, within three or four miles of the English Border. This Sir William Douglas, called usually the Knight of Liddesdale, was a very brave man and a valiant soldier, but he was fierce, cruel, and treacherous; so that he did not keep up the reputation of his father the Good Lord James, as a man of loyalty and honour, although he resembled him in military talents.

Besides these champions, all of whom declared against Baliol, there was Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who had married Christian, sister of Robert Bruce, and aunt of the young King David. He had so high a reputation, that the Scottish Parliament appointed him Regent in room of the Earl of Mar, slain at Dupplin.

Edward III. of England now formally declared war against Scotland, proposing to support the cause of Baliol, to take possession of Berwick, which that pretended king had yielded up to him, and to chastise the Scots for what he called their rebellion. He placed himself at the head of a great army, and marched towards the frontier.

In the meantime, the war had begun in a manner most unfavourable for Scotland. Sir Andrew Murray, and the Knight of Liddesdale, were both made prisoners in separate skirmishes with the English, and their loss at the time was of the worst consequence to Scotland.

Archibald Douglas, the brother, as I have just said, of the Good Lord James, was hastily appointed Regent in the room of Sir Andrew Murray, and advanced with a large army to relieve the town of Berwick, then closely besieged by Edward III. with all his host. The garrison made a determined defence, and the Regent endeavoured to relieve them by giving battle to the English, in which he showed more courage than military conduct.

The Scottish army were drawn up on the side of an eminence called Halidon Hill, within two miles of Berwick. King Edward moved with his whole host to attack them. The

battle, like that of Falkirk and many others, was decided by that formidable force, the archers of England. They were posted in a marshy ground, from which they discharged their arrows in the most tremendous and irresistible volleys against the Scots, who, drawn up on the slope of the hill, were fully exposed to this destructive discharge, without having the means of answering it.

I have told you before that these English archers were the best ever known in war. They were accustomed to the use of the bow from the time they were children of seven years old, when they were made to practice with a little bow suited to their size and strength, which was every year exchanged for one larger and stronger, till they were able to draw that of a full-grown man. Besides being thus familiarised with the weapon, the archers of England were taught to draw the bow-string to their right ear, while other European nations only drew it to their breast. If you try the difference of the posture, you will find that a much longer arrow can be drawn to the ear than to the breast, because the right hand has more room.

While the Scots suffered under these practised and skilful archers, whose arrows fell like hail amongst them, throwing their ranks into disorder, and piercing the finest armour as if it had been pasteboard, they made desperate attempts to descend the hill, and come to close combat.[1] The Earl of Ross advanced to the charge, and had he been seconded by a sufficient body of the Scottish cavalry, he might have changed the fate of the day; but as this was not the case, the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, and Menteith, were overpowered and slain, while their followers were dispersed by the English cavalry, who advanced to protect the archers. The defeat of the Scots was then complete. A number of their best and bravest nobility were slain, and amongst them Archibald Douglas, the Regent; very many were made prisoners. Berwick surrendered in consequence of the defeat, and Scotland seemed again to be completely conquered by the English.

19th July 1333.

[1] "The fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,
Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts,
How close they shoot together! as one eye
Had aimed five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!"

See "*Halidon Hill*," SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works*.

Edward once more overran the kingdom, seized and garrisoned castles, extorted from Edward Baliol, the nominal king, the complete cession of great part of the southern districts, named governors of the castles and sheriffs of the counties, and exercised complete authority, as over a conquered country Baliol, on his part, assumed once more the rule of the northern and western part of Scotland, which he was permitted to retain under the vassalage of the English monarch. It was the opinion of most people that the Scottish wars were ended, and that there no longer remained a man of that nation who had influence to raise an army, or skill to conduct one.

CHAPTER XIV

Siege of the castle of Lochleven—Battle of Kilblene—Siege of Dunbar Castle—Sir Andrew Murray—Tournaments

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward III. *France*: Philip VI.

1333—1338

THE English, a more powerful and richer nation, better able to furnish forth and maintain large armies, often gained great victories over the Scots; but, in return, the Scots had a determined love of independence, and hatred of foreign tyranny, which induced them always to maintain their resistance under the most unfavourable circumstances, and to repair, by slow, stubborn, and continued exertions, the losses which they sustained.

Throughout the whole country of Scotland only four castles and a small tower acknowledged the sovereignty of David Bruce after the battle of Halidon; and it is wonderful to see how, by their efforts, the patriots soon afterwards changed for the better that unfavourable and seemingly desperate state of things. In the several skirmishes and battles which were fought all over the kingdom, the Scots, knowing the country, and having the goodwill of the inhabitants, were generally successful, as also in surprising castles and forts, cutting off convoys of provisions which were going to the English, and

destroying scattered parties of the enemy; so that, by a long and incessant course of fighting, the patriots gradually regained what they lost in great battles. I will tell you one or two of the incidents which befell during this bloody war.

Lochleven Castle, situated on an island upon a large lake, was one of the four which held out in name of David the Bruce, and would not submit to Edward Baliol. The governor was a loyal Scotsman, called Alan Vipont, assisted by Jaques or James Lamby. The castle was besieged by Sir John Stirling, a follower of John Baliol, with an army of English. As the besiegers dared not approach the island with boats, Stirling fell on a singular device to oblige the garrison to surrender. There is a small river, called the Leven, which runs out of the eastern extremity of the lake or loch. Across this stream the besiegers reared a very strong and lofty mound or barrier, so as to prevent the waters of the Leven from leaving the lake. They expected that the waters of the lake would rise in consequence of being thus confined, and that they would overflow the island, and oblige Vipont to surrender. But Vipont, sending out at dead of night a small boat with four men, they made a breach in the mound; and the whole body of water, breaking forth with incredible fury, swept away the tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers, and nearly destroyed their army. The remains of the English mound are shown to this day, though some doubt has been expressed as to the truth of the incident. It is certain the English were obliged to raise the siege with loss. 19th June 1335.

While these wars were proceeding with increased fury, the Knight of Liddesdale and Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell returned to Scotland, having been freed from their imprisonment by paying a large ransom; the Earl of March also embraced the party of David Bruce. An equally brave champion was Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who, placing himself at the head of a gallant troop of young Scotsmen, chose for his residence the large caves which are still to be seen in the glen of Roslin, from which he used to sally forth, and fight with Englishmen and their adherents. From this place of refuge he sometimes made excursions as far as Northumberland, and drove spoil from that country. No young Scottish soldier was thought entitled to make pretension to any renown in arms, unless he had served in Ramsay's band.

A considerable battle was fought in the north of Scotland, which turned to the advantage of the young King. Kildrummie Castle was one of the four which held out for David Bruce. It was defended by King David's aunt, a venerable matron, Christian Bruce, the wife of Sir Andrew Murray, and the sister of the brave King Robert; for in those warlike days women commanded castles, and sometimes fought in battle. This castle, which was one of the last places of refuge for the patriots, was besieged by David Hastings, the Earl of Athole, one of the disinherited lords, who, having changed sides more than once during the war, had at length turned entirely to the English party. Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who had resumed his office of Regent, resolved to assemble the strongest force which the patriots could muster, and calling together the Knight of Liddesdale, Ramsay, and the Earl of March, he moved against the Earl of Athole, to compel him to raise the siege of Kildrummie, and relieve its heroic defender. All these great nobles were unable to raise above one thousand men, while Athole had three times that number under his command.

But as the Scots approached the territory of Kildrummie, they were joined by one John Craig. This gentleman belonged to the royalists of Scotland, but having been made prisoner by the Earl of Athole, he had agreed to pay a large ransom, and the morrow was the time appointed for producing the money. He was, therefore, anxious to accomplish the defeat or death of Athole before the money was paid to him, and thus to save his ransom. With this purpose he conducted the Scotsmen through the forest of Braemar, where they were joined by the natives of that territory, and thus came suddenly on the Earl of Athole, who lay encamped in the forest. Athole started up in surprise when he saw his enemies appear so unexpectedly; but he was a stout-hearted man, though fickle in his political attachments. He looked at a great rock which lay beside him, and swore an oath that he would not fly that day until that rock should show him the example. A small brook divided the two parties. The Knight of Liddesdale, who led the van of the Scots, advanced a little way down the bank on his side, then taking his spear by the middle, and keeping his own men back with it, he bade them *halt*, which occasioned some murmurs. The Earl of Athole, seeing this pause, exclaimed, "These men are half discomfited;" and rushed to charge them,

followed by his men in some disorder. When they had passed the brook, and were ascending the bank on the other side,— "Now is our time," said the Knight of Liddesdale, and charged down hill with levelled lances, bearing Athole's followers backwards into the ford. The earl himself, disdaining quarter, was slain under a great oak-tree. This was the battle of Kilblene, fought on St. Andrew's Day, 1335.

Among the warlike exploits of this period, we must not forget the defence of the castle of Dunbar by the celebrated Countess of March. Her lord, as we have seen, had embraced the side of David Bruce, and had taken the field with the Regent. The countess, who from her complexion was termed Black Agnes, by which name she is still familiarly remembered, was a high-spirited and courageous woman, the daughter of that Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, whom I have so often mentioned, and the heiress of his valour and patriotism. The castle of Dunbar itself was very strong, being built upon a chain of rocks stretching into the sea, and having only one passage to the mainland, which was well fortified. It was besieged by Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy its walls great military engines, constructed to throw huge stones, with which machines fortifications were attacked before the use of cannon.

Black Agnes set all his attempts at defiance, and showed herself with her maids on the walls of the castle, wiping the places where the huge stones fell with a clean towel, as if they could do no ill to her castle, save raising a little dust, which a napkin could wipe away.

The Earl of Salisbury then commanded his engineers to bring forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a sort of wooden shed, or house, rolled forward on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a sow. This, according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust close up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows and stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who, being thus defended, were in the meanwhile employed in undermining the wall, or breaking an entrance through it with pickaxes and mining tools. When the Countess of March saw this engine advanced to the walls of the castle, she called out to the Earl of Salisbury in derision and making a kind of rhyme,—

"Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow."

At the same time she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock, which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers, who had been within it, were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones which were discharged on them from the wall, Black Agnes called out, "Behold the litter of English pigs!"

The Earl of Salisbury could jest also on such serious occasions. One day he rode near the walls with a knight dressed in armour of proof, having three folds of mail over an acton, or leathern jacket; notwithstanding which, one William Spens shot an arrow from the battlements of the castle with such force, that it penetrated all these defences, and reached the heart of the wearer. "That is one of my lady's love-tokens," said the earl, as he saw the knight fall dead from his horse. "Black Agnes's love-shafts pierce to the heart."

Upon another occasion the Countess of March had wellnigh made the Earl of Salisbury her prisoner. She caused one of her people enter into treaty with the besiegers, pretending to betray the castle. Trusting to this agreement, the earl came at midnight before the gate, which he found open, and the portcullis drawn up. As Salisbury was about to enter, one John Copland, a squire of Northumberland, pressed on before him, and as soon as he passed the threshold, the portcullis was dropped, and thus the Scots missed their principal prey, and made prisoner only a person of inferior condition.

At length the castle of Dunbar was relieved by Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who brought the countess supplies by sea both of men and provisions. The Earl of Salisbury, learning this, despaired of success, and raised the siege, which had lasted nineteen weeks. The minstrels made songs in praise of the perseverance and courage of Black Agnes. The following lines are nearly the sense of what is preserved:

"She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate."

The brave Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, the Regent of Scotland, died in 1338, while the war was raging on all sides. He was a good patriot, and a great loss to his country, to which he had rendered the highest services. There is a story told of him, which shows how composed he could be in circumstances of great danger. He was in the Highlands with a small body of followers, when the King of England came upon him with an army of twenty thousand. The Regent learned the news, but, being then about to hear mass, did not permit his devotions to be interrupted. When mass was ended, the people around him pressed him to order a retreat; "There is no haste," said Murray composedly. At length his horse was brought out, he was about to mount, and all expected that the retreat was to commence. But the Regent observed that a strap of his armour had given way, and this interposed new delays. He sent for a particular coffer, out of which he took a piece of skin, and cut and formed with his own hand, and with much deliberation, the strap which he wanted. By this time the English were drawing very near, and as they were so many in number, some of the Scottish knights afterwards told the historian who relates the incident, that no space of time ever seemed so long to them as that which Sir Andrew employed in cutting that thong of leather. Now, if this had been done in a mere vaunting or bragging manner, it would have been the behaviour of a vainglorious fool. But Sir Andrew Murray had already fixed upon the mode of retiring, and he knew that every symptom of coolness and deliberation which he might show would render his men steady and composed in their turn, from beholding the confidence of their leader. He at length gave the word, and putting himself at the head of his followers, made a most masterly retreat, during which the English, notwithstanding their numbers, were unable to obtain any advantage over him, so well did the Regent avail himself of the nature of the ground.

You may well imagine, my dear child, that during those long and terrible wars which were waged, when castles were defended and taken, prisoners made, many battles fought, and numbers of men wounded and slain, the state of the country of Scotland was most miserable. There was no finding refuge or protection in the law, at a time when everything was decided by the strongest arm and the longest sword. There was no use in

raising crops, when the man who sowed them was not, in all probability, permitted to reap the grain. There was little religious devotion where so much violence prevailed; and the hearts of the people became so much inclined to acts of blood and fury that all laws of humanity and charity were transgressed without scruple. People were found starved to death in the woods with their families, while the country was so depopulated and void of cultivation that the wild-deer came out of the remote forests, and approached near to cities and the dwellings of men. Whole families were reduced to eat grass, and others, it is said, found a more horrible aliment in the flesh of their fellow-creatures. One wretch used to set traps for human beings as if for wild beasts, and subsisted on their flesh. This cannibal was called Christian of the Cleek, from the cleek or hook which he used in his horrid traps.

In the middle of all these horrors, the English and Scottish knights and nobles, when there was any truce between the countries, supplied the place of the wars in which they were commonly engaged, with tournaments and games of chivalry. These were meetings not for the express purpose of fighting, but for that of trying which was the best man-at-arms. But instead of wrestling, leaping, or running races on foot or horse, the fashion then was that the gentlemen tilted together, that is, rode against each other in armour with their long lances, and tried which could bear the other out of the saddle, and throw him to the ground. Sometimes they fought on foot with swords and axes; and although all was meant in courtesy and fair play, yet lives were often lost in this idle manner as much as if the contest had been carried on with the purpose of armed battle and deadly hatred. In later days they fought with swords purposely blunted on the edge, and with lances which had no steel point; but in the times we speak of at present, they used in tilts and tournaments the same weapons which they employed in war.

A very noted entertainment of this kind was given to both Scottish and English champions by Henry of Lancaster, then called Earl of Derby, and afterwards King Henry IV. of England. He invited the Knight of Liddlesdale, the good Sir Alexander Ramsay, and about twenty other distinguished Scottish knights, to a tilting match, which was to take place near Berwick. After receiving and entertaining his Scottish

guests nobly, the Earl of Derby began to inquire of Ramsay in what manner of armour the knights should tilt together.

"With shields of plate," said Ramsay, "such as men use in tournaments."

This may be supposed a peculiarly weighty and strong kind of armour, intended merely for this species of encounter.

"Nay," said the Earl of Derby, "we shall gain little praise if we tilt in such safety; let us rather use the lighter armour which we wear in battle."

"Content are we," answered Sir Alexander Ramsay, "to fight in our silk doublets, if such be your lordship's pleasure."

The Knight of Liddesdale was wounded on the wrist by the splinter of a spear, and was obliged to desist from the exercise. A Scottish knight, called Sir Patrick Grahame, tilted with a warlike English baron named Talbot, whose life was saved by his wearing two breastplates. The Scottish lance pierced through both, and sunk an inch into the breast. Had he been only armed as according to agreement, Talbot had been a dead man. Another English knight challenged the Grahame at supper-time to run three courses with him the next day.

"Dost thou ask to tilt with me?" said the Grahame; "rise early in the morning, confess your sins, and make your peace with God, for you shall sup in paradise." Accordingly, on the ensuing morning, Grahame ran him through the body with his lance, and he died on the spot. Another English knight was also slain, and one of the Scots mortally wounded. William Ramsay was borne through the helmet with a lance, the splinter of the broken spear remaining in his skull, and nailing his helmet to his head. As he was expected to die on the spot, a priest was sent for, who heard him confess his sins without the helmet being removed.

"Ah, it is a goodly sight," quoth the good Earl of Derby, much edified by this spectacle, "to see a knight make his shrift" (that is, confession of his sins) "in his helmet. God send me such an ending!"

But when the shrift was over, Sir Alexander Ramsay, to whom the wounded knight was brother, or kinsman, made him lie down at full length, and, with surgery as rough as their pastime, held his friend's head down with his foot, while, by main strength, he pulled the fragment of the spear out of the

helmet, and out of the wound. Then William Ramsay started up, and said, "That he should do well enough."

"Lo! what stout hearts men may bear!" said the Earl of Derby, as much admiring the surgical treatment as he had done the religious. Whether the patient lived or died, does not appear.

In fixing the prizes, it was settled that the English knights should decide which of the Scots had done best, and the Scots should, in like manner, judge the valour of the English. Much equity was shown in the decision on both sides, and the Earl of Derby was munificent in distribution of gifts and prizes. This may serve to show you the amusements of this stirring period, of which war and danger were the sport as well as the serious occupation.

CHAPTER XV

Departure of Balliol—Return of David II.—Death of Sir Alexander Ramsay—Death of the Knight of Liddesdale—Battle of Neville's Cross—Death of King David

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward III.
France: Philip VI., John II., Charles V.

1339—1370

NOTWITHSTANDING the valiant defence maintained by the Scots, their country was reduced to a most disastrous state, by the continued wars of Edward III., who was a wise and warlike king as ever lived. Could he have turned against Scotland the whole power of his kingdom, he might probably have effected the complete conquest, which had been so long attempted in vain. But while the wars in Scotland were at the hottest, Edward became also engaged in hostilities with France, having laid claim to the crown of that kingdom. Thus Edward was obliged to slacken his efforts in Scotland, and the patriots began to gain ground decisively in the dreadful contest which was so obstinately maintained on both sides.

The Scots sent an embassy to obtain money and assistance from the French; and they received supplies of both, which

enabled them to recover their castles and towns from the English.

Edinburgh Castle was taken from the invaders by a stratagem. The Knight of Liddesdale, with two hundred chosen men, embarked at Dundee, in a merchant vessel commanded by one William Curry. The shipmaster, on their arrival at Leith, went with a party of his sailors to the castle, carrying barrels of wine and hampers of provisions, which he pretended it was his desire to sell to the English governor and his garrison. But getting entrance at the gate under this pretext, they raised the war-shout of Douglas, and the Knight of Liddesdale rushed in with his soldiers, and secured the castle. Perth, and other important places, were also retaken by the Scots, and Edward Baliol retired out of the country, in despair of making good his pretensions to the crown.

The nobles of Scotland, finding the affairs of the kingdom more prosperous, now came to the resolution of bringing back from France, where he had resided for safety, their young king, David II., and his consort, Queen Joanna. They arrived in 1341.

David II. was still a youth, neither did he possess at any period of life the wisdom and talents of his father, the great King Robert. The nobles of Scotland had become each a petty prince on his own estates; they made war on each other as they had done upon the English, and the poor king possessed no power of restraining them. A most melancholy instance of this discord took place, shortly after David's return from France.

I have told you how Sir Alexander Ramsay and the Knight of Liddesdale assisted each other in fighting against the English. They were great friends and companions-in-arms. But Ramsay, having taken by storm the strong castle of Roxburgh, the King bestowed on him the office of sheriff of that county, which was before enjoyed by the Knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another person in his room, the Knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men, while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay having no suspicion of injury from the hand of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered, and being wounded, was hurried away to the lonely castle of

the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, where he had no other sustenance than some grain which fell down from a granary above; and after lingering seventeen days in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1342. Nearly four hundred and fifty years afterwards, that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging amongst the ruins of Hermitage Castle,[1] broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones, and a bridle bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant Earl of Dalhousie, a brave soldier, like his ancestor Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended.

The King was much displeased at the commission of so great a crime, on the person of so faithful a subject. He made some attempts to avenge the murder, but the Knight of Liddesdale was too powerful to be punished, and the King was obliged to receive him again into friendship and confidence. But God in his own good time revenged this cruel deed. About five years after the crime was committed, the Knight of Liddesdale was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, and is suspected of having obtained his liberty by entering into a treacherous league with the English monarch. He had no time to carry his treason, however, into effect; for, shortly after his liberation, he was slain whilst hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his near relation and godson, William, Lord Douglas. The place where he fell was called from his name, William-hope. It is a pity that the Knight of Liddesdale committed that great crime of murdering Ramsay, and entered into the treasonable treaty with the King of England. In other respects, he was ranked so high in

August 1353.

[1] "Some years ago a mason, employed in building a dike in the neighbourhood, had the curiosity to penetrate into a vault in the east end of the castle. Having made an opening, he descended by a ladder; and in a vault about eight feet square he found several human bones, with a saddle, a bridle, and sword; he brought out the bridle and sword. The bit was of an uncommon size; the curb of it is in the possession of Walter Scott, Esq., advocate. In the dungeon he found a great quantity of the husks of oats. Report says, the granary of the castle was immediately above this vault, and that Sir Alexander Ramsay subsisted for some time on what fell down into the vault."—*Statistical Account of Scotland.*

public esteem, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry; and an old writer has said of him, "He was terrible in arms, modest and gentle in peace, the scourge of England, and the buckler and wall of Scotland; one whom good success never made presumptuous, and whom evil fortune never discouraged."

We return to the state of Scotland at the time when the young King was restored. Battles and skirmishes were fought on all sides; but the Scots having gained back the whole of their own country, the war became less inveterate; and although no settled peace took place, yet truces, to endure for a certain number of months and years, were agreed upon from time to time; and the English historians allege that the Scottish nation were always ready to break them when a tempting opportunity occurred.

Such a truce was in existence about 1346, when, Edward the Third being absent in France, and in the act of besieging Calais, David was induced, by the pressing and urgent counsels of the French King, to renew the war, and profit by the King's absence from England. The young King of Scotland raised, accordingly, a large army, and entering England on the west frontier, he marched eastward towards Durham, harassing and wasting the country with great severity; the Scots boasting that, now the King and his nobles were absent, there were none in England to oppose them, save priests and base mechanics.

But they were greatly deceived. The lords of the northern counties of England, together with the Archbishop of York, assembled a gallant army. They defeated the vanguard of the Scots, and came upon the main body by surprise. The English army, in which there were many ecclesiastics, bore, as their standard, a crucifix, displayed amid the banners of the nobility. The Scots had taken post among some enclosures, which greatly embarrassed their movements, and their ranks remaining stationary were, as on former occasions, destroyed by the English arrows. Here Sir John Grahame offered his services to disperse the bowmen, if he were entrusted with a body of cavalry. But although this was the movement which decided the battle of Bannockburn, Grahame could not obtain the means of attempting it. In the meantime the Scottish army fell fast into disorder. The King himself fought bravely in the midst of his nobles and was twice wounded with arrows. At length he was captured by John Copland, a Northumberland

gentleman; the same who was made prisoner at Dunbar. He did not secure his royal captive without resistance; for in the struggle the King dashed out two of Copland's teeth with his dagger. The left wing of the Scottish army continued fighting long after the rest were routed, and at length made a safe retreat. It was commanded by the Steward of Scotland and the Earl of March. Very many of the Scottish nobility were slain; very many made prisoners. The King himself was led in triumph through the streets of London, and committed to the Tower a close prisoner. This battle was fought at Neville's Cross, near Durham, on 17th October 1346.

Thus was another great victory gained by the English over the Scots. It was followed by further advantages, which gave the victors for a time possession of the country from the Scottish Border as far as the verge of Lothian. But the Scots, as usual, were no sooner compelled to momentary submission, than they began to consider the means of shaking off the yoke.

William Douglas, son to that Douglas who was killed at Halidon Hill, near Berwick, now displayed his share of that courage and conduct which seemed the birthright of that extraordinary family. He recovered his own territories of Douglasdale, drove the English out of Ettrick Forest, and assisted the inhabitants of Teviotdale in regaining their independence.

On this occasion, indeed, the invasion of the English was not attended with the same extensively bad effects as on former victories obtained by them. The title of Baliol was not again set up, and that nominal sovereign surrendered to the English monarch all his right and interest in the kingdom of Scotland, in testimony of which he presented him a handful of earth belonging to the country, and a crown of gold. Edward, in reward of this surrender of the Scottish crown, fixed a large annual income upon Baliol, who retired from public affairs, and lived ever afterwards in such obscurity, that historians do not even record the period of his death. Nothing which he afterwards did bore the same marks of courage and talent, as the enterprise in which he commanded the disinherited barons, and obtained the great victory at the battle of Dupplin. It seems therefore likely that he had upon that occasion some assistance which he did not afterwards enjoy.

Edward III. was not more fortunate in making war on Scotland in his own name than when he used the pretext of supporting Baliol. He marched into East Lothian in spring 1355, and committed such ravages that the period was long marked by the name of the *Burned Candlemas*, because so many towns and villages were burned. But the Scots had removed every species of provisions which could be of use to the invaders, and avoided a general battle, while they engaged in a number of skirmishes. In this manner Edward was compelled to retreat out of Scotland, after sustaining much loss.

After the failure of this effort, Edward seems to have despaired of the conquest of Scotland, and entered into terms for a truce, and for setting the King at liberty.

Thus David II. at length obtained his freedom from the English, after he had been detained in prison eleven years. The Scots agreed to pay a ransom of one hundred thousand merks, a heavy charge on a country always poor, and exhausted by the late wars. The people were so delighted to see the King once more that they followed him everywhere; and (which shows the rudeness of the times) rushed even into his private chamber, till, incensed at their troublesome and intrusive loyalty, the King snatched a mace from an officer, and broke with his own royal hand the head of the liegeman who was nearest to him. After this rebuke, saith the historian, he was permitted to be private in his apartment.

The latter years of this King's life have nothing very remarkable excepting that, after the death of Joanna of England, his first wife, he made an imprudent marriage with one Margaret Logie, a woman of great beauty, but of obscure family; he was afterwards divorced or separated from her. He had no children by either of his wives. David the Second died at the age of forty-seven years, in the castle of Edinburgh, 22d February 1370-71. He had reigned forty-two years, of which eleven were spent in captivity.

CHAPTER XVI

Accession of Robert Stewart—War of 1385*—Battle of Otterburn—Death of Robert II.*

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Edward III., Richard II. *France*: Charles V., Charles VI.

1370—1390

As David the Second died childless, the male line of his father, the great Robert Bruce, was at an end. But the attachment of the Scottish nation naturally turned to the family of that heroic prince, and they resolved to confer the crown on a grandson of his by the mother's side. Marjory, the daughter of Robert Bruce, had married Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and the sixth of his family who had enjoyed that high dignity, in consequence of possessing which the family had acquired the surname of Stewart. This Walter Stewart, with his wife Marjory, were ancestors of that long line of Stewarts who afterwards ruled Scotland, and came at length to be kings of England also. The last king of the Stewart family lost his kingdoms at the great national Revolution in 1688, and his son and grandsons died in exile. The female line have possession of the crown at this moment in the person of the present sovereign. When, therefore, you hear of the line of Stewart, you will know that the descendants of Walter Stewart and Marjory Bruce are the family meant by that term. It is said that the Stewarts were descended from Fleance, the son of Banquo, whose posterity the witches declared were to be kings of Scotland, and who was murdered by Macbeth. But this seems a very doubtful tradition.

Walter, the Steward of Scotland, who married Bruce's daughter, was a gallant man, and fought bravely at Bannockburn, where he had a high command. But he died young, and much regretted. Robert Stewart, his son by Marjory Bruce, grandson, of course, of King Robert, was the person now called to the throne. He was a good and kind-tempered prince. When young he had been a brave soldier; but he was now fifty-five years old, and subject to a violent inflammation in his

eyes, which rendered them as red as blood. From these causes he lived a good deal retired, and was not active enough to be at the head of a fierce and unmanageable nation like the Scots.

Robert Stewart's ascent to the throne was not unopposed, for it was claimed by a formidable competitor. This was William, Earl of Douglas. That family, in which so many great men had arisen, was now come to a great pitch of power and prosperity, and possessed almost a sovereign authority in the southern parts of Scotland. The Earl of Douglas was on the present occasion induced to depart from his claim, upon his son being married to Euphemia, the daughter of Robert II. Stewart therefore was crowned without further opposition. But the extreme power of the Douglases, which raised them almost to a level with the crown, was afterwards the occasion of great national commotion and distress.

There were not many things of moment in the history of Robert II. But the wars with England were less frequent, and the Scots had learned a better way of conducting them. The following instances may be selected.

In 1385 the French finding themselves hard pressed by the English, in their own country, resolved to send an army into Scotland, to assist that nation in making war upon the English, and thus find work for the latter people at home. They sent, therefore, one thousand men-at-arms,—knights, and squires, that is, in full armour; and as each of these had four or five soldiers under him, the whole force was very considerable. They sent also twelve hundred suits of complete armour to the Scots, with a large sum of money, to assist them to make war. This great force was commanded by John de Vienne, High Admiral of France, a brave and distinguished general.

In the meantime, the King of England, Richard II., summoned together, on his side, a larger army perhaps than any King of England had ever before commanded, and moved towards the Scottish Border. The Scots also assembled large forces, and the French Admiral expected there would be a great pitched battle. He said to the Scottish nobles, "You have always said, that if you had some hundreds of French men-at arms to help you, you would give battle to the English. Now, here we are to give you aid—Let us give battle."

The Scottish nobles answered, that they would not run so great a hazard, as risk the fate of the country in one battle;

and one of them, probably Douglas, conveyed John de Vienne to a narrow pass, where, unseen themselves, they might see the army of England march through. The Scot made the admiral remark at the great multitude of archers, the number and high discipline of the English men-at-arms, and then asked the Frenchman, as a soldier, whether he could advise the Scots to oppose these clouds of archers with a few ill-trained Highland bowmen, or encounter with their small trotting nags the onset of the brilliant chivalry of England.

The Admiral de Vienne could not but own that the risk was too unequal. "But yet, if you do not fight," he said, "what do you mean to do? If you do not oppose this great force, the English will destroy your country."

"Let them do their worst," said Douglas, smiling; "they will find but little to destroy. Our people are all retired into woods, hills, and morasses, and have driven off their cattle, which is their only property, along with them. The English will find nothing either to take away or to eat. The houses of the gentlemen are small towers, with thick walls, which even fire will not destroy; as for the common people, they dwell in mere huts, and if the English choose to burn them, a few trees from the wood is all that is necessary to build them up again."

"But what will you do with your army if you do not fight?" said the Frenchman; "and how will your people endure the distress, and famine, and plunder, which must be the consequences of the invasion?"

"You shall see that our army will not lie idle," said Douglas; "and as for our Scottish people, they will endure pillage, and they will endure famine, and every other extremity of war; but they will not endure an English master."

The event showed the truth of what Douglas had said. The great army of England entered Scotland on the eastern side of the frontier, and marched on, much embarrassed and distressed for want of provisions, laying waste the villages and what property they found, but finding very little to destroy, and nothing to subsist upon. On the contrary, no sooner did the Scottish nobles learn that the English were fairly engaged in Scotland, than, with a numerous army, consisting chiefly of light cavalry, like that led by Douglas and Randolph in 1327, they burst into the western counties of England, where they gained more

spoil, and did more damage, in the course of a day or two's march, than the English could have done in Scotland had they burned the whole country from the Border to Aberdeen.

The English were quickly called back to the defence of their own country, and though there had been no battle, yet from bad roads, want of forage, scantiness of provisions, and similar causes, they had sustained a heavy loss of men and horses; while the Scottish army, on the contrary, had kept good cheer in a country so much richer than their own, and were grown wealthy by plunder. This wise scheme of defence had been recommended to his posterity by the Bruce as the only effectual mode of defending the Scottish frontier.

As to the French auxiliaries, they quarrelled very much with the reception they met with. They complained that the nation which they came to assist treated them with no kindness or good-will, and that they withheld from them forage, provisions, and other supplies. The Scots replied, on the other hand, that their allies were an expense to them, without being of any use; that their wants were many, and could not be supplied in so poor a country as Scotland; and finally, that they insulted the inhabitants, and pillaged the country wherever they durst. Nor would the Scots permit the French to leave Scotland till they gave security that they would pay the expenses of their own maintenance. The French knights, who had hoped to acquire both wealth and fame, returned in very bad humour from a kingdom where the people were so wild and uncivilised, and the country so mountainous and poor; where the patches of cultivated land bore no proportion to the extended wastes, and the wild animals were much more numerous than those which were trained for the use of man.

It was from prudence, not from want of courage, that the Scots avoided great battles with the English. They readily engaged in smaller actions, when they fought with the utmost valour on both sides, till, as an old historian expresses it, sword and lance could endure no longer, and then they would part from each other, saying, "Good day; and thanks for the sport you have shown." A very remarkable instance of such a desperate battle occurred in the year 1388.

The Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England on a large scale, and had assembled a great army for that purpose; but learning that the people of Northumberland

were raising an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the flat and rich country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights; but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew up his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas in the struggle got possession of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognisance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith.

"That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland."

"Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent."

The Scottish army, having completed the purpose of their expedition, began their retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running north-westward towards their own frontier. They encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the Scottish border, on the 19th August 1388.

In the middle of the night the alarm arose in the Scottish camp that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the approach of Sir Henry Percy, with a body of men superior in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to

receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and with a degree of military skill which could scarce have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there were none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising showed them the Scottish army, which they had supposed to be retreating, drawn up in complete order, and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself shouting his war-cry of "Douglas!" rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been observed by the enemy, the event would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his wounded patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the expiring leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down-beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will be this day accomplished."

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the Earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were

weakened by the loss of the brave brothers, Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly, and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas,

> "Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
> And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field."

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him for ransom to build a castle for him at Penoon in Ayrshire. The battle of Otterburn was disastrous to the leaders on both sides—Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, and the great historian Froissart says, that one other action only excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time.

Robert II. died at his castle of Dundonald in Kyle, after a short illness, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, on the 19th April 1390. His reign of nineteen years did not approach in glory to that of his maternal grandfather, Robert Bruce; but it was far more fortunate than that of David II. The claims of Baliol to the crown were not revived; and though the English made more than one incursion into Scotland, they were never able to retain long possession of the country.

CHAPTER XVII

Accession of Robert III.—Disorderly State of the Highlands—Clan Chattan and Clan Kay—The Duke of Rothsay—Battle of Homildon—of Shrewsbury—Capture of Prince James by the English, and death of Robert III.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Richard II., Henry IV. *France*: Charles VI.

1390—1406

THE eldest son of Robert II. was originally called John. But it was a popular remark that the kings named John, both of France and England, had been unfortunate, and the Scottish

people were very partial to the name of Robert, from its having been borne by the great Bruce. John Stewart, therefore, on ascending the Scottish throne, changed his name to that of Robert III. We shall see, however, that this poor king remained as unfortunate as if his name had still been John. 14th Aug. 1390.

The disturbances of the Highlands were one of the plagues of his reign. You must recollect that that extensive range of mountains was inhabited by a race of men different in language and manners from the Lowlanders, and divided into families called Clans. The English termed them the Wild Scots, and the French the Scottish Savages; and, in good truth, very wild and savage they seem to have been. The losses which the Low Country had sustained by the English wars had weakened the districts next to the Highlands so much, that they became unable to repress the incursions of the mountaineers, who descended from their hills, took spoil, burned and destroyed, as if in the country of an enemy.

In 1392 a large body of these Highlanders broke down from the Grampian Mountains. The chiefs were called Clan-Donnochy, or sons of Duncan, answering to the clan now called Robertson. A party of the Ogilvies and Lindsays, under Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, marched hastily against them, and charged them with their lances. But notwithstanding the advantage of their being mounted and completely sheathed in armour, the Highlanders defended themselves with such obstinacy as to slay the sheriff and sixty of his followers, and repulse the Lowland gentlemen. To give some idea of their ferocity, it is told that Sir David Lindsay, having in the first encounter run his lance through the body of one of the Highlanders, bore him down and pinned him to the earth. In this condition, and in his dying agonies, the Highlander writhed himself upwards on the spear, and exerted his last strength in fetching a sweeping blow at the armed knight with his two-handed sword. The stroke, made with all the last energies of a dying man, cut through Lindsay's stirrup and steel-boot, and though it did not sever his leg from his body, yet wounded him so severely as to oblige him to quit the field.

It happened, fortunately perhaps for the Lowlands, that the wild Highlanders were as much addicted to quarrel with each other as with their Lowland neighbours. Two clans, or rather

two leagues or confederacies, composed each of several separate clans,[1] fell into such deadly feud with each other as filled the whole neighbourhood with slaughter and discord.

When this feud or quarrel could be no otherwise ended, it was resolved that the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the Clan Chattan, against the same number of the Clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in presence of the King and his nobles. Now, there was a cruel policy in this arrangement; for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the thirty which were to fight for their honour, and it was no less to be expected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate. Thus, the probable event would be, that both clans, having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the King and his counsellors in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times.

The parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the Clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan, so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. Perhaps you think it might be difficult to get a man, who, for a small hire, would undergo the perils of a battle which was likely to be so obstinate and deadly. But in that fighting age men valued their lives lightly. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the Clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war-bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury; their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the

[1] See "*The Fair Maid of Perth*," *Waverley Novels*.

hostile clan, zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the King and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon drenched with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the Clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

"How is this," said he, "art thou afraid?"

"Not I," answered Henry; "but I have done enough of work for half-a-crown."

"Forward and fight," said the Highland chief; "he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages."

Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the Clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, for he was both a smith and a saddler, war-saddles being then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the Clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less injured, but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said, he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he had fought for, replying, when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, "Every man for his own hand, as Henry Wynd fought.

In the meantime troubles, to which we have formerly alluded, broke out in the family of Robert III. The King had been lamed in early youth by the kick of a horse, which

had prevented his engaging in war. He was by disposition peaceful, religious, and just, but not firm of mind, and easily imposed on by those about him, and particularly by his brother the Duke of Albany, a man of an enterprising character, but crafty, ambitious, and cruel.

This prince, the next heir to the crown, if the King's children could be displaced, continued to sow strife and animosity betwixt his father and the Duke of Rothsay, the eldest son of Robert III., and heir to his kingdom. Rothsay was young, gay, and irregular, his father old, and strict in his principles; occasions of quarrel easily arose betwixt them, and Albany represented the conduct of the son to the father in the worst light.

The King and Queen seem to have been of opinion that the marriage of the prince might put an end to his idle and licentious course of life. But Albany, whom they consulted, conducted this important affair in a manner disgraceful to the royal family. He proceeded upon the principle, that the prince should marry the daughter of such Scottish noble as was willing to pay the largest sum of money for the honour of connecting himself with the royal house. The powerful George, Earl of March, was at first the largest offerer. But although the prince was contracted to the daughter of that nobleman accordingly, yet the match was broken off by Albany, when a still larger sum was offered by the Earl of Douglas. His predecessor Earl James, killed at Otterburn, had married the King's sister, and Earl Archibald was now desirous that his own daughter should be even more nearly connected with royalty, by wedding the heir of the throne. They were married accordingly, but in an evil hour.

The prince continued to give offence by the levity of his conduct; Albany continued to pour his complaints into the King's ear, and Douglas became also the enemy of his royal son-in-law.

The history of this reign being imperfect, we do not distinctly know what charges were brought against the Duke of Rothsay, or how far they were true or false. But it seems certain that he was delivered up by his father to the power of his uncle of Albany, and that of his father-in-law, the Earl of Douglas, who treated him with the utmost cruelty.

A villain named Ramorgny, with the assistance of Sir

William Lindsay, was furnished with a warrant for apprehending and confining the person of the heir-apparent of Scotland. Armed with this authority, they seized upon him as he was journeying in Fife, without any suspicion—placed him upon an ordinary work-horse, and conducted him to the strong tower, or castle, of Falkland, belonging to Albany. It was a heavy fall of rain, but the poor prince was allowed no other shelter than a peasant's cloak. When in that gloomy fortress, he was thrown into a dungeon, and for fifteen days suffered to remain without food, under the charge of two ruffians named Wright and Selkirk, whose task it was to watch the agony of their victim till it terminated in death. It is said that one woman, touched with his lamentations, contrived to bring him from time to time thin barley cakes, concealed in her veil, which she passed through the bars of his prison; and that another woman supplied him with milk from her own bosom. Both were discovered, and what scanty resources their charity could afford were intercepted; and the unhappy prince died in the month of March 1402 of famine,—the most severe and lingering mode among the many by which life may be ended.[1]

There is no evidence that the old King, infirm and simple-minded as he was, suspected the foul play which his son had received; but the vengeance of God seemed to menace the country in which such a tragedy had been acted. The Earl of March, incensed at the breach of the contract betwixt his daughter and the prince, deserted the Scottish cause, and embraced that of England. He fled to Northumberland, and from thence made repeated incursions upon the Scottish frontier.

The Earl of Douglas, placing himself at the head of ten thousand men, made an incursion into England, with banner displayed, and took great spoil. But, in returning, he was waylaid by the celebrated Hotspur, who, with George of March and others, had assembled a numerous army. Douglas, with the same infatuation as had been displayed at so many other battles, took his ground on an eminence called Homildon, where

[1] "When nature at last sunk, his body was found in a state too dreadful to be described, which showed that, in the extremities of hunger, he had gnawed and torn his own flesh. It was then carried to the monastery of Lindores, and there privately buried, while a report was circulated that the prince had been taken ill and died of a dysentery."—TYTLER.

his numerous ranks were exposed to the English arrows, the Scots suffering great loss, for which they were unable to repay the enemy. While they were thus sustaining a dreadfully unequal combat, a bold Scottish knight, named Sir John Swinton, called with a loud voice, "Why do we remain here on this hillside, to be shot like stags with arrows, when we might rush down upon the English, and dispute the combat hand to hand? Let those who will descend with me, that we may gain victory, or fall like men." There was a young nobleman in the host, called the Lord of Gordon. The person living whom he most detested was this same Sir John Swinton, because in some private quarrel he had slain Gordon's father. But when he heard him give such resolute and brave advice in that dreadful extremity, he required to be made a knight at Swinton's hand; "For," said he, "from the hand of no wiser leader, or braver man, can I ask that honour." Swinton granted his desire, and having hastily performed the ceremony by striking the young man on the neck with the flat of his sword, and bidding him arise a knight, he and Gordon rushed down side by side with their followers, and made considerable slaughter amongst the English. But not being supported by other chiefs, they were overpowered and cut to pieces. The Scots lost the battle, sustaining a total defeat; and Douglas, wounded, and having lost an eye, fell into the hands of the English as a prisoner.

14th Sept. 1402.

A singular train of events followed, which belong rather to English than Scottish history, but which it is proper you should know. The Earl of Northumberland, father to Hotspur, associated with other discontented nobles, had determined to rebel against Henry IV., then King of England. To strengthen their forces, they gave Douglas his liberty, and engaged him to assist them in the civil war which was impending. Douglas came accordingly with a band of his countrymen, and joined Henry Percy, called Hotspur. They marched together into England, and fought a memorable battle with the royal forces near Shrewsbury. As Henry IV. was personally present in the battle, Douglas resolved to seek him out, and end the contest by killing or making him prisoner. The King had, however, several other champions in the field, armed and mounted exactly like himself. Of these, Douglas killed no less than three, as they appeared one after another; so that when at length he

encountered the real king, he called out, with amazement, "Where the devil do all these kings come from?" The Scottish earl attacked Henry himself with the same fury with which he had assaulted those who represented him, overthrew the royal banner, slaying a valiant knight, Sir Thomas Blunt, to whose care it had been committed, and was about to kill the King. But numbers, and especially the brave Prince of Wales, his son, came to the King of England's assistance; and before Douglas could fight his way forward to Henry, Hotspur was killed by an arrow-shot, and his party were obliged to fly. Douglas at length condescended to fly also, but his horse stumbling in ascending a hill, he was again wounded and taken.

We return to poor King Robert III., who was now exhausted by age, infirmities, and family calamity. He had still a remaining son, called James, about eleven years old, and he was probably afraid to entrust him to the keeping of Albany, as his death would have rendered that ambitious prince next heir to the throne. He resolved, therefore, to send the young prince to France, under pretence that he would receive a better education there than Scotland could afford him. An English vessel captured that on board of which the prince was sailing to France, and James was sent to London. When Henry heard that the Prince of Scotland was in his power, he resolved to detain him a prisoner. This was very unjust, for the countries of England and Scotland were at peace together at the time. The King sent him to prison, however, saying, that "The prince would be as well educated at his court as at that of France, for that he understood French well." This was said in mockery, but Henry kept his word in this point; and though the Scottish prince was confined unjustly, he received an excellent education at the expense of the English monarch.

13th March 1405.

This new misfortune, which placed the only remaining son of the poor old King in the hands of the English, seems to have broken the heart of Robert III., who died about a year afterwards, overwhelmed with calamities and infirmity.[1]

4th April 1406.

[1] "This last blow," says Sir Walter Scott elsewhere, "completely broke the heart of the unhappy King Robert III. Vengeance followed, though with a slow pace, the treachery and cruelty of his brother. Robert of Albany's own gray hairs went, indeed, in peace to the grave, and

CHAPTER XVIII

Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany—Jedburgh Castle—Battle of Harlaw—Regency of Murdac, Duke of Albany—The Scots in France—Deliverance of James I. from Captivity.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI. *France*: Charles VI., Charles VII.

1406—1424

ALBANY, the brother of Robert III., was now Regent of the kingdom, of which he had long actually possessed the supreme government. He was, it may be supposed, in no great hurry to obtain the release of his nephew Prince James, whose return to Scotland must have ended his own power. He was, as we have seen, a wicked, cruel, and ambitious man; yet he was regular in administering justice, and took great care not to lay any taxes on the people. Even in his time, it would seem that the extent of writings used for the transference of property had become a subject of complaint. When upon this subject, Albany

he transferred the regency, which he had so foully acquired, to his son Murdoch. But nineteen years after the death of the old King, James I. returned to Scotland, and Duke Murdoch of Albany, with his sons, was brought to the scaffold, in expiation of his father's guilt and his own."—*Fair Maid of Perth.* On the character of King Robert III., the second of the ill-fated family of Stewart who filled the throne of Scotland, Sir Walter remarks: "He had many virtues, and was not without talent; but it was his great misfortune that, like others of his devoted line, his merits were not of a kind suited to the part he was called upon to perform in life. The King of so fierce a people as the Scots then were, ought to have been warlike, prompt, and active, liberal in rewarding services, strict in punishing crimes; one whose conduct should make him feared as well as beloved. The qualities of Robert the Third were the reverse of all these. In youth he had indeed seen battles; but, without incurring disgrace, he had never manifested the chivalrous love of war and peril, or the eager desire to distinguish himself by dangerous achievements, which that age expected from all who were of noble birth, and had claims to authority. Besides, his military career was very short. Amidst the tumult of a tournament, the young Earl of Carrick, such was then his title, received a kick from a horse; in consequence of which, he was lame for the rest of his life. As Robert had never testified much predilection for violent exertion, he did not probably much regret the incapacities which exempted him from these active scenes."—*Ibid.*

used often to praise the simplicity and brevity of an ancient charter by King Athelstane, a Saxon monarch. It had been granted to the ancient Northumbrian family called Roddam of Roddam, and had fallen into the hands of the Scots on some of their plundering parties.

Jedburgh Castle, which the English had kept ever since the battle of Durham, had been taken by the Teviotdale Borderers, and it was proposed that it should be pulled down, in order that it might not again afford the enemy a stronghold on the frontiers. This was a common policy with the Scots, who considered their desert woods and mountains as better points of defence than walled castles, which the English understood how to attack or defend much better than they did.

To defray the expense of maintaining the men engaged in demolishing this large and strong fortress, it was proposed to lay a small tax of two pennies on each hearth in Scotland. But the Regent determined to pay it out of his own and the King's revenue, resolved, as he said, that he would not begin his regency by a measure which must afflict the poor.

In other respects, Albany was an unworthy character. He was not even brave, which was a failing uncommon in his age and family; and though he engaged in several wars with England, he did not gain either honour or success in any of them.

One of the most remarkable events during his government was the battle of Harlaw. This was fought by a prince, called Donald of the Isles, who possessed all the islands on the west side of Scotland. He was also the proprietor of great estates on the mainland, and aspired to the rank and used the style of an independent sovereign.

This Donald, in the year 1411, laid claim to the earldom of Ross, then vacant, which the Regent had determined to bestow on a member of his own family. Donald of the Isles raised ten thousand men, all Highlanders like himself, and invading the north of Scotland, came as far as a place called Harlaw, about ten miles from Aberdeen. Here he was encountered by the Earl of Mar, at the head of an inferior army, but composed of Lowland gentlemen, better armed and disciplined than the followers of Donald. A most desperate battle ensued, in which both parties suffered great loss. On that of Donald, the chiefs of the clans called MacIntosh and

24th July 1411.

MacLean were both slain, with about a thousand men. Mar lost nearly five hundred brave gentlemen, amongst them Ogilvy, Scrymgeour, Irvine of Drum, and other men of rank. The Provost of Aberdeen, who had brought to the Earl of Mar's host a detachment of the inhabitants of that city, was slain, fighting bravely. This loss was so much regretted by the citizens, that a resolution was adopted, that no Provost should in future go out in his official capacity beyond the limits of the immediate territory of the town. This rule is still observed.

But though the Lowlanders suffered severely, the Highlanders had the worst, and were obliged to retreat after the battle. This was fortunate for Scotland, since otherwise the Highlanders, at that time a wild and barbarous people, would have overrun, and perhaps actually conquered, a great part of the civilised country. The battle of Harlaw was long remembered, owing to the bravery with which the field was disputed, and the numbers which fell on both sides.

The Regent Albany, after having ruled Scotland for about thirty-four years, including the time under his father and brother, died at the castle of Stirling in the thirteenth year of his sole regency, aged upwards of eighty years, on the 3d September 1419. He was succeeded in his high office by his son Murdac, Duke of Albany, a man who had neither the vices nor the virtues of his father. Duke Robert was active, crafty, suspicious, and, in one sense at least, wise. The son was indulgent, indolent, and at the same time simple and easy to be imposed upon. Many quarrels and feuds broke out in the country, and even in his own family, which had been suppressed by the strong hand of his father. Little memorable took place in the regency of Murdac, but it was remarkable for the great renown which the Scots won in the wars of France.

I have told you that a body of French knights came to Scotland to assist the Scots against the English; and you must now know how the Scots repaid the obligation, by sending over a body of men to assist Charles, King of France, then in great danger of being completely conquered by Henry V. of England, who seemed on the point of expelling him from the kingdom, and possessing himself of the crown of France. A small army of about six or seven thousand chosen Scots had gone to France, under the command of John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the second son of the Regent Robert, Duke of Albany.

He had under him Lindsay, Swinton, and other men of consequence and fame. They gained an important victory over the English, then under command of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V. This prince, hearing that there was a body of Scots encamped at a town called Baugé, and enraged that this northern people should not only defend their own country from the English, but also come over to give them trouble in France, made a hasty march to surprise them. He left behind him those celebrated archers, who had usually afforded the English means of conquest over the enemy, because he relied upon the rapidity of his motions, and understood the Scots were observing indifferent discipline, and not keeping a vigilant watch. He arrived at Baugé, followed only by the knights and men-at-arms on horseback. Having forced the passage of a bridge, Clarence was pressing forward at the head of his cavalry, distinguished by the richness of his armour, and by a splendid golden coronet which he wore over his helmet. At this moment the Scottish knights charged the enemy. Sir John Swinton galloped against the Duke of Clarence, and unhorsed him with his lance, and the Earl of Buchan dashed out his brains with a battle-axe or mace. A great many English knights and nobles were slain at this rencounter. The French King, to reward the valour of the Scots, created the Earl of Buchan Constable of France (one of the highest offices in the kingdom), and Count of Aubigny. 22d March 1421.

The Scots, incited by the renown and wealth which their countrymen had acquired, came over to France in greater numbers, and the Earl of Douglas himself was tempted to bring over a little army, in which the best and noblest of the gentlemen of the south of Scotland of course enrolled themselves. They who did not go themselves, sent their sons and brothers. Sir Alexander Home of Home had intended to take this course; and his brother, David Home of Wedderburn, was equipped for the expedition. The chief himself came down to the vessel to see Douglas and his brother embark. But when the earl saw his old companion-in-arms about to take leave of him, he said, "Ah! Sir Alexander, who would have thought that thou and I should ever have parted!"

"Neither will we part now, my lord," said Sir Alexander; and suddenly changing his purpose, he sent back his brother

David to take care of his castle, family, and estate, and going to France with his old friend, died with him at the battle of Verneuil.

The Earl of Douglas, whose military fame was so great, received high honours from the King of France, and was created Duke of Touraine. The earl was used to ridicule the Duke of Bedford, who then acted as Regent for Henry VI. in France, and gave him the nickname of *John with the leaden sword*. Upon the 17th August 1424, Douglas received a message from the Duke of Bedford, that he intended to come and dine and drink wine with him. Douglas well understood the nature of the visit, and sent back word, that he should be welcome. The Scots and French prepared for battle, while their chiefs consulted together, and unfortunately differed in opinion. The Earl of Douglas, who considered their situation as favourable, recommended that they should receive the attack of the English, instead of advancing to meet them. The French Count de Narbonne, however, insisted that they should march forward to the attack; and putting the French in motion, declared he would move to the fight whether the Scots did so or not. Douglas was thus compelled to advance likewise, but it was in disorder. The English archers in the meantime showered their arrows on the French; their men-at-arms charged; and a total route of the allied army was the consequence. Douglas and Buchan stood their ground, fought desperately, and died nobly. Home, Lindsay, Swinton, and far the greater part of that brave Scottish band of auxiliaries, were killed on the spot.

The great Earl of Douglas, thus slain at Verneuil, was distinguished from the rest of his family by the name of *Tineman*, that is *Loseman*, as he was defeated in the great battles of Homildon, Shrewsbury, and finally in that of Verneuil, where he lost his life. His contemporary and rival, George, Earl of March, though not so celebrated a warrior, was as remarkable for being fortunate; for whether he fought on the Scottish or English side, his party was always victorious. The slender remains of the Scottish forces were adopted by Charles of France as a life-guard; a body which was kept up by his successors for a great many years.

We return now to Scotland, where the Regent Murdac of Albany was so far from being able to guide the affairs of the

state, that he could not control his own sons. There were two of them, haughty, licentious young men, who respected neither the authority of God nor man, and that of their father least of all. Their misbehaviour was so great, that Murdac began to think of putting an end to their bad conduct and his own government at the same time, by obtaining the deliverance of the King from English captivity. A singular piece of insolence, on the part of his eldest son, is said to have determined him to this measure.

At this time the amusement of hawking (that is, of taking birds of game by means of trained hawks) was a pastime greatly esteemed by the nobility. The Regent Murdac had one falcon of peculiar excellence, which he valued. His eldest son, Walter Stewart, had often asked this bird of his father, and been as often denied. At length one day when the Regent had the hawk sitting upon his wrist, in the way that falconers carry such birds, Walter renewed his importunity about the falcon; and when his father again refused it, he snatched it from his wrist, and wrung its neck round. His father, greatly offended at so gross an insult, said, in his anger, "Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience, I will fetch home one whom we must all obey." From that moment, he began to bargain with the English in good earnest that they should restore James, now King of Scotland, to his own dominions.

The English Government were not unwilling to deliver up James, the rather that he had fallen in love with Joanna, the Earl of Somerset's daughter, nearly related to the royal family of England. They considered that this alliance would incline the young prince to peace with England; and that the education which he had received, and the friendships which he had formed in that country, would incline him to be a good and peaceable neighbour. The Scots agreed to pay a considerable ransom; and upon these terms James, the first of that name, was set at liberty, and returned to become king in Scotland, after eighteen years' captivity. He and his queen were crowned at Scone, 21st May 1424.

CHAPTER XIX

Accession of James I.—Execution of Murdac, Duke of Albany—State of the Highlands—Murder of the King—Character of James I.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VI.
France: Charles VII.

1424—1437

THIS King James, the first monarch of the name, was also the first of his unfortunate family who showed a high degree of talent. Robert II. and Robert III., his father and grandfather, were both rather amiable as individuals than respected for their endowments as monarchs. But James had received an excellent education, of which his talents had enabled him to make the best use. He was also prudent and just, consulted the interests of his people, and endeavoured, as far as he could, to repress those evils, which had grown up through the partial government of Robert, Duke of Albany, the rule of the feeble and slothful Duke Murdac, and the vicious and violent conduct of his sons.

The first vengeance of the laws fell upon Murdac, who, with his two sons, was tried, and condemned at Stirling for abuse of the King's authority, committed while Murdac was Regent. They were beheaded at the little eminence at Stirling, which is still shown on the Castle Hill. The Regent, from that elevated spot, might have a distant view of the magnificent castle of Doune, which he had built for his residence; and the sons had ample reason to regret their contempt of their father's authority, and to judge the truth of his words, when he said he would bring in one who would rule them all.

24th & 25th May 1425.

James afterwards turned his cares to the Highlands, which were in a state of terrible confusion. He marched into those disturbed districts with a strong army, and seized upon more than forty of the chiefs, by whom these broils and quarrels were countenanced, put many of them to death, and obliged others to find security that they would be quiet in future. Alaster MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, after more than a year's

captivity, and his mother retained in vain as a hostage for his fidelity, endeavoured to oppose the royal authority; but the measures taken against him by James reduced his power so much, that he was at last obliged to submit to the King's mercy. For this purpose the humbled chief came to Edinburgh secretly, and suddenly appeared in the Cathedral Church, where the King was employed in his devotions upon Easter-day. He appeared without bonnet, armour, or ornaments, with his legs and arms bare, and his body only covered with a plaid. In this condition he delivered himself up to the King's pleasure; and holding a naked sword in his hand by the point, he offered the hilt to the King, in token of unreserved submission. James forgave him his repeated offences, at the intercession of the Queen and nobles present, but he detained him a prisoner in the strong castle of Tantallon, in East Lothian. Yet, after this submission of their principal chief, the West Highlanders and people of the Isles 1431 again revolted, under the command of Donald Balloch, the kinsman of Alaster, who landed on the mainland with a considerable force, and defeated the Earls of Mar and of Caithness with great slaughter; but when he heard that James was coming against him, Donald thought it best to retreat to Ireland. James put to death many of his followers. Donald himself was afterwards killed in Ireland, and his head sent to the King.

There is another story, which will show the cruelty and ferocity of these Highland robbers. Another MacDonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, had plundered a poor widow woman of two of her cows, and who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly that she would never wear shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the King for redress, should she travel to Edinburgh to seek him. "It is false," answered the barbarian; "I will have you shod myself before you reach the court." Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's naked feet, as if they had been those of a horse; after which he thrust her forth, wounded and bleeding, on the highway. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and, throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised on her, and in evidence showed her feet, still seamed and scarred. James heard

her with that mixture of pity, kindness, and uncontrollable indignation which marked his character, and, in great resentment, caused MacDonald, and twelve of his principal followers, to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes, in the same manner as had been done to the widow. In this condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed.

Thus James I. restored a considerable degree of tranquillity to the country, which he found in such a distracted state. He made wise laws for regulating the commerce of the nation, both at home and with other states, and strict regulations for the administration of justice betwixt those who had complaints against one another.

But his greatest labour, and that which he found most difficult to accomplish, was to diminish the power of the great nobles, who ruled like so many kings, each on his own territory and estate, and made war on the King, or upon one another, whenever it was their pleasure to do so. These disorders he endeavoured to check, and had several of these great persons brought to trial, and, upon their being found guilty, deprived them of their estates. The nobles complained that this was done out of spite against them, and that they were treated with hardship and injustice; and thus discontents were entertained against this good Prince. Another cause of offence was, that to maintain justice, and support the authority of the throne, it was found necessary that some taxes for this purpose should be raised from the subjects; and the Scottish people being poor, and totally unaccustomed to pay any such contributions, they imputed this odious measure to the King's avarice. And thus, though King James was so well-intentioned a King, and certainly the ablest who had reigned in Scotland since the days of Robert Bruce, yet both the high and the low murmured against him, which encouraged some wicked men amongst the nobility to conspire his death.

The chief person in the plot was one Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Stratherne. He was bold and ambitious, and highly offended with the King on account of an imprisonment which he had sustained by the royal command. He drew into the plot the Earl of Athole, an old man of little talent, by promising to make his son, Sir Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, in place of James. Others were engaged in the conspiracy

from different motives. To many of their attendants they pretended they only wished to carry away a lady out of the court. To prepare his scheme, Graham retreated into the remote Highlands, and from thence sent a defiance, renouncing his allegiance to the King, and threatening to put his sovereign to death with his own hand. A price was set upon his head, payable to any one who should deliver him up to justice; but he lay concealed in the wild mountains to prosecute his revenge against James.

The Christmas preceding his murder was appointed by the King for holding a feast at Perth. In his way to that town he was met by a Highland woman, calling herself a prophetess. She stood by the side of the ferry by which he was about to travel to the north, and cried with a loud voice,—"My Lord the King, if you pass this water, you will never return again alive." The King was struck with this for a moment, because he had read in a book that a king should be slain that year in Scotland; for it often happens, that when a remarkable deed is in agitation, rumours of it get abroad, and are repeated under pretence of prophecies; but which are, in truth, only conjectures of that which seems likely to happen. There was a knight in the court, on whom the King had conferred the name of the King of Love, to whom the King said in jest,—"There is a prophecy that a king shall be killed in Scotland this year; now, Sir Alexander, that must concern either you or me, since we two are the only kings in Scotland." Other circumstances occurred, which might have prevented the good King's murder, but none of them were attended to. The King, while at Perth, took up his residence in an abbey of Black Friars, there being no castle or palace in the town convenient for his residence; and this made the execution of the conspiracy more easy, as his guards, and the officers of his household, were quartered among the citizens.

The day had been spent by the King in sport and feasting, and by the conspirators in preparing for their enterprise. They had destroyed the locks of the doors of the apartment, so that the keys could not be turned; and they had taken away the bars with which the gates were secured, and had provided planks by way of bridges, on which to cross the ditch which surrounded the monastery. At length, on the 20th February 1437, all was prepared for carrying their treasonable purpose

into execution, and Graham came from his hiding-place in the neighbouring mountains, with a party of nigh three hundred men, and entered the gardens of the convent.

The King was in his night-gown and slippers. He had passed the evening gaily with the nobles and ladies of his court, in reading romances, and in singing and music, or playing at chess and tables. The Earl of Athole, and his son Sir Robert Stewart, who expected to succeed James on the throne, were among the last courtiers who retired. At this time James remained standing before the fire, and conversing gaily with the queen and her ladies before he went to rest. The Highland woman before mentioned again demanded permission to speak with the King, but was refused, on account of the untimeliness of the hour. All now were ordered to withdraw.

At this moment there was a noise and clashing heard, as of men in armour, and the torches in the garden cast up great flashes of light against the windows. The King then recollected his deadly enemy, Sir Robert Graham, and guessed that he was coming to murder him. He called to the ladies who were left in the chamber to keep the door as well as they could, in order to give him time to escape. He first tried to get out at the windows, but they were fast barred, and defied his strength. By help of the tongs, which were in the chimney, he raised, however, a plank of the flooring of the apartment, and let himself down into a narrow vault beneath, used as a common sewer. This vault had formerly had an opening into the court of the convent, by which he might have made his escape. But all things turned against the unfortunate James; for, only three days before, he had caused the opening to be built up, because when he played at ball in the court-yard, the ball used to roll into the vault through that hole.

While the King was in this place of concealment, the conspirators were seeking him from chamber to chamber throughout the convent, and, at length, came to the room where the ladies were. The Queen and her women endeavoured, as well as they might, to keep the door shut, and one of them, Catherine Douglas, boldly thrust her own arm across the door, instead of the bar, which had been taken away, as I told you. But the brave lady's arm was soon broken, and the traitors rushed into the room with swords and daggers drawn,

hurting and throwing down such of the women as opposed them. The poor Queen stood half undressed, shrieking aloud; and one of the brutal assassins attacked, wounded, and would have slain her, had it not been for a son of Sir Robert Graham, who said to him, "What would you do to the Queen? She is but a woman—Let us seek the King."

They accordingly commenced a minute search, but without any success; so they left the apartment, and sought elsewhere about the monastery. In the meanwhile the King turned impatient, and desired the ladies to bring sheets and draw him up out of the inconvenient lurking place. In the attempt Elizabeth Douglas fell down beside the King, and at this unlucky moment the conspirators returned. One of them now recollected that there was such a vault, and that they had not searched it. And when they tore up the plank, and saw the King and the lady beneath in the vault, one of them called, with savage merriment to his followers, "Sirs, I have found the bride for whom we have sought and carolled all night." Then, first one and then another of the villains, brethren of the name of Hall, descended into the vault, with daggers drawn, to despatch the unfortunate King, who was standing there in his shirt, without weapons of any kind. But James, who was an active and strong man, threw them both down beneath his feet, and struggled to wrest the dagger from one or other of them, in which attempt his hands were severely cut and mangled. The murderers also were so vigorously handled, that the marks of the King's gripe were visible on their throats for weeks afterwards. Then Sir Robert Graham himself sprung down on the King, who finding no further defence possible, asked him for mercy, and for leisure to confess his sins to a priest. But Graham replied fiercely, "Thou never hadst mercy on those of thine own blood, nor on any one else, therefore thou shalt find no mercy here; and as for a confessor, thou shalt have none but this sword." So speaking he thrust the sword through the King's body. And yet it is said, that when he saw his prince lying bleeding under his feet, he was desirous to have left the enterprise unfinished; but the other conspirators called on Graham to kill the King, otherwise he should himself die by their hands; upon which Graham, with the two men who had descended into the vault before him, fell on the unhappy prince with their daggers, and slew

him by many stabs. There were sixteen wounds in his breast alone.

By this time, but too late, news of this outrage had reached the town, and the household servants of the King, with the people inhabiting the town of Perth, were hastening to the rescue, with torches and weapons. The traitors accordingly caught the alarm, and retreated into the Highlands, losing in their flight only one or two, taken or slain by the pursuers. When they spoke about their enterprise among themselves, they greatly regretted that they had not killed the Queen along with her husband, fearing that she would be active and inexorable in her vengeance.

Indeed their apprehensions were justified by the event, for Queen Joanna made so strict search after the villainous assassins, that in the course of a month most of them were thrown into prison, and being tried and condemned, they were put to death with new and hideous tortures. The flesh of Robert Stewart, and of a private chamberlain of the King, was torn from their bodies with pincers; while, even in the midst of these horrible agonies, they confessed the justice of their sentence. The Earl of Athole was beheaded, denying at his death that he had consented to the conspiracy, though he admitted that his son had told him of it; to which he had replied, by enjoining him to have no concern in so great a crime. Sir Robert Graham, who was the person with whom the cruel scheme had origin, spoke in defence of it to the last. He had a right to slay the King, he said, for he had renounced his allegiance, and declared war against him; and he expressed his belief, that his memory would be honoured for putting to death so cruel a tyrant. He was tortured in the most dreadful manner before his final execution, and, whilst he was yet living, his son was slain before his eyes.

Notwithstanding the greatness of their crime, it was barbarous cruelty to torture these wretched murderers in the manner we have mentioned, and the historian says justly, that it was a cruel deed cruelly revenged. But the people were much incensed against them; for, although they had murmured against King James while he lived, yet the dismal manner of his death, and the general feeling that his intentions towards his people were kind and just, caused him to be much regretted. He had also many popular qualities. His face was handsome,

and his person strong and active. His mind was well cultivated with ornamental and elegant accomplishments, as well as stored with useful information. He understood music and poetry, and wrote verses, both serious and comic. Two of his compositions are still preserved, and read with interest and entertainment by those who understand the ancient language in which they are written. One of these is called "The King's Quhair," that is, the King's Book. It is a love poem, composed when he was a prisoner in England, and addressed to the Princess Joanna of Somerset, whom he afterwards married. The other is a comic poem, called "Christ's Kirk on the Green," in which the author gives an account of a merry-making of the country people, held for the purpose of sport, where they danced, revelled, drank, and finally quarrelled and fought. There is much humour shown in this piece, though one would think the subject a strange one for a king to write upon. He particularly ridicules the Scots for want of acquaintance with archery. One man breaks his bow, another shoots his arrow wide of the mark, a third hits the man's body at whom he took aim, but with so little effect that he cannot pierce his leathern doublet. There is a meaning in this raillery. James I., seeing the advantage which the English possessed by their archery, was desirous to introduce that exercise more generally into Scotland, and ordered regular meetings to be held for this purpose. Perhaps he might hope to enforce these orders, by employing a little wholesome raillery on the awkwardness of the Scottish bowmen.

On the whole, James I. was much and deservedly lamented. The murderer Graham was so far from being remembered with honour, as he had expected, for the assassination which he had committed, that his memory was execrated in a popular rhyme. then generally current :—

"Robert Graham,
That slew our king,
God give him shame!"

CHAPTER XX

Reign of James II.—Murder of the young Earl of Douglas—Battle of Sark—The Douglases—Tournament at Stirling

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VI.
France: Charles VII.

1437—1449

WHEN James I. was murdered, his son and heir, James II., was only six years old; so that Scotland was once more plunged into all the discord and confusions of a regency, which were sure to reach their height in a country where even the undisputed sway of a sovereign of mature age was not held in due respect, and was often disturbed by treason and rebellion.

The affairs of the kingdom, during the minority of James II., were chiefly managed by two statesmen, who seem to have been men of considerable personal talent, but very little principle or integrity. Sir Alexander Livingston was guardian of the King's person; Sir William Crichton was Chancellor of the kingdom. They debated betwixt themselves the degree of authority attached to their respective offices, and at once engaged in quarrels with each other, and with one who was more powerful than either of them—the great Earl of Douglas.

That mighty house was now at the highest pitch of its greatness. The Earl possessed Galloway, Annandale, and other extensive properties in the south of Scotland, where almost all the inferior nobility and gentry acknowledged him as their patron and lord. Thus the Douglases had at their disposal that part of Scotland which, from its constant wars with England, was most disciplined and accustomed to arms. They possessed the duchy of Touraine and lordship of Longueville in France, and they were connected by intermarriage with the Scottish royal family.

The Douglases were not only powerful from the extent of lands and territories, but also from the possession of great military talents, which seemed to pass from father to son, and occasioned a proverb, still remembered in Scotland—

"So many, so good, as of the Douglases have been,
Of one sirname in Scotland never yet were seen."

Unfortunately their power, courage, and military skill, were attended with arrogance and ambition, and the Douglases seemed to have claimed to themselves the rank and authority of sovereign princes, independent of the laws of the country, and of the allegiance due to the monarch. It was a common thing for them to ride with a retinue of a thousand horse; and as Archibald, the Earl of Douglas of the time, rendered but an imperfect allegiance even to the severe rule of James I., it might be imagined that his power could not be easily restrained by such men as Crichton and Livingston—great, indeed, through the high offices which they held, but otherwise of a degree far inferior to that of Douglas.

But when this powerful nobleman died, in 1439, and was succeeded by his son William, a youth of only sixteen years old, the wily Crichton began to spy an occasion to crush the Douglases, as he hoped, for ever, by the destruction of the youthful earl and his brother, and for abating, by this cruel and unmerited punishment, the power and pride of this great family. Crichton proposed to Livingston to join him in this meditated treachery; and, though enemies to each other, the guardian of the King and the Chancellor of the kingdom united in the vile project of cutting off two boys, whose age alone showed their innocence of the guilt charged upon them. For this purpose flattery and fair words were used to induce the young Earl, and his brother David, with some of their nearest friends, to come to court, where it was pretended that they would be suitable companions and intimates for the young King. An old adherent of the family greatly dissuaded the Earl from accepting this invitation, and exhorted him, if he went to Edinburgh in person, to leave at least his brother David behind him. But the unhappy youth, thinking that no treachery was intended, could not be diverted from the fatal journey.

The Chancellor Crichton received the Earl of Douglas and his brother on their journey, at his own castle of Crichton, and with the utmost appearance of hospitality and kindness. After remaining a day or two at this place, the two brothers were inveigled to Edinburgh Castle, and introduced to the young King, who, not knowing the further purpose of his

guardians, received them with affability, and seemed delighted with the prospect of enjoying their society.

On a sudden the scene began to change. At an entertainment which was served up to the Earl and his brother, the head of a black bull was placed on the table. The Douglases knew this, according to a custom which prevailed in Scotland, to be the sign of death, and leaped from the table in great dismay. But they were seized by armed men who entered the apartment. They underwent a mock trial, in which all the insolences of their ancestors were charged against them, and were condemned to immediate execution. The young King wept, and implored Livingston and Crichton to show mercy to the young noblemen, but in vain. These cruel men only reproved him for weeping at the death of those whom they called his enemies. The brothers were led out to the court of the castle, and beheaded without delay. Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, a faithful adherent of their house, shared the same fate.

This barbarous proceeding was as unwise as it was unjust. It did not reduce the power of the Douglases, but only raised general detestation against those who managed the affairs of James II. A fat, quiet, peaceable person, called James the Gross, indolent from habit of body and temper of mind, next became Earl of Douglas, which was probably the reason that no public commotion immediately attended on the murder of the hapless brothers. But this corpulent dignitary lived only two years, and was in his turn succeeded by his son William, who was as active and turbulent as any of his ambitious predecessors, and engaged in various civil broils for the purpose of revenging the death of his kinsmen.

James the Second, in the meanwhile, came to man's estate, and entered on the management of public affairs. He was a handsome man, but his countenance was marked on one side with a broad red spot, which gained him the surname of James with the Fiery Face. They might have called him James with the fiery temper, in like manner; for, with many good qualities, he had a hot and impetuous disposition, of which we shall presently see a remarkable instance.

William, who had succeeded to the earldom of Douglas, was enormously wealthy and powerful. The family had gradually added to their original patrimony the lordship of Galloway, the lordship of Bothwell, the dukedom of Touraine, and lordship

of Longueville, in France, the lordship of Annandale, and the earldom of Wigtown. So that, in personal wealth and power, the Earl of Douglas not only approached to, but greatly exceeded the King himself. The Douglases, however, though ambitious and unruly subjects in time of peace, were always gallant defenders of the liberties of Scotland during the time of war; and if they were sometimes formidable to their own sovereigns, they were not less so to their English enemies.

In 1448 war broke out betwixt England and Scotland, and the incursions on both sides became severe and destructive. The English, under young Percy, destroyed Dumfries, and in return, the Scots, led by Lord Balveny, the youngest brother of Douglas, burnt the town of Alnwick. The Lord Percy of Northumberland, with the Earl of Huntingdon, advanced into Scotland with an army, said by the French historians to amount to fifteen thousand men. The Earl of Douglas, to whom the King had intrusted the defence of the frontiers, met him with a much inferior force, defeated the invaders, and made their leaders prisoners.

Incensed at this defeat, the English assembled an army of fifty thousand men, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, who had under him a celebrated general, called Sir Magnus Redmain,[1] long governor of the town of Berwick; Sir John Pennington, ancestor of the family of Muncaster, and other leaders of high reputation. The task of encountering this mighty host fell upon Hugh, Earl of Ormond, brother also of the Earl of Douglas, who assembled an army of thirty thousand men, and marched to meet the invaders.

The English had entered the Scottish border, and advanced beyond the small river Sark, when the armies came in presence of each other. The English began the battle, as usual, with a fatal discharge of arrows. But William Wallace of Craigie, well worthy of the heroic name he bore, called out to the left wing of the Scots, which he commanded, "Why stand ye still, to be shot from a distance? Follow me, and we shall soon come to handstrokes." Accordingly, they rushed furiously against the right wing of the English, who, commanded by

[1] "He was remarkable by his long and red beard, and was therefore called by the English 'Magnus Red-beard,' and by the Scots in derision, 'Magnus with the red mane,' as though his beard had been a horse-mane." —GODSCROFT.

Sir Magnus Redmain, advanced boldly to meet them. They encountered with great fury, and both leaders fell, Magnus Redmain being slain on the spot, and the Knight of Craigie-Wallace mortally wounded. The English, disconcerted by the loss of their great champion, Magnus, at length gave way. The Scots pressed furiously upon them, and as the little river Sark, which the English had passed at low water, was now filled by the advancing tide, many of the fugitives lost their lives. The victory, together with the spoils of the field, remained in possession of the Scots. The Earl of Northumberland escaped with difficulty, through the gallantry of one of his sons, who was made prisoner in covering his father's retreat.

The King, much pleased with this victory, gave great praise to the Earl of Douglas, and continued to employ his services as lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

This martial family of Douglas were as remarkable for the address with which they sustained the honour of their country in the tournaments and military sports of the age as in the field of battle. In 1449 a grand combat took place betwixt three renowned champions of Flanders, namely, Jacques de Lalain, Simon de Lalain, and Hervé Meriadet, and three Scottish knights, namely, James, brother of the Earl of Douglas, another James Douglas, brother to the Lord of Lochleven, and Sir John Ross of Halket. They fought in the presence of the King at Stirling, with lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger. The Earl of Douglas himself attended his brother and kinsman with five thousand followers. The combat was to be waged to extremity; that is, the persons engaged were to kill each other if they could, although there was no personal enmity betwixt them, but, on the contrary, much mutual esteem and good-will. They only fought to show which of them was the bravest, and most skilful in the use of arms.

There was a space under the castle rock at Stirling which was used for such purposes. It was surrounded with a strong enclosure of wooden pales, and rich tents were pitched at each end for the convenience of the champions putting on their armour. Galleries were erected for the accommodation of the King and his nobles, while the ladies of the court in great numbers, and dressed as if for a theatre or ball-room, occupied a crag which commanded a view of the lists, still called the Ladies' Rock.

The combatants appeared at first in rich velvet dresses, and after having made their dutiful obeisances to the King, retired to their pavilions. They then sallied out in complete armour, and were knighted by the King. James Douglas and Jaques de Lalain rushed upon each other, and fought till all their weapons were broken, saving Douglas's dagger. The Flemish knight closing with his antagonist, and seizing his arm, Douglas could not strike, but they continued to wrestle fiercely together. The fight was also equal betwixt Simon de Lalain and Sir John Ross; they were neither of them skilful in warding blows, but struck at each other with great fury, till armour and weapons gave way, without either champion obtaining the advantage. James Douglas of Lochleven was less fortunate; Meriadet parried a thrust of the Scotsman's lance, and before Douglas could get his axe in hand, his antagonist struck him to the ground. Douglas, however, instantly sprung to his feet and renewed the conflict. But Meriadet, one of the most skilful and redoubted champions of his time, struck his antagonist a second time to the earth; and then, as the combat had become unequal, the King cast down his warder or truncheon, as a signal that the battle should cease. All the parties were highly praised for their valour, and nobly entertained by the King of Scotland.

Thus you see how gallantly the Douglases behaved themselves, both in war and in the military exercises of the time. It was unhappy for the country and themselves that their ambition and insubordination were at least equal to their courage and talents.

CHAPTER XXI

Reign of James II.—The Wars with the Douglases, and the King's Death

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VI. *France*: Charles VII.

1449—1460

WE mentioned that James II., in the early part of his reign, conferred on the Earl of Douglas the important post of lieu-

tenant-general of Scotland. But that ambitious nobleman was soon disposed to extend his authority to independent power, and the King found it necessary to take from him the dangerous office with which he had entrusted him. Douglas retired to his own castle meditating revenge; whilst the King, on the other hand, looked around him for some fitting opportunity of diminishing the power of so formidable a rival.

Douglas was not long of showing his total contempt of the King's authority, and his power of acting for himself. One of his friends and followers, named Auchinleck, had been slain by the Lord Colville. The criminal certainly deserved punishment, but it ought to have been inflicted by the regular magistrates of the crown, not by the arbitrary pleasure of a private baron, however great and powerful. Douglas, however, took up the matter as a wrong done to himself, and revenged it by his own authority. He marched a large body of his forces against the Lord Colville, stormed his castle, and put every person within it to death. The King was unable to avenge this insult to his authority.

In like manner, Douglas connived at and encouraged some of his followers in Annandale to ravage and plunder the lands of Sir John Herries, a person of that country, eminently attached to the King. Herries, a man of high spirit and considerable power, retaliated, by wasting the lands of those who had thus injured him. He was defeated and made prisoner by

1451. Douglas, who caused him to be executed, although the King sent a positive order, enjoining him to forbear any injury to Herries's person. Soon after this, another audacious transaction occurred in the murder of Sir John Sandilands of Calder, a kinsman of the King, by Sir Patrick Thornton, a dependent of the house of Douglas; along with them were slain two knights, Sir James and Sir Allan Stewart, both of whom enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of the sovereign.

But a still more flagrant breach of law, and violation of all

1452. respect to the King's authority, happened in the case of Maclellan, the tutor, or guardian of the young lord of Bomby, ancestor of the Earls of Kirkcudbright. This was one of the few men of consequence in Galloway, who, defying the threats of the Earl of Douglas, had refused to join with him against the King. The Earl, incensed at his opposition,

suddenly assaulted his castle, made him prisoner, and carried him to the strong fortress of Thrieve, in Galloway, situated on an island in the river Dee. The King took a particular interest in Maclellan's fate, the rather that he was petitioned to interfere in his favour by a personal favourite of his own. This was Sir Patrick Gray, the commander of the royal guard, a gentleman much in James's confidence, and constantly attending on his person, and who was Maclellan's near relative, being his uncle on the mother's side. In order to prevent Maclellan from sharing the fate of Colville and Herries, the King wrote a letter to the Earl of Douglas, entreating as a favour, rather than urging as a command, that he would deliver the person of the Tutor of Bomby, as Maclellan was usually entitled, into the hands of his relative, Sir Patrick Gray.

Sir Patrick himself went with the letter to the castle of Thrieve. Douglas received him just as he had arisen from dinner, and, with much apparent civility, declined to speak with Gray, on the occasion of his coming, until Sir Patrick also had dined, saying, "It was ill talking between a full man and a fasting." But this courtesy was only a pretence to gain time to do a very cruel and lawless action. Guessing that Sir Patrick Gray's visit respected the life of Maclellan, he resolved to hasten his execution before opening the King's letter. Thus, while he was feasting Sir Patrick with every appearance of hospitality, he caused his unhappy kinsman to be led out, and beheaded in the court-yard of the castle.

When dinner was over, Gray presented the King's letter, which Douglas received and read over with every testimony of profound respect. He then thanked Sir Patrick for the trouble he had taken in bringing him so gracious a letter from his sovereign, especially considering he was not at present on good terms with his Majesty. "And," he added, the King's demand shall instantly be granted, the rather for your sake." The Earl then took Sir Patrick by the hand, and led him to the castle yard, where the body of Maclellan was still lying.

"Sir Patrick," said he, as his servants removed the bloody cloth which covered the body, "you have come a little too late. There lies your sister's son—but he wants the head. The body is, however, at your service."

"My lord," said Gray, suppressing his indignation, "if you have taken his head, you may dispose of the body as you will."

But, when he had mounted his horse, which he instantly called for, his resentment broke out, in spite of the dangerous situation in which he was placed :—

"My lord," said he, "if I live, you shall bitterly pay for this day's work."

So saying, he turned his horse and galloped off.

"To horse, and chase him!" said Douglas; and if Gray had not been well mounted, he would, in all probability, have shared the fate of his nephew. He was closely pursued till near Edinburgh, a space of fifty or sixty miles.

Besides these daring and open instances of contempt of the King's authority, Douglas entered into such alliances as plainly showed his determination to destroy entirely the royal government. He formed a league with the Earl of Crawford, called Earl Beardie, and sometimes, from the ferocity of his temper, the Tiger-Earl, who had great power in the counties of Angus, Perth, and Kincardine, and with the Earl of Ross, who possessed extensive and almost royal authority in the north of Scotland, by which these three powerful earls agreed that they should take each other's part in every quarrel, and against every man, the King himself not excepted.

James then plainly saw that some strong measures must be taken, yet it was not easy to determine what was to be done. The league between the three earls enabled them, if open war was attempted, to assemble a force superior to that of the crown. The King, therefore, dissembled his resentment, and, under pretext of desiring an amicable conference and reconciliation, requested Douglas to come to the royal court at Stirling. The haughty Earl hesitated not to accept of this invitation, but before he actually did so, he demanded and obtained a protection, or safe conduct, under the great seal, pledging the King's promise that he should be permitted to come to the court and to return in safety. And the Earl was more confirmed in his purpose of waiting on the King, because he was given to understand that the Chancellor Crichton had retired from court in some disgrace; so that he imagined himself secure from the plots of that great enemy of his family.

January 1452.

Thus protected, as he thought, against personal danger, Douglas came to Stirling in the end of February 1452, where he found the King lodged in the castle of that place, which is

situated upon a rock rising abruptly from the plain, at the upper end of the town, and only accessible by one gate, which is strongly defended. The numerous followers of Douglas were quartered in the town, but the Earl himself was admitted into the castle. One of his nearest confidents and most powerful allies, was James Hamilton of Cadyow, the head of the great house of Hamilton. This gentleman pressed forward to follow Douglas, as he entered the gate. But Livingston, who was in the castle with the King, thrust back Hamilton, who was his near relation, and struck him upon the face; and when Hamilton, greatly incensed, rushed on him, sword in hand, he repulsed him with a long lance, till the gates were shut against him. Sir James Hamilton was very angry at this usage at the time, but afterwards knew that Livingston acted a friendly part in excluding him from the danger into which Douglas was throwing himself.

The King received Douglas kindly, and, after some amicable expostulation with him upon his late conduct, all seemed friendship and cordiality betwixt James and his too-powerful subject. By invitation of James, Douglas dined with him on the day following. Supper was presented at seven o'clock, and after it was over, the King having led Douglas into another apartment, where only some of the privy council and of his bodyguard were in attendance, he introduced the subject of the Earl's bond with Ross and Crawford, and exhorted him to give up the engagement, as inconsistent with his allegiance and the quiet of the kingdom. Douglas declined to relinquish the treaty which he had formed. The King urged him more imperiously, and the Earl returned a haughty and positive refusal, upbraiding the King, at the same time, with mal-administration of the public affairs. Then the King burst into a rage at his obstinacy, and exclaimed, "By Heaven, my lord, if *you* will not break the league, *this* shall." So saying, he stabbed the Earl with his dagger first in the throat, and instantly after in the lower part of the body. Sir Patrick Gray, who had sworn revenge on Douglas for the execution of Macllellan, then struck the Earl on the head with a battle-axe; and others of the King's retinue showed their zeal by stabbing at the dying man with their knives and daggers. He expired without uttering a word, covered with twenty-six wounds. The corpse did not receive any Christian burial. At least,

about forty years since a skeleton was found buried in the garden, just below the fatal window, which was, with much probability, conjectured to be the remains of the Earl of Douglas, who died thus strangely and unhappily by the hand of his sovereign.

This was a wicked and cruel action on the King's part; bad if it were done in hasty passion, and yet worse if James meditated the possibility of this violence from the beginning, and had determined to use force if Douglas should not yield to persuasion. The Earl had deserved punishment, perhaps even that of death, for many crimes against the state; but the King ought not to have slain him without form of trial, and in his own chamber, after decoying him thither under assurance that his person should be safe. Yet this assassination, like that of the Red Comyn at Dumfries, turned to the good of Scotland; for God, my dearest child, who is often pleased to bring good out of the follies and even the crimes of men rendered the death of Comyn the road to the freedom of Scotland, and that of this ambitious earl the cause of the downfall of the Douglas family, which had become too powerful for the peace of the kingdom.

The scene, however, opened very differently from the manner in which it was to end. There were in the town of Stirling four brethren of the murdered Douglas, who had come to wait on him to court. Upon hearing that their elder brother had died in the manner I have told you, they immediately acknowledged James, the eldest of the four, as his successor in the earldom. They then hastened each to the county where he had interest (for they were all great lords), and, collecting their friends and vassals, they returned to Stirling, dragging the safe-conduct, or passport, which had been granted to the Earl of Douglas, at the tail of a miserable cart-jade, in order to show their contempt for the King. They next, with the sound of five hundred horns and trumpets, proclaimed King James a false and perjured man. Afterwards they pillaged the town of Stirling, and, not thinking that enough, they sent back Hamilton of Cadyow to burn it to the ground. But the strength of the castle defied all their efforts; and after this bravado, the Douglases dispersed themselves to assemble a still larger body of forces.

So many great barons were engaged in alliance with the

house of Douglas, that it is said to have been a question in the King's mind whether he should abide the conflict or fly to France, and leave the throne to the Earl. At this moment of extreme need James found a trusty counsellor in his cousin-german, Kennedy, Archbishop of St. Andrews, one of the wisest men of his time. The archbishop showed his advice in a sort of emblem or parable. He gave the King a bunch of arrows tied together with a thong of leather, and asked him to break them. The King said it was beyond his strength. "That may be the case, bound together as they are," replied the archbishop; "but if you undo the strap, and take the arrows one by one, you may easily break them all in succession. And thus, my liege, you ought in wisdom to deal with the insurgent nobility. If you attack them while they are united in one mind and purpose, they will be too strong for you; but if you can, by dealing with them separately, prevail on them to abandon their union, you may as easily master them one after the other, as you can break these arrows if you take each singly."

Acting upon this principle, the King made private representations to several of the nobility, to whom his agents found access, showing them that the rebellion of the Douglases would, if successful, render that family superior to all others in Scotland, and sink the rest of the peers into men of little consequence. Large gifts of lands, treasures, and honours, were liberally promised to those who, in this moment of extremity, should desert the Douglases and join the King's party. These large promises, and the secret dread of the great predominance of the Douglas family, drew to the King's side many of the nobles who had hitherto wavered betwixt their allegiance and their fear of the Earl.

Among these, the most distinguished was the Earl of Angus, who, although himself a Douglas, being a younger branch of that family, joined on this memorable occasion with the King against his kinsman, and gave rise to the saying that, "the Red Douglas (such was the complexion of the Angus family) had put down the black."

The great family of Gordon also declaring for the King, their chief, the Earl of Huntly, collected an army in the north, and marched south as far as Brechin to support the royal authority. Here he was encountered by the Tiger-Earl of Crawford, who had taken arms for the Douglas party, according

to the fatal bond which had cost the Earl William his life. One of the chief leaders in Crawford's army was John Collasse of Bonnymoon (or Balnamoon), who commanded a gallant body of men, armed with bills and battle-axes, on whom the Earl greatly relied. But before the action, this John Collasse had asked Crawford to grant him certain lands, that lay convenient for him, and near his house, which the Earl refused to do. Collasse, incensed at the refusal, took an opportunity, when the battle was at the closest, to withdraw from the conflict; upon which Crawford's men, who had been on the point of gaining the victory, lost heart, and were defeated.

18th May 1452. Other battles were fought in different parts of Scotland between the Douglases and their allies, and those noblemen and gentlemen who favoured the King. Much blood was spilt, and great mischief done to the country. Among other instances of the desolation of these civil wars, the Earl of Huntly burned one half of the town of Elgin, being that part which inclined to the Douglases, while he left standing the opposite part of the same street, which was inhabited by citizens attached to his own family. Hence the proverb, when a thing is imperfectly finished, that it is "Half done, as Elgin was burned."

Huntly, however, was afterwards surprised, and lost a considerable number of his followers in a morass, called Dunkinty, where they were attacked by Douglas, Earl of Murray. This gave rise to a jeering song, which ran thus:—

"Where did you leave your men,
Thou Gordon so gay?
In the bog of Dunkinty,
Mowing the hay."

In this period of calamity, famine and pestilence came to add to the desolation of the country, wasted by a civil war, which occasioned skirmishes, conflagrations, and slaughters, almost in every province of Scotland.

The royal party at length began to gain ground; for the Earl of Douglas seems to have been a man of less action and decision than was usual with those of his name and family.

The Earl of Crawford was one of those who first deserted him, and applied to the King for forgiveness and restoration to favour. He appeared before James in the most humble guise,

in poor apparel, bareheaded and barefooted, like a condemned criminal; and throwing himself at the King's feet, he confessed his treasons, and entreated the royal mercy, on account of the loyalty of his ancestors and the sincerity of his repentance. The King, though he had many subjects of complaint against this powerful lord, and notwithstanding he had made a vow to destroy the Earl's castle of Finhaven, and to make the highest stone the lowest, nevertheless granted him a full pardon, and made him a visit at Finhaven, where he accomplished his vow, by getting to the top of the battlements, and throwing a small stone, which was lying loose there, down into the moat; thus, in one sense, making the highest stone in the house the lowest, though not by the demolition of the place. By this clemency the minds of the hostile nobles were conciliated, and many began to enter into terms of submission.

But the power of the Douglases remained still so great that there appeared little hope of the struggle being ended without a desperate battle. At length such an event seemed near approaching. The Earls of Orkney and Angus, acting for the King, had besieged Abercorn, a strong castle on the Firth of Forth, belonging to the Earl of Douglas. Douglas collected the whole strength which his family and allies could raise, amounting, it is said, to nearly forty thousand men, with which he advanced to raise the siege. The King, on the other hand, having assembled the whole forces of the north of Scotland, marched to meet him, at the head of an army somewhat superior in numbers to that of the Earl, but inferior in military discipline. Thus everything seemed to render a combat inevitable, the issue of which must have shown whether James Stewart or James Douglas was to wear the crown of Scotland. The small river of Carron divided the two armies. 1454.

But the intrigues of the Archbishop of St. Andrews had made a powerful impression upon many of the nobles who acted with Douglas, and there was a party among his followers who obeyed him more from fear than affection. Others, seeing a certain degree of hesitation in the Earl's resolutions, and a want of decision in his actions, began to doubt whether he was a leader fit to conduct so perilous an enterprise. Amongst these last was Sir James Hamilton of Cadyow, already mentioned, who commanded in Douglas's army three hundred

horse, and as many infantry, all men of tried discipline and courage. The Archbishop Kennedy was Hamilton's kinsman, and took advantage of their relationship to send a secret messenger to inform him that the King was well disposed to pardon his rebellion, and to show him great favour, provided that he would, at that critical moment, set an example to the insurgent nobility by renouncing the cause of Douglas, and returning to the King's obedience. These arguments made considerable impression on Hamilton, who, nevertheless, having been long the follower of the Earl, was loath to desert his old friend in such an extremity.

On the next morning after this secret conference, the King sent a herald to the camp of Douglas, charging the Earl to disperse his followers, on pain that he and his accomplices should be proclaimed traitors, but at the same time promising forgiveness and rewards to all who should leave his standard. Douglas made a mock of this summons; and sounding his trumpets, and placing his men in order, marched stoutly forward to encounter the King's army, who on their side left their camp and advanced with displayed banners, as if to instant battle. It seems, however, that the message of the herald had made some impression on the followers of Douglas, and perhaps on the Earl himself, by rendering him doubtful of their adherence. He saw, or thought he saw, that his troops were discouraged, and led them back into his camp, hoping to inspire them with more confidence and zeal. But the movement had a different effect; for no sooner had the Earl returned to his tent, than Sir James Hamilton came to expostulate with him, and to require him to say, whether he meant to fight or not, assuring him that every delay was in favour of the King, and that the longer the Earl put off the day of battle, the fewer men he would have to fight it with. Douglas answered contemptuously to Hamilton, "That if he was afraid to stay, he was welcome to go home." Hamilton took the Earl at his word, and, leaving the camp of Douglas, went over to the King that very night.

The example was so generally followed, that the army of Douglas seemed suddenly to disperse, like a dissolving snowball; and in the morning not a hundred men were left in his silent and deserted camp, excepting his own immediate dependents. He was obliged to fly to the West Border, where

his brothers and followers sustained a severe defeat from the Scotts and other Borderers, near a place called Arkinholme, in the valley of Esk. Archibald Douglas, Earl of Murray, one of the Earl's brothers, falling in this battle, his head was cut off, and sent to the King, then before Abercorn; another, Hugh, Earl of Ormond, was wounded and made prisoner, and immediately executed, notwithstanding his services at the battle of Sark. John, Lord Balvenie, the third brother, escaped into England, where the Earl also found a retreat. Thus the power of this great and predominant family, which seemed to stand so fair for possessing the crown, fell at length without any decisive struggle; and their greatness, which had been founded upon the loyalty and bravery of the Good Lord James, was destroyed by the rebellious and wavering conduct of the last earl. 1st May 1455.

That unfortunate nobleman remained nearly twenty years in England a banished man, and was almost forgotten in his own country, until the subsequent reign, when, in 1484, he was defeated and made prisoner, in a small incursion which he had attempted to make upon the frontiers of Annandale. He surrendered to a brother of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who, in the Earl's better days, had been his own vassal, and who shed tears at seeing his old master in such a lamentable situation. Kirkpatrick even proposed to set him at liberty, and fly with him into England; but Douglas rejected this offer. "I am tired," he said, "of exile; and as there is a reward offered by the King for my head, I had rather it were conferred on you, who were always faithful to me while I was faithful to myself, than on any one else." Kirkpatrick, however, acted kindly and generously. He secured the Earl in some secret abode, and did not deliver him up to the King until he had a promise of his life. Douglas was then ordained to be put into the abbey of Lindores, to which sentence he submitted calmly, only using a popular proverb, "He that cannot do better must be a monk." He lived in that convent only for four years, and with him, as the last of his family, expired the principal branch of those tremendous Earls of Douglas.

Other Scottish families arose upon the ruins of this mighty house, in consequence of the distribution made of their immense forfeited estates, to those who had assisted the King in suppressing their power. Amongst these the Earl of Angus,

who, although kinsman to the Earl of Douglas, by siding with the King, received by far the greater share; to an amount, indeed, which enabled this shoot, as we shall see, to pursue the same ambitious course as that of their kinsfolk of the elder branch, although they neither rose to such high elevation, nor sunk into the same irreparable ruin, which was the lot of the original family.

Hamilton also rose into power on the fall of the Douglas. His opportune desertion of his kinsman at Abercorn was accounted good service, and was rewarded with large grants of land, and at last with the hand of the King's eldest daughter in marriage.

Sir Walter Scott of Kirkurd and Buccleuch likewise obtained great gifts of land for his clan's service and his own, at the battle of Arkinholme, and began that course of greatness which raised his family to the ducal dignity.

Such, my dear child, is the course of the world, in which the downfall of one great man or family is the means of advancing others; as a falling tree throws its seed upon the ground, and causes young plants to arise in its room.

The English did not make much war upon Scotland during this reign, being engaged at home with their dreadful civil quarrels of York and Lancaster. For the same reason, perhaps, the Scots had the advantage in such actions as took place.

Relieved from the rivalship of the Douglas, and from the pressure of constant war with England, James II. governed Scotland firmly. The kingdom enjoyed considerable tranquillity during the remainder of his reign; and his last Parliament was able to recommend to him the regular and firm execution of the laws, as to a prince who possessed the full means of discharging his kingly office, without resistance from evil doers or infringers of justice. This was in 1458. But only two years afterwards all these fair hopes were blighted.

The strong Border castle of Roxburgh had remained in the hands of the English ever since the fatal battle of Durham. The King was determined to recover this bulwark of the kingdom. Breaking through a truce which existed with England at the time, James summoned together the full force of his kingdom to accomplish this great enterprise. The nobles attended in numbers, and well accompanied, at the summons

of a prince who was always respected, and generally successful in his military undertakings. Even Donald of the Isles proved himself a loyal and submissive vassal; and while he came with a force which showed his great authority, he placed it submissively at the disposal of his sovereign. His men were arrayed in the Highland fashion, with shirts of mail, two-handed swords, axes, and bows and arrows; and Donald offered, when the Scots should enter England, that he would march a mile in front of the King's host, and take upon himself the danger of the first onset. But James's first object was the siege of Roxburgh.

This strong castle was situated on an eminence near the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot; the waters of the Teviot, raised by a damhead or weir, flowed round the fortress, and its walls were as strong as the engineers of the time could raise. On former occasions it had been taken by stratagem, but James was now to proceed by a regular siege.

With this purpose he established a battery of such large clumsy cannon as were constructed at that time, upon the north side of the river Tweed. The siege had lasted some time, and the army began to be weary of the undertaking, when they received new spirit from the arrival of the Earl of Huntly with a gallant body of fresh troops. The King, out of joy at these succours, commanded his artillery to fire a volley upon the castle, and stood near the cannon himself, to mark the effect of the shot. The great guns of that period were awkwardly framed out of bars of iron, fastened together by hoops of the same metal, somewhat in the same manner in which barrels are now made. They were, therefore, far more liable to accidents than modern cannon, which are cast in one entire solid piece, and then bored hollow by a machine. One of these ill-made guns burst in going off. A fragment of iron broke James's thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. Another splinter wounded the Earl of Angus. No other person sustained injury, though many stood around. Thus died James the Second of Scotland, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, after reigning twenty-four years. 3d August 1460.

This King did not possess the elegant accomplishments of his father; and the manner in which he slew the Earl of Douglas must be admitted as a stain upon his reputation.

Yet he was, upon the whole, a good prince, and was greatly lamented by his subjects. A thorn-tree, in the Duke of Roxburghe's park at Fleurs, still shows the spot where he died.

CHAPTER XXII

Reign of James III.—The Boyds—Execution of the King's Favourites—The Homes and Hepburns—Murder of the King.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII. *France*: Charles VII., Louis XI., Charles VIII.

1460—1488

UPON the lamentable death of James II., the army which lay before Roxburgh was greatly discouraged, and seemed about to raise the siege. But Mary, the widow of their slain monarch, appeared in their council of war, leading her eldest son, a child of eight years old, who was the successor to the crown, and spoke to them these gallant words: "Fy, my noble lords! think not now shamefully to give up an enterprise which is so bravely begun, or to abandon the revenge of this unhappy accident which has befallen before this ill-omened castle. Forward, my brave lords, and persevere in your undertaking; and never turn your backs till this siege is victoriously ended. Let it not be said that such brave champions needed to hear from a woman, and a widowed one, the courageous advice and comfort which she ought rather to receive from you!" The Scottish nobles received this heroic address with shouts of applause, and persevered in the siege of Roxburgh Castle, until the garrison, receiving no relief, were obliged to surrender the place through famine. The governor is stated to have been put to death, and in the animosity of the Scots against everything concerned with the death of their King, they levelled the walls of the castle with the ground, and returned victorious from an enterprise which had cost them so dear.

The minority of James III. was more prosperous than that of his father and grandfather. The affairs of state were guided by the experienced wisdom of Bishop Kennedy. Roxburgh was, as we have said, taken and destroyed. Berwick, during

the dissensions of the civil wars of England, was surrendered to the Scots; and the dominions of the islands of Orkney and Zetland, which had hitherto belonged to the Kings of Norway, were acquired as the marriage portion of a Princess of Denmark and Norway, who was united in marriage to the King of Scotland.

These favourable circumstances were first interrupted by the death of Archbishop Kennedy; after which event one family, that of the Boyds, started into such a degree of temporary power as seemed to threaten the public tranquillity. The tutor of James III. was Gilbert Kennedy, a wise and grave man, who continued to regulate the studies of the King after the death of his brother the prelate, but unadvisedly called in to his assistance Sir Alexander, the brother of Lord Boyd, as one who was younger and fitter than himself to teach James military exercises. By means of this appointment, Sir Alexander, his brother Lord Boyd, and two of his sons, became so intimate with the King that they resolved to take him from under the management of Kennedy entirely. The court was then residing at Linlithgow, and the King, while abroad on a hunting party, was persuaded to direct his horse's head to Edinburgh, instead of returning. Kennedy, the tutor, hastened to oppose the King's desire, and seizing his horse by the bridle, wished to lead him back to Linlithgow. Alexander Boyd rushed forward, and striking with a hunting-staff the old man, who had deserved better usage at his hand, forced him to quit the King's rein, and accomplished his purpose of carrying James to Edinburgh, where he entered upon the administration of affairs, and having granted a solemn pardon to the Boyds for whatever violence had occurred in their proceedings, he employed them for a time as his chief ministers and favourites. Sir Thomas, one of Lord Boyd's sons, was honoured with the hand of the Princess Margaret, the King's eldest sister, and was created Earl of Arran. He deserved even this elevation by his personal accomplishments, if he approached the character given of him by an English gentleman. He is described as "the most courteous, gentle, wise, kind, companionable, and bounteous Earl of Arran;"—and again, as "a light, able-bodied, well-spoken man, a goodly archer, and a knight most devout, most perfect, and most true to his lady."

10th May 1466.

Notwithstanding the new Earl of Arran's accomplishments,

the sudden rise of his family was followed by as sudden a fall. The King, either resenting the use which the Boyds had made of his favour, or changing his opinion of them from other causes, suddenly deprived the whole family of their offices, and caused them to be tried for the violence committed at Linlithgow, notwithstanding the pardon which he himself had granted. Sir Alexander Boyd was condemned and executed. Lord Boyd and his sons escaped, and died in exile. After the death of Sir Thomas (the Earl of Arran), the Princess Margaret was married to the Lord Hamilton, to whom she carried the estate and title of Arran.

It was after the fall of the Boyds that the King came to administer the government in person, and that the defects of his character began to appear. He was timorous, a great failing in a warlike age; and his cowardice made him suspicious of his nobility, and particularly of his two brothers. He was fond of money, and therefore did not use that generosity towards his powerful subjects which was necessary to secure their attachment; but, on the contrary, endeavoured to increase his private hoards of wealth by encroaching upon the rights both of clergy and laity, and thus made himself at once hated and contemptible. He was a lover of the fine arts, as they are called, of music and architecture; a disposition graceful in a monarch, if exhibited with due regard to his dignity. But he made architects and musicians his principal companions, excluding his nobility from the personal familiarity to which he admitted those whom the haughty barons of Scotland termed masons and fiddlers. Cochran, an architect, Rogers, a musician, Leonard, a smith, Hommel, a tailor, and Torphichen, a fencing-master, were his counsellers and companions. These habits of low society excited the hatred of the nobility, who began to make comparisons betwixt the King and his two brothers, the Dukes of Albany and Mar, greatly to the disadvantage of James.

These younger sons of James the Second were of appearance and manners such as were then thought most suited to their royal birth. This is the description of the Duke of Albany by an ancient Scottish author: He was well proportioned, and tall in stature, and comely in his countenance; that is to say, broad-faced, red-nosed, large-eared, and having a very awful countenance when it pleased him to speak with those

who had displeased him. Mar was of a less stern temper, and gave great satisfaction to all who approached his person, by the mildness and gentleness of his manners. Both princes excelled in the military exercises of tilting, hunting, hawking, and other personal accomplishments, for which their brother, the King, was unfit, by taste, or from timidity, although they were in those times reckoned indispensable to a man of rank.

Perhaps some excuse for the King's fears may be found in the turbulent disposition of the Scottish nobles, who, like the Douglases and Boyds, often nourished schemes of ambition, which they endeavoured to gratify by exercising a control over the King's person. The following incident may serve to amuse you, among so many melancholy tales, and at the same time to show you the manners of the Scottish kings, and the fears which James entertained for the enterprises of the nobility.

About the year 1474 Lord Somerville being in attendance upon the King's court, James III. offered to come and visit him at his castle of Cowthally, near the town of Carnwath, where he then lived in all the rude hospitality of the time, for which this nobleman was peculiarly remarkable. It was his custom, when, being from home, he intended to return to the castle with a party of guests, merely to write the words, *Speates and raxes;* that is, spits and ranges; meaning by this hint that there should be a great quantity of food prepared, and that the spits and ranges, or framework on which they turn, should be put into employment. Even the visit of the King himself did not induce Lord Somerville to send any other than his usual intimation; only he repeated it three times, and despatched it to his castle by a special messenger. The paper was delivered to the Lady Somerville, who, having been lately married, was not quite accustomed to read her husband's handwriting, which probably was not very good; for in those times noblemen used the sword more than the pen. So the lady sent for the steward, and, after laying their heads together, instead of reading *Speates and raxes, speates and raxes, speates and raxes;* they made out the writing to be *Spears and jacks, spears and jacks, spears and jacks.* Jacks were a sort of leathern doublet, covered with plates of iron, worn as armour by horsemen of inferior rank. They concluded the meaning of these terrible words to be, that Lord Somerville

was in some distress, or engaged in some quarrel in Edinburgh, and wanted assistance; so that, instead of killing cattle and preparing for a feast, they collected armed men together, and got ready for a fray. A party of two hundred horsemen were speedily assembled, and were trotting over the moors towards Edinburgh, when they observed a large company of gentlemen employed in the sport of hawking, on the side of Corsett-hill. This was the King and Lord Somerville, who were on their road to Cowthally, taking their sport as they went along. The appearance of a numerous body of armed men soon turned their game to earnest; and the King, who saw the Lord Somerville's banner at the head of the troop, concluded it was some rebellious enterprise against his person, and charged the baron with treason. Lord Somerville declared his innocence. "Yonder," said he, "are indeed my men and my banner, but I have no knowledge whatever of the cause that has brought them here. But if your grace will permit me to ride forward, I will soon see the cause of this disturbance. In the meantime, let my eldest son and heir remain as an hostage in your grace's power, and let him lose his head if I prove false to my duty." The King accordingly permitted Lord Somerville to ride towards his followers, when the matter was soon explained by those who commanded them. The mistake was then only subject of merriment; for the King, looking at the letter, protested he himself would have read it *Spears and jacks*, rather than *Speates and raxes*. When they came to Cowthally the lady was much out of countenance at the mistake. But the King greatly praised her for the despatch which she had used in raising men to assist her husband, and said he hoped she would always have as brave a band at his service when the King and kingdom required them. And thus everything went happily off.

It was natural that a prince of a timid, and at the same time a severe disposition, such as James III. seems to have had, should see with anxiety the hold which his brothers possessed over the hearts of his subjects; and the insinuations of the unworthy familiars of his private hours turned that anxiety and suspicion into deadly and implacable hatred. Various causes combined to induce the mean and obscure favourites of James to sow enmity betwixt him and his brothers. The Homes and Hepburns, families which had risen into additional power after

the fall of the Douglases, had several private disputes with Albany concerning privileges and property belonging to the earldom of March, which had been conferred on him by his father. Albany was also Lord Warden of the east frontiers, and in that capacity had restrained and disobliged those powerful clans. To be revenged, they made interest with Robert Cochran, the King's principal adviser, and gave him, it is said, large bribes to put Albany out of credit with the King. Cochran's own interest suggested the same vile course; for he must have been sensible that Albany and Mar disapproved of the King's intimacy with him and his companions.

These unworthy favourites, therefore, set themselves to fill the King's mind with apprehensions of dangers which were to arise to him from his brothers. They informed him that the Earl of Mar had consulted witches when and how the King should die, and that it had been answered that he should fall by means of his nearest relations. They brought to James also an astrologer, that is, a man who pretended to calculate future events by the motion of the stars, who told him that in Scotland a Lion should be killed by his own whelps. All these things wrought on the jealous and timid disposition of the King, so that he seized upon both his brethren. Albany was imprisoned in the castle of Edinburgh, but Mar's fate was instantly decided; the King caused him to be murdered by stifling him in a bath, or, as other historians say, by causing him to be bled to death. James committed this horrid crime in order to avoid dangers which were in a great measure imaginary; but we shall find that the death of his brother Mar rather endangered than added to his safety.

Albany was in danger of the same fate, but some of his friends in France or Scotland had formed a plan of rescuing him. A small sloop came into the roadstead of Leith, loaded with wine of Gascony, and two small barrels were sent up as a present to the imprisoned prince. The guard having suffered the casks to be carried to Albany's chamber, the duke, examining them in private, found that one of them contained a roll of wax, enclosing a letter, exhorting him to make his escape, and promising that the little vessel which brought the wine should be ready to receive him if he could gain the waterside. The letter conjured him to be speedy, as there was a purpose to behead him on the day following. A coil of ropes was also

enclosed in the same cask, in order to enable him to effect his descent from the castle wall, and the precipice upon which it is built. There was a faithful attendant, his chamberlain, imprisoned with him in the same apartment, who promised to assist his master in this perilous undertaking. The first point was to secure the captain of the guard; for which purpose Albany invited that officer to sup with him, in order, as the Duke pretended, to taste the good wine which had been presented to him in the two casks. The captain accordingly, having placed his watches where he thought there was danger, came to the Duke's chamber, attended by three of his soldiers, and partook of a collation. After supper, the Duke engaged him in playing at tables and dice, until the captain, seated beside a hot fire, and plied with wine by the chamberlain, began to grow drowsy, as did his attendants, on whom the liquor had not been spared. Then the Duke of Albany, a strong man and desperate, leapt from the table and stabbed the captain with a whinger or dagger, so that he died on the spot. The like he did to two of the captain's men, and the chamberlain despatched the other, and threw their bodies on the fire. This was the more easily accomplished that the soldiers were intoxicated and stupefied. They then took the keys from the captain's pocket, and, getting out upon the walls, chose a retired corner, out of the watchman's sight, to make their perilous descent. The chamberlain tried to go down the rope first, but it was too short, so that he fell and broke his thigh-bone. He then called to his master to make the rope longer. Albany returned to his apartment, and took the sheets from the bed, with which he lengthened the rope, so that he descended the precipice in safety. He then got his chamberlain on his back, and conveyed him to a place of security, where he might remain concealed
1479. till his hurt was cured, and went himself to the sea-side, when, upon the appointed signal, a boat came ashore and took him off to the vessel, in which he sailed for France.

During the night, the guards, who knew that their officer was in the Duke's apartment with three men, could not but suppose that all was safe; but when daylight showed them the rope hanging from the walls, they became alarmed, and hastened to the Duke's lodgings. Here they found the body of one man stretched near the door, and the corpses of the captain and other two lying upon the fire. The King was

much surprised at so strange an escape, and would give no credit to it till he had examined the place with his own eyes.

The death of Mar, and the flight of Albany, increased the insolence of King James's unworthy favourites. Robert Cochran, the mason, rose into great power, and as every man's petition to the King came through his hands, and he expected and received bribes to give his countenance, he amassed so much wealth, that he was able in his turn to bribe the King to confer on him the earldom of Mar, with the lands and revenues of the deceased prince. All men were filled with indignation to see the inheritance of the murdered earl, the son of the King of Scotland, conferred upon a mean upstart, like this Cochran. This unworthy favourite was guilty of another piece of mal-administration, by mixing the silver coin of the kingdom with brass and lead, and thereby decreasing its real value, while orders were given by proclamation to take it at the same rate as if it were composed of pure silver. The people refused to sell their corn and other commodities for this debased coin, which introduced great distress, confusion, and scarcity. Some one told Cochran, that this money should be called in, and good coin issued in its stead; but he was so confident of the currency of the Cochran-placks, as the people called them, that he said,—"The day I am hanged they may be called in; not sooner." This speech, which he made in jest, proved true in reality.

In the year 1482 the disputes with England had come to a great height, and Edward IV. made preparations to invade Scotland, principally in the hope of recovering the town of Berwick. He invited the Duke of Albany from France to join him in this undertaking, promising to place him on the Scottish throne instead of his brother. This was held out in order to take advantage of the unpopularity of King James, and the general disposition which manifested itself in Scotland in favour of Albany.

But, however discontented with their sovereign, the Scottish nation showed themselves in no way disposed to receive another king from the hands of the English. The Parliament assembled, and unanimously determined on war against Edward the Robber, for so they termed the King of England. To support this violent language, James ordered the whole array of the kingdom, that is, all the men who were bound to dis-

charge military service, to assemble at the Borough-moor of Edinburgh, from whence they marched to Lauder, and encamped between the river Leader and the town, to the amount of fifty thousand men. But the great barons, who had there assembled with their followers, were less disposed to advance against the English than to correct the abuses of King James's administration.

Many of the nobility and barons held a secret council in the church of Lauder, where they enlarged upon the evils which Scotland sustained through the insolence and corruption of Cochran and his associates. While they were thus declaiming, Lord Gray requested their attention to a fable. "The mice," he said, "being much annoyed by the persecution of the cat, resolved that a bell should be hung about puss's neck, to give notice when she was coming. But though the measure was agreed to in full council, it could not be carried into effect, because no mouse had courage enough to undertake to tie the bell to the neck of the formidable enemy." This was as much as to intimate his opinion, that though the discontented nobles might make bold resolutions against the King's ministers, yet it would be difficult to find any one courageous enough to act upon them.

Archibald, Earl of Angus, a man of gigantic strength and intrepid courage, and head of that second family of Douglas whom I before mentioned, started up when Gray had done speaking. "I am he," he said, "who will bell the cat;" from which expression he was distinguished by the name of Bell-the-Cat to his dying day.

While thus engaged, a loud authoritative knocking was heard at the door of the church. This announced the arrival of Cochran, attended by a guard of three hundred men, attached to his own person, and all gaily dressed in his livery of white, with black facings, and armed with partisans. His own personal appearance corresponded with this magnificent attendance. He was attired in a riding suit of black velvet, and had round his neck a fine chain of gold, whilst a bugle-horn, tipped and mounted with gold, hung down by his side. His helmet was borne before him, richly inlaid with the same precious metal; even his tent and tent-cords were of silk, instead of ordinary materials. In this gallant guise, having learned there was some council holding among the nobility, he came to see

what they were doing, and it was with this purpose that he knocked furiously at the door of the church. Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, who had the charge of watching the door, demanded who was there. When Cochran answered, "The Earl of Mar," the nobles greatly rejoiced at hearing he was come, to deliver himself, as it were, into their hands.

As Cochran entered the church, Angus, to make good his promise to bell the cat, met him, and rudely pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying, "A halter would better become him." Sir Robert Douglas, at the same time, snatched away his bugle-horn, saying, "Thou hast been a hunter of mischief too long."

"Is this jest or earnest, my lords?" said Cochran, more astonished than alarmed at this rude reception.

"It is sad earnest," said they, "and that thou and thy accomplices shall feel; for you have abused the King's favour towards you, and now you shall have your reward according to your deserts."

It does not appear that Cochran or his guards offered any resistance. A part of the nobility went next to the King's pavilion, and, while some engaged him in conversation, others seized upon Leonard, Hommel, Torphichen, and the rest, with Preston, one of the only two gentlemen amongst King James's minions, and hastily condemned them to instant death, as having misled the King, and misgoverned the kingdom. The only person who escaped was John Ramsay of Balmain, a youth of honourable birth, who clasped the King round the waist when he saw the others seized upon. Him the nobles spared, in respect of his youth, for he was not above sixteen years, and of the King's earnest intercession in his behalf. There was a loud acclamation among the troops, who contended with each other in offering their tent-ropes, and the halters of their horses, to be the means of executing these obnoxious ministers. Cochran, who was a man of audacity, and had first attracted the King's attention by his behaviour in a duel, did not lose his courage, though he displayed it in an absurd manner. He had the vanity to request that his hands might not be tied with a hempen rope, but with a silk cord, which he offered to furnish from the ropes of his pavilion; but this was only teaching his enemies how to give his feelings additional pain. They told him he was but a false thief, and should die with all

manner of shame; and they were at pains to procure a hair-tether or halter, as still more ignominious than a rope of hemp. With this they hanged Cochran over the centre of the bridge of Lauder (now demolished), in the middle of his companions, who were suspended on each side of him. When the execution was finished, the lords returned to Edinburgh, where they resolved that the King should remain in the castle, under a gentle and respectful degree of restraint.

In the meantime the English obtained possession of Berwick, which important place was never again recovered by the Scots, though they continued to assert their claim to that bulwark of the eastern Marches. The English seemed disposed to prosecute their advantages; but the Scottish army having moved to Haddington to fight them, a peace was concluded, partly by the mediation of the Duke of Albany, who having seen the vanity of any hopes which the English had given him, and, laying aside his views upon the crown, appeared desirous to become the means of restoring peace to the country.

The Duke of Albany, and the celebrated Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard the Third), are said to have negotiated the terms of peace, as well between the King and his nobility as between France and England. They had a meeting at Edinburgh with the council of Scottish lords who had managed the affairs of the kingdom since the King's imprisonment. The council would pay no respect to the Duke of Gloucester, who, as an Englishman, they justly thought, had no right to interfere in the affairs of Scotland; but to the Duke of Albany they showed much reverence, requesting to know what he required at their hands.

"First of all," he said, "I desire that the King, my brother, be set at liberty."

"My lord," said Archibald-Bell-the-Cat, who was chancellor, "that shall be presently done, and the rather that you desire it. As to the person who is with you (meaning the Duke of Gloucester), we know him not; neither will we grant anything at his asking. But we know you to be the King's brother, and nearest heir to his Grace after his infant son. Therefore, we put the King's person at your disposal, trusting that he will act by your advice in future, and govern the kingdom, so as not to excite the discontent of the people, or render it necessary

for us, who are the nobles of Scotland, to act contrary to his pleasure."

James, being thus set at liberty, became, to appearance, so perfectly reconciled with his brother, the Duke of Albany, that the two royal brothers used the same chamber, the same table, and the same bed. While the King attended to the buildings and amusements in which he took pleasure, Albany administered the affairs of the kingdom, and, for some time, with applause. But the ambition of his temper began again to show itself; the nation became suspicious of his intimate connection with the English, and just apprehensions were entertained that the Duke aimed still at obtaining the crown by assistance of Richard III., now King of England. The Duke was, therefore, once more obliged to fly into England, where he remained for some time, assisting the English against his countrymen. He was present at that skirmish in 1484 where the old Earl of Douglas was made prisoner, and only escaped by the speed of his horse. Albany soon after retired into France, where he formed a marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, by whom he had a son, John, afterwards Regent of Scotland in the days of James V. Albany himself was wounded severely by the splinter of a lance at one of the tournaments, or tilting-matches, which I have described to you, and died in consequence. The fickleness with which he changed from one side to another disappointed the high ideas which had been formed of his character in youth.

Freed from his brother's superintendence, the King gradually sunk back into those practices which had formerly cost him so dear. To prevent a renewal of the force put on his person, he made a rule that none should appear armed in the royal presence except the King's Guard, who were placed under the command of that same John Ramsay of Balmain, the only one of his former favourites who had been spared by Bell-the-Cat, and the other nobles, at the insurrection of Lauder bridge. This gave high offence in a country where to be without arms was accounted both unsafe and dishonourable.

The King's love of money also grew, as is often the case, more excessive as he advanced in years. He would hardly grant anything, whether as matter of favour or of right, without receiving some gift or gratuity. By this means he accumulated a quantity of treasure, which, considering the poverty

of his kingdom, is absolutely marvellous. His "black chest," as his strong-box was popularly called, was brimful of gold and silver coins, besides quantities of plate and jewels. But while he hoarded these treasures, he was augmenting the discontent of both the nobility and people; and amid the universal sense of the King's weakness, and hatred of his avarice, a general rebellion was at length excited against him.

The King, among other magnificent establishments, had built a great hall, and a royal chapel, within the castle of Stirling, both of them specimens of finely ornamented 1485. Gothic architecture. He had also established a double choir of musicians and singing men in the chapel, designing that one complete band should attend him wherever he went, to perform Divine service before his person, while the other, as complete in every respect, should remain in daily attendance in the royal chapel.

As this establishment necessarily incurred considerable expense, James proposed to annex to the royal chapel the revenues of the priory of Coldinghame, in Berwickshire. This rich priory had its lands amongst the possessions of the Homes and the Hepburns, who had established it as a kind of right that the prior should be of one or other of these two families, in order to insure their being favourably treated in such bargains as either of them might have to make with the Church. When, therefore, these powerful clans understood that, instead of a Home or a Hepburn being named prior, the King intended to bestow the revenues of Coldinghame to maintain his royal chapel at Stirling, they became extremely indignant, and began to hold a secret correspondence, and form alliances, with all the discontented men in Scotland, and especially with Angus, and such other lords as, having been engaged in the affair of Lauder bridge, naturally entertained apprehensions that the King would, one day or other, find means of avenging himself for the slaughter of his favourites, and the restraint which had been imposed on his own person.

By the time that the King heard of this league against him, it had reached so great a head that everything seemed to be prepared for war, since the whole lords of the south of 1488. Scotland, who could collect their forces with a rapidity unknown elsewhere, were all in the field, and ready to act. James, naturally timid, was induced to fly to the North. He

fortified the castle of Stirling, commanded by Shaw of Fintrie, to whom he committed the custody of the prince his son, and heir-apparent, charging the governor neither to let any one enter the castle, nor permit any one to leave it, as he loved his honour and his life. Especially he commanded him to let no one have access to his son. His treasures James deposited in Edinburgh Castle; and having thus placed in safety, as he thought, the two things he loved best in the world, he hastened to the north country, where he was joined by the great lords and gentlemen on that side of the Forth; so that it seemed as if the south and the north parts of Scotland were about to fight against each other.

The King, in passing through Fife, visited James, the last Earl of Douglas, who had been compelled, as I have before told you, to become a monk in the abbey of Lindores. He offered him full reconciliation and forgiveness, if he would once more come out into the world, place himself at the head of his vassals, and, by the terror of his former authority, withdraw from the banners of the rebel peers such of the southland men as might still remember the fame of Douglas. But the views of the old Earl were turned towards another world, and he replied to the King—"Ah, sir, your Grace has kept me and your black casket so long under lock and key, that the time in which we might have done you good service is past and gone." In saying this, he alluded to the King's hoard of treasure, which, if he had spent in time, might have attached many to his person, as he, Douglas, when younger, could have raised men in his behalf; but now the period of getting aid from either source was passed away.

Meanwhile Angus, Home, Bothwell, and others of the insurgent nobility, determined, if possible, to get into their hands the person of the prince, resolving that, notwithstanding his being a child, they would avail themselves of his authority to oppose that of his father. Accordingly, they bribed, with a large sum of money, Shaw, the governor of Stirling Castle, to deliver the prince (afterwards James IV.) into their keeping. When they had thus obtained possession of Prince James's person, they collected their army, and published proclamations in his name, intimating that King James III. was bringing Englishmen into the country to assist in overturning its liberties,—that he had sold the frontiers of Scotland to the

Earl of Northumberland, and to the governor of Berwick, and declaring that they were united to dethrone a king whose intentions were so unkingly, and to place his son in his stead. These allegations were false; but the King was so unpopular that they were listened to and believed.

James, in the meantime, arrived before Stirling at the head of a considerable army, and passing to the gate of the castle, demanded entrance. But the governor refused to admit him. The King then eagerly asked for his son; to which the treacherous governor replied, that the lords had taken the Prince from him against his will. Then the poor King saw that he was deceived, and said in wrath, "False villain, thou hast betrayed me; but if I live, thou shalt be rewarded according to thy deserts!" If the King had not been thus treacherously deprived of the power of retiring into Stirling Castle, he might, by means of that fortress, have avoided a battle until more forces had come up to his assistance; and, in that case, might have overpowered the rebel lords, as his father did the Douglases before Abercorn. Yet having with him an army of nearly thirty thousand men, he moved boldly towards the insurgents. The Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, in particular, encouraged the King to advance. He had joined him with a thousand horse and three thousand footmen from the counties of Fife and Kinross; and now riding up to the King on a fiery gray horse, he lighted down, and entreated the King's acceptance of that noble animal, which, whether he had occasion to advance or retreat, would beat every other horse in Scotland, provided the King could keep his saddle.

The King upon this took courage, and advanced against the rebels, confident in his great superiority of numbers. The field of battle was not above a mile or two distant from that where Bruce had defeated the English on the glorious day of Bannockburn; but the fate of his descendant and successor was widely different.

The King's army was divided into three great bodies. Ten thousand Highlanders, under Huntly and Athole, led the van; ten thousand more, from the westland counties, were led by the Lords of Erskine, Graham, and Menteith. The King was to command the rear, in which the burghers sent by the different towns were stationed. The Earl of Crawford and Lord David Lindsay, with the men of Fife and Angus, had

the right wing; Lord Ruthven commanded the left, with the people of Strathearn and Stormont.

The King, thus moving forward in order of battle, called for the horse which Lord David Lindsay had given him, that he might ride forward and observe the motions of the enemy. He saw them from an eminence advancing in three divisions, having about six thousand men in each. The Homes and Hepburns had the first division, with the men of the East Borders and of East Lothian. The next was composed of the Western Borderers, or men of Liddesdale and Annandale, with many from Galloway. The third division consisted of the rebel lords and their choicest followers, bringing with them the young Prince James, and displaying the broad banner of Scotland.

When the King beheld his own ensign unfurled against him, and knew that his son was in the hostile ranks, his heart, never very courageous, began altogether to fail him; for he remembered the prophecy, that he was to fall by his nearest of kin, and also what the astrologer had told him of the Scottish lion which was to be strangled by his own whelps. These idle fears so preyed on James's mind, that his alarm became visible to those around him, who conjured him to retire to a place of safety. But at that moment the battle began.

The Homes and Hepburns attacked the King's vanguard, but were repulsed by the Highlanders with volleys of arrows. On this the Borderers of Liddesdale and Annandale, who bore spears longer than those used in the other parts of Scotland, charged with the wild and furious cries, which they called their *slogan*, and bore down the royal forces opposed to them.

Surrounded by sights and sounds to which he was so little accustomed, James lost his remaining presence of mind, and turning his back, fled towards Stirling. But he was unable to manage the gray horse given him by Lord Lindsay, which, taking the bit in his teeth, ran full gallop downhill into a little hamlet, where was a mill, called Beaton's mill.[1] A woman had come out to draw water at the mill-dam, but, terrified at seeing a man in complete armour coming down towards her at

[1] "Beaton's mill—the house so called, from the name of the person who then possessed it, is still shown to the traveller as the place where the King was murdered; and the great antiquity and thickness of the walls corroborate the tradition."—TYTLER.

full speed, she left her pitcher, and fled back into the mill. The sight of the pitcher frightened the King's horse, so that he swerved as he was about to leap the brook, and James, losing his seat, fell to the ground, where, being heavily armed and sorely bruised, he remained motionless. The people came out, took him into the mill, and laid him on a bed. Some time afterwards he recovered his senses; but feeling himself much hurt and very weak, he demanded the assistance of a priest. The miller's wife asked who he was, and he imprudently replied, "I was your King this morning." With equal imprudence the poor woman ran to the door, and called with loud exclamations for a priest to confess the King. "I am a priest," said an unknown person, who had just come up; "lead me to the King." When the stranger was brought into the presence of the unhappy monarch, he kneeled with apparent humility, and asked him, "Whether he was mortally wounded?" James replied, that his hurts were not mortal, if they were carefully looked to; but that, in the meantime, he desired to be confessed, and receive pardon of his sins from a priest, according to the fashion of the Catholic Church. "This shall presently give thee pardon!" answered the assassin; and, drawing a poniard, he stabbed the King four or five times to the very heart; then took the body on his back and departed, no man opposing him, and no man knowing what he did with the body.

Who this murderer was has never been discovered, nor whether he was really a priest or not. There were three persons, Lord Gray, Stirling of Keir, and one Borthwick, a priest, observed to pursue the King closely, and it was supposed that one or other of them did the bloody deed. It is remarkable that Gray was the son of that Sir Patrick, commonly called Cowe Gray, who assisted James II. to despatch Douglas in Stirling Castle. It would be a singular coincidence if the son of this active agent in Douglas's death should have been the actor in that of King James's son.

The battle did not last long after the King left the field, the royal party drawing off towards Stirling, and the victors returning to their camp. It is usually called the battle of Sauchie burn, and was fought upon the 18th of June 1488.

Thus died King James the Third, an unwise and unwarlike prince; although setting aside the murder of his brother the

Earl of Mar, his character is rather that of a weak and avaricious man than of a cruel and criminal King. His taste for the fine arts would have been becoming in a private person, though it was carried to a pitch which interfered with his duties as a sovereign. He fell, like most of his family, in the flower of his age, being only thirty-six years old.

CHAPTER XXIII

Reign of James IV.—Sir Andrew Wood—Trial of Lord Lindsay—Perkin Warbeck—Marriage of James with Margaret, Daughter of Henry VII.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VII. *France*: Charles VIII., Louis XII.

1488—1502

THE fate of James III. was not known for some time. He had been a patron of naval affairs; and on the great revolt in which he perished, a brave sea officer, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, was lying with a small squadron in the Firth of Forth, not far distant from the coast where the battle was fought. He had sent ashore his boats, and brought off several wounded men of the King's party, amongst whom it was supposed might be the King himself.

Anxious to ascertain this important point, the lords sent to Sir Andrew Wood to come on shore, and appear before their council. Wood agreed, on condition that two noblemen of distinction, Lords Seton and Fleming, should go on board his ships, and remain there as hostages for his safe return.

The brave seaman presented himself before the Council and the young King in the town of Leith. As soon as the Prince saw Sir Andrew, who was a goodly person, and richly dressed, he went towards him, and said, "Sir, are you my father?"

"I am not your father," answered Wood, the tears falling from his eyes; "but I was your father's servant while he lived, and shall be so to lawful authority until the day I die."

The lords then asked what men they were who had come

out of his ships, and again returned to them on the day of the battle of Sauchie.

"It was I and my brother," said Sir Andrew, undauntedly, "who were desirous to have bestowed our lives in the King's defence."

They then directly demanded of him, whether the King was on board his ships? To which Sir Andrew replied, with the same firmness, "He is not on board my vessels. I wish he had been there, as I should have taken care to have kept him safe from the traitors who have murdered him, and whom I trust to see hanged and drawn for their demerits."

These were bitter answers; but the lords were obliged to endure them, without attempting any revenge, for fear the seamen had retaliated upon Fleming and Seton. But when the gallant commander had returned on board his ship, they sent for the best officers in the town of Leith, and offered them a reward if they would attack Sir Andrew Wood and his two ships, and make him prisoner, to answer for his insolent conduct to the Council. But Captain Barton, one of the best mariners in Leith, replied to the proposal by informing the Council that though Sir Andrew had but two vessels, yet they were so well furnished with artillery, and he himself was so brave and skilful, that no ten ships in Scotland would be a match for him.

James IV. afterwards received Sir Andrew Wood into high favour; and he deserved it by his exploits. In 1490 a squadron of five English vessels came into the Forth, and plundered some Scottish merchant-ships. Sir Andrew sailed against them with his two ships, the *Flower*, and the *Yellow Carvel*, took the five English vessels, and making their crews and commanders prisoners, presented them to the King at Leith. Henry VII. of England was so much incensed at this defeat that he sent a stout sea-captain, called Stephen Bull, with three strong ships equipped on purpose, to take Sir Andrew Wood. They met him near the mouth of the Firth, and fought with the utmost courage on both sides, attending so much to the battle, and so little to anything else, that they let their ships drift with the tide; so that the action, which began off St. Abb's Head, ended in the Firth of Tay. At length Stephen Bull and his three ships were taken. Sir Andrew again presented the prisoners to the King, who sent

them back to England, with a message to Henry VII., that he had as manly men in Scotland as there were in England, and therefore he desired he would send no more captains on such errands.

To return to the lords who had gained the victory at Sauchie. They took a resolution, which appears an act of daring effrontery. They resolved to try some of the principal persons who had assisted King James III. in the late civil commotion, as if in so doing they had committed treason against James IV., although the last was not, and could not be king, till after his father's death. They determined to begin with Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, a man well acquainted with military matters, but otherwise blunt and ignorant; so they thought it would be no difficult matter to get him to submit himself to the King's pleasure, when they proposed to take a fine in money from him, or perhaps confiscate some part of his lands. This they thought would encourage others to submit in like manner; and thus the conspirators proposed to enrich themselves, and to impoverish those who had been their enemies.

It was on the 10th of May 1489 that Lord David Lindsay was summoned before the Parliament, then sitting at Edinburgh, to defend himself against a charge of treason, which stated, "That he had come in arms to Sauchie with the King's father against the King himself, and had given the King's father a sword and good horse, counselling him to devour the King's grace here present."

Lord Lindsay knew nothing about the form of law affairs, but hearing himself repeatedly called upon to answer to this accusation, he started up, and told the nobles of the Parliament they were all villains and traitors themselves, and that he would prove them to be such with his sword. The late King, he said, had been cruelly murdered by villains, who had brought the Prince with them to be a pretext and colour for their enterprise, and that if he punish not you hastily for that murder, you will murder him when you think time, as you did his father. "And," said the stout old lord, addressing himself personally to the King, who was present in Parliament, "if your Grace's father were still living, I would fight for him to the death, and stand in no awe of these false lurdans" (that is villains). "Or, if your Grace had a son who should come

in arms against you, I would take your part against his abettors, and fight in your cause against them, three men against six. Trust me, that though they cause your Grace to believe ill of me, I will prove in the end more faithful than any of them."

The Lord Chancellor, who felt the force of these words, tried to turn off their effect, by saying to the King, that Lord Lindsay was an old-fashioned man, ignorant of legal forms, and not able to speak reverently in his Grace's presence. "But," said he, "he will submit himself to your Grace's pleasure, and you must not be severe with him;" and, turning to the Lord David, he said, "It is best for you to submit to the King's will, and his Grace will be good to you."

Now you must know, that the Lord David had a brother-german, named Patrick Lindsay, who was as good a lawyer as Lord Lindsay was a soldier. The two brothers had been long upon bad terms; but when this Mr. Patrick saw the Chancellor's drift, he trod upon his elder brother's foot, to make him understand that he ought not to follow the advice given him, nor come into the King's will, which would be in fact confessing himself guilty. The Lord David, however, did not understand the hint. On the contrary, as he chanced to have a sore toe, the tread of his brother's foot was painful to him, so that he looked fiercely at him, and said, "Thou art too pert, thou loon, to stamp upon my foot—if it were out of the King's presence, I would strike thee upon the face."

But Mr. Patrick, without regarding his brother's causeless anger, fell on his knees before the assembled nobles, and besought that he might have leave to plead for his brother; "for," said he, "I see no man of law will undertake his cause for fear of displeasing the King's grace; and though, my lord, my brother and I have not been friends for many years, yet my heart will not suffer me to see the native house from which I am descended perish for want of assistance."

The King having granted Mr. Patrick Lindsay liberty of speech in his brother's behalf, he began by objecting to the King's sitting in judgment in a case in which he was himself a party, and had been an actor. "Wherefore," said Mr. Patrick, "we object to his presence to try this cause, in which, being a party, he ought not to be a judge. Therefore we require his Majesty, in God's name, to rise and leave the court, till the question be considered and decided." The Lord Chancellor

and the lords, having conversed together, found that this request was reasonable. So the young King was obliged to retire into an inner apartment, which he resented as a species of public affront.

Mr. Patrick next endeavoured to procure favour, by entreating the lords who were about to hear the cause to judge it with impartiality, and as they would wish to be dealt with themselves were they in misfortune, and some party adverse to them possessed of power.

"Proceed, and answer to the accusation," said the Chancellor. "You shall have justice at our hands."

Then Mr. Patrick brought forward a defence in point of legal form, stating that the summons required that the Lord Lindsay should appear forty days after citation, whereas the forty days were now expired; so that he could not be legally compelled to answer to the accusation until summoned anew.

This was found good law; and Lord David Lindsay, and the other persons accused, were dismissed for the time, nor were any proceedings ever resumed against them.

Lord David, who had listened to the defences without understanding their meaning, was so delighted with the unexpected consequences of his brother's eloquence, that he broke out into the following rapturous acknowledgment of gratitude:—"Verily, brother, but you have fine piet words" (that is, magpie words). "I could not have believed, by Saint Mary, that ye had such words. Ye shall have the Mains of Kirkfother for your day's wage."

The King, on his side, threatened Mr. Patrick with a reward of a different kind, saying, "He would set him where he should not see his feet for twelve months." Accordingly, he was as good as his word, sending the successful advocate to be prisoner in the dungeon of the castle of Rothsay, in the island of Bute, where he lay for a whole year.

It is curious to find that the King's authority was so limited in one respect, and so arbitrary in another. For it appears that he was obliged to comply with Patrick Lindsay's remonstrance, and leave the seat of regal justice, when his jurisdiction was declined as that of a partial judge; whilst, on the other hand, he had the right, or at least the power, to inflict upon the objecting party a long and rigorous imprisonment, for discharging his duty towards his client.

James IV. was not long upon the throne ere his own reflections, and the remonstrances of some of the clergy, made him sensible that his accompanying the rebel lords against his father in the field of Sauchie was a very sinful action. He did not consider his own youth, nor the enticements of the lords, who had obtained possession of his person, as any sufficient excuse for having been, in some degree, accessory to his father's death, by appearing in arms against him. He deeply repented the crime, and, according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion, endeavoured to atone for it by various acts of penance. Amongst other tokens of repentance, he caused to be made an iron belt, or girdle, which he wore constantly under his clothes; and every year of his life he added another link of an ounce or two to the weight of it, as if he desired that his penance should not be relaxed, but rather should increase during all the days of his life.

It was, perhaps, in consequence of these feelings of remorse, that the King not only forgave that part of the nobility which had appeared on his father's side, and abstained from all further persecution against Lord Lindsay and others, but did all in his power to conciliate their affections, without losing those of the other party. The wealth of his father enabled him to be liberal to the nobles on both sides, and at the same time to maintain a more splendid appearance in his court and royal state than had been practised by any of his predecessors. He was himself expert in all feats of exercise and arms, and encouraged the use of them, and the practice of tilts and tournaments in his presence, wherein he often took part himself. It was his frequent custom to make proclamation through his kingdom, that all lords and gentlemen who might desire to win honour should come to Edinburgh or Stirling, and exercise themselves in tilting with the lance, fighting with the battle-axe, the two-handed sword, shooting with the long bow, or any other warlike contention. He who did best in these encounters had his adversary's weapon delivered up to him; and the best tilter with the spear received from the King a lance with a head of pure gold.

The fame of these warlike sports—for sports they were accounted, though they often ended in sad and bloody earnest—brought knights from other parts of Europe to contend with those of Scotland; but, says the historian, with laudable

partiality, there were none of them went unmatched, and few that were not overthrown.

We may mention, as an example, the combat in the lists betwixt a celebrated German knight, who came to Scotland in search of champions with whom to match himself in single fight, and whose challenge was accepted by Sir Patrick Hamilton, a brother of the Earl of Arran, and near kinsman to the King. They met gallantly with their lances at full gallop, and broke their spears without doing each other further injury. When they were furnished with fresh lances, they took a second course; but the Scottish knight's horse, being indifferently trained, swerved, and could by no endeavours of the rider be brought to encounter his adversary. Then Sir Patrick sprung from his saddle, and called to the German knight to do the same, saying, "A horse was a weak warrant to trust to when men had most to do." Then the German dismounted, and fought stoutly with Sir Patrick for the best part of an hour. At length Hamilton, by a blow of his sword, brought the foreigner on his knees, whereupon the King threw his hat into the lists, as a sign that the combat should cease. But the honour of the day remained with Sir Patrick Hamilton.

Besides being fond of martial exercises, James encouraged the arts, and prosecuted science, as it was then understood. He studied medicine and surgery, and appears to have been something of a chemist.

An experiment made under his direction shows at least the interest which James took in science, although he used a whimsical mode of gratifying his curiosity. Being desirous to know which was the primitive or original language, he caused a deaf and dumb woman to be transported to the solitary island of Inchkeith, with two infant children, devising thus to discover what language they would talk when they came to the age of speech. A Scottish historian, who tells the story, adds, with great simplicity, "Some say they spoke good Hebrew; for my part I know not, but from report." It is more likely they would scream like their dumb nurse, or bleat like the goats and sheep on the island.

The same historian gives a very pleasing picture of James IV.

There was great love, he says, betwixt the subjects and their sovereign, for the King was free from the vice of avarice, which was his father's failing. Neither would he endure flat-

terers, cowards, or sycophants about his person, but ruled by the counsel of the most eminent nobles, and thus won the hearts of all men. He often went disguised among the common people, and asked them questions about the King and his measures, and thus learned the opinion which was entertained of him by his subjects.

He was also active in the discharge of his royal duties. His authority, as it was greater than that of any king who had reigned since the time of James I., was employed for the administration of justice, and the protection of every rank of his subjects, so that he was reverenced as well as beloved by all classes of his people. Scotland obtained, under his administration, a greater share of prosperity than she had yet enjoyed. She possessed some share of foreign trade, and the success of Sir Andrew Wood, together with the King's exertions in building vessels, made the country be respected, as having a considerable naval power.

These advantages were greatly increased by the unusually long continuance of the peace, or rather the truce, with England. Henry VII. had succeeded to the crown of that kingdom, after a dreadful series of civil strife; and being himself a wise and sagacious monarch, he was desirous to repair, by a long interval of repose and quiet, the great damage which the country had sustained by the wars of York and Lancaster. He was the more disposed to peace with Scotland, that his own title to the throne of England was keenly disputed, and exposed him more than once to the risk of invasion and insurrection.

On the most memorable of those occasions, Scotland was for a short time engaged in the quarrel. A certain personage, calling himself Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., supposed to have been murdered in the Tower of London, laid claim to the crown which Henry VII. wore. On the part of Henry, this pretended prince was said to be a low-born Fleming, named Perkin Warbeck, trained up by the Duchess of Burgundy (sister of King Edward IV.), to play the part which he now assumed. But it is not, perhaps, even yet certain, whether he was the real person he called himself or an impostor. In 1496 he came to Scotland at the head of a gallant train of foreigners, and accompanied by about fifteen hundred men, and made the greatest offers to James IV., providing he would assist him in his claims against England. James does not appear to have

doubted the adventurer's pretensions to the character which he assumed. He received him with favour and distinction, conferred on him the hand of Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, the most beautiful woman in Scotland, and disposed himself to lend him assistance to ascend the English throne.

The Scottish King with this view entered Northumberland, and invited the people of that warlike country to join the ranks of the supposed prince. But the Northumbrians paid no attention to this invitation, and when the adventurer besought James to spare the country, the Scottish monarch answered with a sneer, that it was very kind of him to interfere in behalf of a people who did not seem at all disposed to acknowledge him. The English in 1497 revenged his inroad by an invasion of Berwickshire, in which they took a small castle, called Ayton. No other mischief was done on either side, for James gave up the cause of Perkin Warbeck, satisfied either that he had no right to the throne or that he had not a hold on the affections of any considerable party sufficient to make such a right good. The adventurer, abandoned by James, made afterwards an attempt to invade England from Cornwall, and, being made prisoner, was executed at Tyburn. His wife, who had faithfully attended him through all his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Henry VII., who assigned her a pension, and recommended her to the protection of his Queen. She was commonly called, from her grace and beauty, the White Rose of Scotland.

After this short war had been made up by a truce of seven years, Henry's wisdom was employed in converting that truce into a stable and lasting peace, which might, for a length of time at least, unite two nations whose mutual interest it was to remain friends, although circumstances had so long made them enemies. The grounds of the inveterate hostility between England and Scotland had been that unhappy claim of supremacy set up by Edward I., and persevered in by all his successors. This was a right which England would not abandon, and to which the Scots, by so many instances of determined resistance, had shown they would never submit. For more than a hundred years there had been no regular treaty of peace betwixt England and Scotland, except for the few years which succeeded the treaty of Northampton. During this long period, the kindred nations had been either engaged in the most inveterate wars, or

reposing themselves under the protection of short and doubtful truces.

The wisdom of Henry VII. endeavoured to find a remedy for such great evils, by trying what the effects of gentle and friendly influence would avail, where the extremity of force had been employed without effect. The King of England agreed to give his daughter Margaret, a beautiful and accomplished princess, to James IV. in marriage. He offered to endow her with an ample fortune, and on that alliance was to be founded a close league of friendship between England and Scotland, the kings obliging themselves to assist each other against all the rest of the world. Unfortunately for both countries, but particularly so for Scotland, this peace, designed to be perpetual, did not last above ten years. Yet the good policy of Henry VII. bore fruit after a hundred years had passed away; and in consequence of the marriage of James IV. and the Princess Margaret, an end was put to all future national wars, by their great grandson, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, becoming King of the whole island of Great Britain.

The claim of supremacy, asserted by England, is not mentioned in this treaty, which was signed on the 4th of January 1502; but as the monarchs treated with each other on equal terms, that claim, which had cost such oceans of Scottish and English blood, must be considered as having been then virtually abandoned.

This important marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The Earl of Surrey, a gallant English nobleman, had the charge to conduct the Princess Margaret to her new kingdom of Scotland. The King came to meet her at Newbattle Abbey, within six miles of Edinburgh. He was gallantly dressed in a jacket of crimson velvet, bordered with cloth of gold, and had hanging at his back his lure, as it is called, an implement which is used in hawking. He was distinguished by his strength and agility, leaping on his horse without putting his toe in the stirrup, and always riding full gallop, follow who could. When he was about to enter Edinburgh with his new bride, he wished her to ride behind him, and made a gentleman mount to see whether his horse would carry double. But as his spirited charger was not broken for that purpose, the King got up before his bride on her palfrey, which was quieter, and so they rode through the town of Edinburgh in procession, in the same

manner as you may now see a good farmer and his wife riding to church. There were shows prepared to receive them, all in the romantic taste of the age. Thus they found in their way a tent pitched, out of which came a knight armed at all points, with a lady bearing his bugle-horn. Suddenly another knight came up and took away the lady. Then the first knight followed him, and challenged him to fight. They drew swords accordingly, and fought before the King and Queen for their amusement, till the one struck the sword out of the other's hands, and then the King commanded the battle to cease. In this representation all was sport except the blows, and these were serious enough. Many other military spectacles were exhibited, tilts and tournaments in particular. James, calling himself the Savage Knight, appeared in a wild dress, accompanied by the fierce chiefs from the Borders and Highlands, who fought with each other till several were wounded and slain in these ferocious entertainments. It is said the King was not very sorry to see himself thus rid of these turbulent leaders, whose feuds and depredations contributed so often to the public disturbance.

The sports on occasion of the Queen's marriage, and indeed the whole festivities of King James's reign, and the style of living at his court, showed that the Scots, in his time, were a wealthier and a more elegant people than they had formerly been. James IV. was renowned, as we have seen, among foreign nations, for the splendour of his court, and for the honourable reception which he gave to strangers who visited his kingdom. And we shall see in the next chapter that his leisure was not entirely bestowed on sport and pastime, but that he also made wise laws for the benefit of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XXIV

Improvement on Scottish Laws—Disputes between England and Scotland—Battle of Flodden, and Death of James IV.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VII., Henry VIII., *France*: Louis XII.

1502—1513

DURING the season of tranquillity which followed the marriage of James and Margaret, we find that the King, with his Parliament, enacted many good laws for the improvement of the country. The Highlands and Islands were particularly attended to, because, as one of the acts of Parliament expressed it, they had become almost savage for want of justices and sheriffs. Magistrates were therefore appointed, and laws made for the government of those wild and unruly people.

Another most important act of Parliament permitted the King, and his nobles and barons, to let their land, not only for military service, but for a payment in money or in grain; a regulation which tended to introduce quiet peaceful farmers into lands occupied, but left uncultivated, by tenants of a military character. Regulations also took place for attendance on Parliament, and the representation of the different orders of society in that assembly. The possessors of lands were likewise called on to plant wood, and make enclosures, fishponds, and other improvements.

All these regulations show that the King had a sincere wish to benefit his subjects, and entertained liberal views of the mode of accomplishing that object. But the unfortunate country of Scotland was destined never to remain any long time in a state of peace or improvement; and accordingly, towards the end of James's reign, events occurred which brought on a defeat still more calamitous than any which the kingdom had yet received.

While Henry VII., the father-in-law of James, continued to live, his wisdom made him very attentive to preserve the peace which had been established betwixt the two countries. His character was, indeed, far from being that of a generous prince,

but he was a sagacious politician, and granted, from an enlightened view of his own interest, what perhaps he would otherwise have been illiberal enough to refuse. On this principle he made some allowance for the irritable pride of his son-in-law and his subjects, who were as proud as they were poor, and made it his study to remove all the petty causes of quarrel which arose from time to time. But when this wise and cautious monarch died, he was succeeded by his son Henry VIII., a prince of a bold, haughty, and furious disposition, impatient of control or contradiction, and rather desirous of war than willing to make any concessions for the sake of peace. James IV. and he resembled each other perhaps too nearly in temper to admit of their continuing intimate friends.

The military disposition of Henry chiefly directed him to an enterprise against France; and the King of France, on his part, desired much to renew the old alliance with Scotland, in order that the apprehension of an invasion from the Scottish frontiers might induce Henry to abandon his scheme of attacking France. He knew that the splendour in which King James lived had exhausted the treasures which his father had left behind him, and he concluded that the readiest way to make him his friend was to supply him with sums of money, which he could not otherwise have raised. Gold was also freely distributed amongst the counsellors and favourites of the Scottish King. This liberality showed to great advantage when compared with the very opposite conduct of the King of England, who delayed even to pay a legacy which had been left by Henry his father to his sister the Queen of Scotland.

Other circumstances of a different kind tended to create disagreements between England and Scotland. James had been extremely desirous to increase the strength of his kingdom by sea, and its commerce; and Scotland presenting a great extent of sea-coast, and numerous harbours, had at this time a considerable trade. The royal navy, besides one vessel called the *Great Michael*, supposed to be the largest in the world, and which, as an old author says, "cumbered all Scotland to get her fitted out for sea," consisted, it is said, of sixteen ships of war. The King paid particular attention to naval affairs, and seemed never more happy than when inspecting and exercising his little navy.

It chanced that one John Barton, a Scottish mariner, had

been captured by the Portuguese, as far back as the year 1476. As the King of Portugal refused to make any amends, James granted the family of Barton letters of reprisals, that is, a warrant empowering them to take all Portuguese vessels which should come in their way, until their loss was made up. There were three brothers, all daring men, but especially the eldest, whose name was Andrew Barton. He had two strong ships, the larger called the *Lion*, the lesser the *Jenny Pirwen*, with which it would appear he cruised in the British Channel, stopping not only Portuguese vessels, but also English ships bound for Portugal. Complaints being made to King Henry, he fitted out two vessels, which were filled with chosen men, and placed under the command of Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Howard, both sons to the Earl of Surrey. They found Barton and his vessels cruising in the Downs, being guided to the place by the captain of a merchant vessel whom Barton had plundered on the preceding day.

On approaching the enemy, the noble brothers showed no ensign of war, but put up a willow wand on their masts, as being the emblem of a trading vessel. But when
July 1511. the Scotsman attempted to make them bring to, the English threw out their flags and pennons, and fired a broadside of their ordnance. Barton then knew that he was engaged with the King of England's ships of war. Far from being dismayed at this, he engaged boldly, and, distinguished by his rich dress and bright armour, appeared on deck with a whistle of gold about his neck, suspended by a chain of the same precious metal, and encouraged his men to fight valiantly.

The fight was very obstinate. If we may believe a ballad of the time, Barton's ship was furnished with a peculiar contrivance, suspending large weights, or beams, from his yard-arms, to be dropped down upon the enemy when they should come alongside. To make use of this contrivance, it was necessary that a person should ascend the mainmast, or in naval language, go aloft. As the English apprehended much mischief from the consequences of this manœuvre, Howard had stationed a Yorkshire gentleman, named Hustler, the best archer in the ship, with strict injunctions to shoot every one who should attempt to go aloft to let fall the beams of Barton's vessel. Two men were successively killed in the attempt, and Andrew Barton himself, confiding in the strong armour which

he wore, began to ascend the mast. Lord Thomas Howard called out to the archer to shoot true, on peril of his life. "Were I to die for it," said Hustler, "I have but two arrows left." The first which he shot bounded from Barton's armour without hurting him; but as the Scottish mariner raised his arm to climb higher, the archer took aim where the armour afforded him no protection, and wounded him mortally through the arm-pit.

Barton descended from the mast. "Fight on," he said, "my brave hearts; I am a little wounded, but not slain. I will but rest a while, and then rise and fight again; meantime, stand fast by Saint Andrew's Cross," meaning the Scottish flag, or ensign. He encouraged his men with his whistle while the breath of life remained. At length the whistle was heard no longer, and the Howards, boarding the Scottish vessel, found that her daring captain was dead. They carried the *Lion* into the Thames, and it is remarkable that Barton's ship became the second man-of-war in the English navy. When the kings wanted to equip a fleet, they hired or pressed into their service merchant vessels, and put soldiers on board of them. The ship called the *Great Henry* was the first built especially for war, by the King, as his own property,—this captured vessel was the second.

James IV. was highly incensed at this insult, as he termed it, on the flag of Scotland, and sent a herald to demand satisfaction. The King of England justified his conduct on the ground of Barton's being a pirate,—a charge which James could not justly deny; but he remained not the less heated and incensed against his brother-in-law. Another misfortune aggravated his resentment, though the subject of misunderstanding was of ancient date.

While Henry VII. was yet alive, Sir Robert Ker of Fairniehirst, chief of one branch of the clan of Ker, an officer of James's household, and a favourite of that monarch, held the office of warden on the Middle Marches of Scotland. In exercising this office with rather unusual strictness, he had given offence to some of the more turbulent English Borderers, who resolved to assassinate him. Three of these, namely Heron, called the Bastard, because a natural brother of Heron of Ford, with Starhed and Lilburn, surrounded the Scottish warden, at a meeting upon a day of truce, and killed him with their lances.

Henry VII., with the pacific policy which marked his proceedings towards Scotland, agreed to surrender the guilty persons. Lilburn was given up to King James, and died in captivity; Starhed escaped for a time, by flying into the interior parts of England; the Bastard Heron caused it to be rumoured that he was dead of the plague, and made himself be transported in a coffin, so that he passed unsuspected through the party sent to arrest him, and skulked on the Borders, waiting for a quarrel between the kingdoms, which might make it safe for him to show himself. Henry VII., anxious to satisfy James, arrested his legitimate brother, and Heron of Ford was delivered up instead of the Bastard. But when Henry VIII. and James were about to disagree, both the Bastard Heron and Starhed began to show themselves more publicly. Starhed was soon disposed of, for Sir Andrew, commonly called Dand Ker, the son of the murdered Sir Robert, sent two of his dependents, called Tait, to accomplish his vengeance upon the English Borderer. They surprised and put him to death accordingly, and brought his head to their patron, who exposed it publicly at the cross of Edinburgh, exulting in the revenge he had taken. But the Bastard Heron continued to rove about the Border, and James IV. made the public appearance of this criminal a subject of complaint against Henry VIII., who perhaps was not justly responsible for it.

While James was thus on bad terms with his brother-in-law, France left no measures unattempted which could attach Scotland to her side. Great sums of money were sent to secure the good-will of those courtiers in whom James most confided. The Queen of France, a young and beautiful princess, flattered James's taste for romantic gallantry by calling herself his mistress and lady-love, and conjuring him to march three miles upon English ground for her sake. She sent him, at the same time, a ring from her own finger; and her intercession was so powerful, that James thought he could not in honour dispense with her request. This fantastical spirit of chivalry was his own ruin, and very nearly that of the kingdom also.

At length, in June or July 1513, Henry VIII. sailed to France with a gallant army, where he formed the siege of Terouenne. James IV. now took a decided step. He sent

over his principal herald to the camp of King Henry before Terouenne, summoning him in haughty terms to abstain from aggressions against James's ally, the King of France, and upbraiding him, at the same time, with the death of Barton, the impunity of the Bastard Heron, the detention of the legacy of Henry VII. to his daughter the Scottish Queen, and all the subjects of quarrel which had occurred since the death of that monarch. Henry VIII. answered this letter, which he justly considered as a declaration of war, with equal bitterness, treating the King of Scots as a perjured man, because he was about to break the peace which he had solemnly sworn to observe. His summons he rejected with scorn. "The King of Scotland was not," he said, "of sufficient importance to determine the quarrel between England and France." The Scottish herald returned with this message, but not in time to find his master alive.

James had not awaited the return of his embassy to commence hostilities. Lord Home, his lord high chamberlain, had made an incursion into England with an army of about three or four thousand men. They collected great booty; but marching carelessly and without order, fell into an ambush of the English Borderers, concealed among the tall broom by which Millfield Plain, near Wooler, was then covered. The Scots sustained a total defeat, and lost near a third of their numbers in slain and wounded. This was a bad commencement of the war.

Meanwhile James, contrary to the advice of his wisest counsellors, determined to invade England with a royal army. The Parliament were unwilling to go into the King's measures. The tranquillity of the country, ever since the peace with England, was recollected, and as the impolitic claim of the supremacy seemed to be abandoned, little remaine to stir up the old animosity between the kingdoms. The King, however, was personally so much liked, that he obtained the consent of the Parliament to this fatal and unjust war; and orders were given to assemble all the array of the kingdom of Scotland upon the Borough-moor of Edinburgh, a wide common, in the midst of which the royal standard was displayed from a large stone, or fragment of rock, called the Hare-stone.

Various measures were even in this extremity resorted to

for preventing the war. One or two of them seem to have been founded upon a knowledge that the King's temper was tinged with a superstitious melancholy, partly arising from constitutional habits, partly from the remorse which he always entertained for his accession to his father's death. It was to these feelings that the following scene was doubtless addressed:—

As the King was at his devotions in the church of Linlithgow, a figure, dressed in an azure-coloured robe, girt with a girdle, or sash of linen, having sandals on his feet, with long yellow hair, and a grave commanding countenance, suddenly appeared before him. This singular-looking person paid little or no respect to the royal presence, but pressing up to the desk at which the King was seated, leaned down on it with his arms, and addressed him with little reverence. He declared, that "his Mother laid her commands on James to forbear the journey which he purposed, seeing that neither he, nor any who went with him, would thrive in the undertaking." He also cautioned the King against frequenting the society of women, and using their counsel; "If thou dost," said he, "thou shalt be confounded and brought to shame."

These words spoken, the messenger escaped from among the courtiers so suddenly, that he seemed to disappear. There is no doubt that this person had been dressed up to represent Saint John, called in Scripture the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The Roman Catholics believed in the possibility of the souls of departed saints and apostles appearing on earth, and many impostures are recorded in history of the same sort with that I have just told you.

Another story, not so well authenticated, says, that a proclamation was heard at the market-cross of Edinburgh, at the dead of night, summoning the King, by his name and titles, and many of his nobles and principal leaders, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto within the space of forty days. This also has the appearance of a stratagem, invented to deter the King from his expedition.

But neither these artifices, nor the advice and entreaty of Margaret, the Queen of Scotland, could deter James from his unhappy expedition. He was so well beloved that he soon assembled a great army, and placing himself at their head, he entered England near the castle of Twisell, on the 22d of

August 1513. He speedily obtained possession of the Border fortresses of Norham, Wark, Etall, Ford, and others of less note, and collected a great spoil. Instead, however, of advancing with his army upon the country of England, which lay defenceless before him, the King is said to have trifled away his time with Lady Heron of Ford, a beautiful woman, who contrived to divert him from the prosecution of his expedition until the approach of an English army.

While James lay thus idle on the frontier, the Earl of Surrey, that same noble and gallant knight who had formerly escorted Queen Margaret to Scotland, now advanced at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men. The Earl was joined by his son Thomas, the lord high admiral, with a large body of soldiers who had been disembarked at Newcastle. As the warlike inhabitants of the northern counties gathered fast to Surrey's standard, so, on the other hand, the Scots began to return home in great numbers; because, though according to the feudal laws, each man had brought with him provisions for forty days, these being now nearly expended, a scarcity began to be felt in James's host. Others went home to place their booty in safety.

Surrey, feeling himself the stronger party, became desirous to provoke the Scottish King to fight. He therefore sent James a message, defying him to battle; and the Lord Thomas Howard, at the same time, added a message, that as King James had often complained of the death of Andrew Barton, he, Lord Thomas, by whom that deed was done, was now ready to maintain it with his sword in the front of the fight. James returned for answer, that to meet the English in battle was so much his wish, that had the message of the Earl found him at Edinburgh, he would have laid aside all other business to have met him on a pitched field.

But the Scottish nobles entertained a very different opinion from their King. They held a council at which Lord Patrick Lindsay was made president, or chancellor. This was the same person who, in the beginning of the King's reign, had pleaded so well for his brother, to whose titles and estate he afterwards succeeded. He opened the discussion, by telling the council a parable of a rich merchant, who would needs go to play at dice with a common hazarder, or sharper, and stake a rose-noble of gold against a crooked halfpenny. "You, my lords,"

he said, "will be as unwise as the merchant, if you risk your King, whom I compare to a precious rose-noble, against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl, lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl and a parcel of mechanics; whereas so many of our common people have gone home, that few are left with us but the prime of our nobility." He therefore gave it as his advice, that the King should withdraw from the army, for safety of his person, and that some brave nobleman should be named by the council, to command in the action. The council agreed to recommend this plan to the King.

But James, who desired to gain fame by his own military skill and prowess, suddenly broke in on the council, and told them, with much heat, that they should not put such a disgrace upon him. "I will fight with the English," he said, though you had all sworn the contrary. You may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me; and as for Lord Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow, that when I return to Scotland, I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate."

In this rash and precipitate resolution to fight at all risks, the King was much supported by the French ambassador, De la Motte. This was remarked by one of our old acquaintances, the Earl of Angus, called Bell-the-Cat, who, though very old, had come out to the field with his sovereign. He charged the Frenchman with being willing to sacrifice the interests of Scotland to those of his own country, which required that the Scots and English should fight at all hazards; and Angus, like Lord Lindsay, alleged the difference between the parties, the English being many of them men but of mean rank, and the Scottish army being the flower of their nobility and gentry. Incensed at his opposition, James said to him scornfully, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." The Earl, on receiving such an insult, left the camp that night; but his two sons remained, and fell in the fatal battle, with two hundred of the name of Douglas.

While King James was in this stubborn humour, the Earl of Surrey had advanced as far as Wooler, so that only four or five miles divided the armies. The English leader inquired anxiously for some guide, who was acquainted with the country, which is intersected and divided by one or two large brooks,

which unite to form the river Till, and is, besides, in part mountainous. A person well mounted, and completely armed, but having the visor of his helmet lowered, to conceal his face, rode up, and, dismounting, knelt down before the Earl, and offered to be his guide, if he might obtain pardon of an offence of which he had been guilty. The Earl assured him of his forgiveness, provided he had not committed treason against the King of England, or personally wronged any lady—crimes which Surrey declared he would not pardon. "God forbid," said the cavalier, "that I should have been guilty of such shameful sin; I did but assist in killing a Scotsman who ruled our Borders too strictly, and often did wrong to Englishmen." So saying, he raised the visor of his helmet, which hid his face, and showed the countenance of the Bastard Heron, who had been a partner in the assassination of Sir Robert Ker, as you were told before. His appearance was most welcome to the Earl of Surrey, who readily pardoned him the death of a Scotsman at that moment, especially since he knew him to be as well acquainted with every pass and path on the eastern frontier as a life of constant incursion and depredation could make him.

The Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called Flodden, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called Millfield Plain. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army, and awaited at great advantage the attack of the English. Surrey liked the idea of venturing an assault on that position so ill, that he resolved to try whether he could not prevail on the King to abandon it. He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height, and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below—reminded him of the readiness with which he had accepted his former challenge—and hinted, that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle, that any delay of the encounter would sound to the King's dishonour. 6th Sept.

We have seen that James was sufficiently rash and imprudent, but his impetuosity did not reach to the pitch Surrey perhaps expected. He refused to receive the messenger into his presence, and returned for answer, that it was not such a message as it became an earl to send to a king.

Surrey, therefore, distressed for provisions, was obliged to

resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action. He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Twisell Castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom. The King suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack. But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt him and his dominions, he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him, that if he did not descend and fight with the English army, the Earl of Surrey would enter Scotland, and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension, the King resolved to give signal for the fatal battle.

9th Sept.

With this view the Scots set fire to their huts, and the other refuse and litter of their camp. The smoke spread along the side of the hill, and under its cover the army of King James descended the eminence, which is much less steep on the northern than the southern side, while the English advanced to meet them, both concealed from each other by the clouds of smoke.

The Scots descended in four strong columns, all marching parallel to each other, having a reserve of the Lothian men, commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were also divided into four bodies, with a reserve of cavalry led by Dacre.

The battle commenced at the hour of four in the afternoon. The first which encountered was the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, which overpowered and threw into disorder the right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard. Sir Edmund was beaten down, his standard taken, and he himself in danger of instant death, when he was relieved by the Bastard Heron, who came up at the head of a band of determined outlaws like himself, and extricated Howard. It is alleged against Lord Home by many Scottish writers, that he ought to have improved his advantage, by hastening to the support of the next division of the Scottish army. It is even pretended, that he replied to those who urged him to go to the assistance of the King, that "the man did well that day who stood and saved himself." But this seems invented, partly to criminate Home, and partly

to account for the loss of the battle in some other way than by the superiority of the English. In reality, the English cavalry, under Dacre, which acted as a reserve, appear to have kept the victors in check ; while Thomas Howard, the lord high admiral, who commanded the second division of the English, bore down, and routed the Scottish division commanded by Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain. Thus matters went on the Scottish left.

Upon the extreme right of James's army, a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of MacKenzie, MacLean, and others, commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows, that they broke their ranks, and, in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and being attacked at once in flank and rear by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter.

The only Scottish division which remains to be mentioned was commanded by James in person, and consisted of the choicest of his nobles and gentry, whose armour was so good, that the arrows made but slight impression upon them. They were all on foot—the King himself had parted with his horse. They engaged the Earl of Surrey, who opposed to them the division which he personally commanded. The Scots attacked with the greatest fury, and, for a time, had the better. Surrey's squadrons were disordered, his standard in great danger, Bothwell and the Scottish reserve were advancing, and the English seemed in some risk of losing the battle. But Stanley, who had defeated the Highlanders, came up on one flank of the King's division ; the Admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose, assailed them on the other. The Scots showed the most undaunted courage. Uniting themselves with the reserve under Bothwell, they formed into a circle, with their spears extended on every side, and fought obstinately. Bows being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, a huge weapon which made ghastly wounds. But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among them was dreadful. James himself died amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at length despatched with a bill. Night fell

without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night, the remainder of the Scottish army drew off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their King, and the flower of his nobility.

This great and decisive victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey on 9th September 1513. The victors had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain, as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the King, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation ;—there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.

The Scots were much disposed to dispute the fact that James IV. had fallen on Flodden Field. Some said he had retired from the kingdom, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Others pretended that in the twilight, when the fight was nigh ended, four tall horsemen came into the field, having each a bunch of straw on the point of their spears, as a token for them to know each other by. They said these men mounted the King on a dun hackney, and that he was seen to cross the Tweed with them at night-fall. Nobody pretended to say what they did with him, but it was believed he was murdered in Home Castle ; and I recollect, about forty years since, that there was a report, that in cleaning the draw-well of that ruinous fortress, the workmen found a skeleton wrapt in a bull's hide, and having a belt of iron round the waist. There was, however, no truth in this rumour. It was the absence of this belt of iron which the Scots founded upon to prove that the body of James could not have fallen into the hands of the English, since they either had not that token to show, or did not produce it. They contended, therefore, that the body over which the enemy triumphed was not that of James himself, but of one of his attendants, several of whom, they said, were dressed in his armour.

But all these are idle fables, invented and believed because the vulgar love what is mysterious, and the Scots readily gave credit to what tended to deprive their enemies of so signal a trophy of victory. The reports are contrary to common sense.

Lord Home was the chamberlain of James IV., and high in his confidence. He had nothing whatever to gain by the King's death, and therefore we must acquit him of a great crime, for which there could be no adequate motive. The consequence of James's death proved, in fact, to be the Earl's ruin, as we shall see presently.

It seems true, that the King usually wore the belt of iron in token of his repentance for his father's death, and the share he had in it. But it is not unlikely that he would lay aside such a cumbrous article of penance in a day of battle; or the English, when they despoiled his person, may have thrown it aside as of no value. The body which the English affirm to have been that of James was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite attendants, Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, who wept at beholding it.

The fate of these relics were singular and degrading. They were not committed to the tomb, for the Pope, being at that time in alliance with England against France, had laid James under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest dared to pronounce the funeral service over them. The royal corpse was therefore embalmed, and sent to the Monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. It lay there till the Reformation, when the monastery was given to the Duke of Suffolk; and after that period, the body, which was lapped up in a sheet of lead, was suffered to toss about the house like a piece of useless lumber. Stow, the historian, saw it flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, lead, and other rubbish. Some idle workmen, "for their foolish pleasure," says the same writer, "hewed off the head; and one Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing, doubtless, to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home, and kept it for some time; but in the end, caused the sexton of Saint Michael's, Wood Street, to bury it in the charnel-house."

Such was the end of that King once so proud and powerful. The fatal battle of Flodden, in which he was slain, and his army destroyed, is justly considered as one of the most calamitous events in Scottish history.

CHAPTER XXV

Consequences of the Battle of Flodden—Regency of the Queen Dowager—The Earl of Angus—Albany recalled—The Douglases and Hamiltons—Storming of Jedburgh—The Duke of Albany's final departure

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VIII.
France: Louis XII.

1513—1524

THE event of the defeat at Flodden threw all Scotland into a degree of mourning and despair which is not yet forgotten in the southern counties, on whom a great part of the loss fell, as their inhabitants, soldiers from situation and disposition, composed a considerable portion of the forces which remained with the King's army, and suffered, of course, a great share in the slaughter which took place. The inhabitants of the smaller towns on the Border, as Selkirk, Hawick, Jedburgh, and others, were almost entirely cut off, and their songs and traditions preserve to this day the recollection of their sufferings and losses.

Not only a large proportion of the nobility and of the baronage, who had by right of birth the important task of distributing justice and maintaining order in their domains, but also the magistrates of the burghs, who, in general, had remained with the army, had fallen on the field; so that the country seemed to be left open to invasion and conquest, such as had taken place after the loss of the battles of Dunbar and Halidon Hill. Yet the firm courage of the Scottish people was displayed in its noblest colours in this formidable crisis;—all were ready to combat, and more disposed, even from the excess of the calamity, to resist than to yield to the fearful consequences which might have been expected.

Edinburgh, the metropolis, or capital city of Scotland, set a noble example of the conduct which should be adopted under a great national calamity. The provost, bailies, and magistracy of that city had been carried by their duty to the battle, in which most of them, with the burghers and citizens who followed their standard, had fallen with the King. A certain

number of persons called *Presidents*, at the head of whom was George Towrs of Inverleith, had been left with a commission to discharge the duty of magistrates during the absence of those to whom the office actually belonged. The battle was fought, as we have said, on the 9th of September. On the 10th, being the succeeding day, the news reached Edinburgh, and George Towrs and the other presidents published on that day a proclamation, which would do honour to the annals of any country in Europe. The presidents must have known that all was lost, but they took every necessary precaution to prevent the public from yielding to a hasty and panic alarm, and to prepare with firmness the means of public defence.

"Whereas," says this remarkable proclamation, "news have arrived, which are yet uncertain, of misfortune which hath befallen the King and his army, we strictly command and charge all persons within the city to have their arms in readiness, and to be ready to assemble at the tolling of the common bell of the town, to repel any enemy who may seek to attack the city. We also discharge all women of the lower class, and vagabonds of every description, from appearing on the street to cry and make lamentations; and we command women of honest fame and character to pass to the churches, and pray for the King and his army, and for our neighbours who are with the King's host." In this way the gallant George Towrs took measures at once for preventing the spreading of terror and confusion by frantic and useless lamentation, and for defence of the city, if need should arise. The simplicity of the order showed the courage and firmness of those who issued it, under the astounding national calamity which had been sustained.

The Earl of Surrey did not, however, make any endeavour to invade Scotland, or to take any advantage of the great victory he had obtained, by attempting the conquest of that country. Experience had taught the English, that though it might be easy for them to overrun their northern neighbours, to ravage provinces, and to take castles and cities, yet that the obstinate valour of the Scots, and their love of independence, had always, in the long run, found means of expelling the invaders. With great moderation and wisdom, Henry, or his ministers, therefore, resolved rather to conciliate the friendship of the Scots, by foregoing the immediate advantages which the

victory of Flodden afforded them, than to commence another invasion, which, however distressing to Scotland, was likely, as in the Bruce and Baliol wars, to terminate in the English also sustaining great loss, and ultimately being again driven out of the kingdom. The English counsellors remembered that Margaret, the widow of James, was the sister of the King of England—that she must become Regent of the kingdom, and would naturally be a friend to her native country. They knew that the late war had been undertaken by the King of Scotland against the wish of his people; and with noble as well as wise policy, they endeavoured rather to render Scotland once more a friendly power than, by invasion and violence, to convert her into an irreconcilable enemy. The incursions which followed the battle of Flodden extended only to the Borders; no great attempt against Scotland was made, or apparently meditated.

Margaret, the Queen Dowager, became Regent of Scotland, and guardian of the young King, James V., who, as had been too often the case on former similar occasions, ascended the throne when a child of not two years old.

But the authority of Margaret was greatly diminished, and her character injured, by a hasty and imprudent marriage which she formed with Douglas, Earl of Angus, the grandson of old Bell-the-Cat. That celebrated person had not long survived the fatal battle of Flodden, in which both his sons had fallen. His grandson, the inheritor of his great name, was a handsome youth, brave, high-born, and with all the ambition of the old Douglases, as well as with much of their military talents. He was, however, young, rash, and inexperienced; and his elevation to be the husband of the Queen Regent excited the jealousy and emulation of all the other nobles of Scotland, who dreaded the name and the power of the Douglas.

6th August 1514.

A peace now took place betwixt France and England, and Scotland was included in the treaty; but this could hardly be termed fortunate, considering the distracted state of the country, which, freed from English ravages, and no longer restrained by the royal authority, was left to prosecute its domestic feuds and quarrels with the usual bloody animosity. The nation, or rather the nobles, disgusted with Margaret's regency, chiefly on account of her marriage with Angus, and that young lord's

love of personal power, now thought of calling back into Scotland John, Duke of Albany, son of that Robert who was banished during the reign of James III. This nobleman was the nearest male relation of the King, being the cousin-german of his father. The Queen was by many considered as having forfeited the right of regency by her marriage, and Albany, on his arrival from France, was generally accepted in that character. 18th May 1515.

John, Duke of Albany, had been born and bred in France, where he had large estates by his mother, a daughter of the Earl of Boulogne; and he seems always to have preferred the interests of that kingdom to those of Scotland, with which he was only connected by hereditary descent. He was a weak and passionate man, taking up opinions too slightly, and driven out of his resolutions too easily. His courage may justly be suspected; and, if not quite a fool, he was certainly not the wise man whom Scotland required for a governor. He brought over with him, however, a large sum of money from France; and as his manners were pleasing, his birth high, and his pretensions great, he easily got the advantage over Queen Margaret, her husband the Earl of Angus, and other lords who favoured her interest.

After much internal disturbance, Queen Margaret was obliged altogether to retire from Scotland, and to seek refuge at her brother's court, where she bore a daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, of whom you will hear more hereafter. In the meantime, her party in Scotland was still further weakened. Lord Home was one of her warmest supporters; this was the same nobleman who commanded the left wing at the battle of Flodden, and was victorious on that day, but exposed himself to suspicion by not giving assistance to the other divisions of the Scottish army. He and his brethren were enticed to Edinburgh, and seized upon, tried, and beheaded, upon accusations which are not known. This severity, however, was so far from confirming Albany's power, that it only excited terror and hatred; and his situation became so difficult, that to his friends in secret he expressed nothing but despair, and wished that he had broken his limbs when he first left his easy and quiet situation in France, to undertake the government of so distracted and unruly a country as Scotland. In fact, he accomplished a 18th Oct. 1515. 8th Oct. 1516.

retreat to France, and during his absence, committed the wardenry of the Scottish frontiers to a brave French knight, the Chevalier de la Bastie, remarkable for the beauty of his person and the gallantry of his achievements, but destined, as we shall see, to a tragical fate.

8th June 1517.

The office of warden had belonged to the Lord Home; and his friends, numerous, powerful, and inhabiting the eastern frontier, to which the office belonged, were equally desirous to avenge the death of their chief, and to be freed from the dominion of a stranger like De la Bastie, the favourite of Albany, by whose authority Lord Home had been executed. Sir David Home of Wedderburn, one of the fiercest of the name, laid an ambush for the unfortunate warden, near Langton, in Berwickshire. De la Bastie, seeing his life aimed at, was compelled to fly, in the hope of gaining the castle of Dunbar; but near the town of Dunse his horse stuck fast in a morass. The pursuers came up and put him to death. Sir David Home knitted the head, by the long locks which the deceased wore, to the mane of his horse, rode with it in triumph to Home Castle, and placed it on a spear on the highest turret. The hair is said to be yet preserved in the charter chest of the family. By this cruel deed Wedderburn considered himself as doing a brave and gallant action in avenging the death of his chief and kinsman, by putting to death a friend and favourite of the Regent, although it does not appear that De la Bastie had the least concern in Lord Home's execution.

19th Sept. 1517.

The decline of Albany's power enabled Queen Margaret and her husband to return to Scotland, leaving their infant daughter in the charge of her maternal uncle, King Henry. But after their return to their own country, the Queen Dowager quarrelled, to an irreconcilable pitch, with her husband Angus, who had seized upon her revenues, paid her little attention or respect, and otherwise gave her much cause for uneasiness. She at length separated from him, and endeavoured to procure a divorce, which she afterwards obtained. By this domestic discord, the power of Angus was considerably diminished; but he was still one of the first men in Scotland, and might have gained the complete government of the kingdom had not his power been counterbalanced by that of the Earl of Arran. This nobleman was the head of the great family of Hamilton; he was connected

with the royal family by blood, and had such extensive possessions and lordships as enabled him, though inferior in personal qualities to the Earl of Angus, to dispute with that chief of the more modern Douglases the supreme administration. All, or almost all, the great men of Scotland were in league with one or other of these powerful earls; each of whom supported those who followed him, in right or wrong, and oppressed those who opposed him, without any form of justice, but merely at his own pleasure. In this distracted state of things, it was impossible for the meanest man in Scotland to obtain success in the best-founded suit, unless he was under the protection either of Angus or Arran, and to whichever he might attach himself, he was sure to become an object of hatred and suspicion to the other. Under pretence, also, of taking a side, and acting for the interests of their party, wicked and lawless men committed violences of every kind, burned, murdered, and plundered, and pretended that they did so in the cause of the Earl of Angus, or of his rival the Earl of Arran.

At length, on the 30th of April 1520, these two great factions of the Douglases and the Hamiltons came both to Edinburgh to attend a parliament, in which it was expected that the western noblemen would in general take part with Arran, while those of the east would side with Angus. One of the strongest supporters of Arran was the Archbishop of Glasgow, James Beaton, a man remarkable for talents, but unfortunately also for profligacy. He was at this time Chancellor of Scotland; and the Hamiltons met within his palace, situated at the bottom of Blackfriars Wynd, one of those narrow lanes which run down from the High Street of Edinburgh to the Cowgate. The Hamiltons finding themselves far the more numerous party, were deliberating upon a scheme of attacking the Douglases, and apprehending Angus. That Earl heard of their intentions, and sent his uncle, Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld (a scholar and a poet), to remonstrate with Beaton, and to remind him, that it was his business as a churchman to preserve peace; Angus offering at the same time to withdraw out of the town, if he and his friends should be permitted to do so in safety. The Chancellor had, however, already assumed armour, which he wore under his rochet, or bishop's dress. As he laid his hand on his heart, and said, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is about to happen," the mail

which he wore was heard to rattle. "Ha, my lord!" said the Bishop of Dunkeld, "I perceive that your conscience is not sound, as appears from its clatters!" And leaving him after this rebuke, he hastened back to his nephew, the Earl of Angus, to bid him defend himself like a man. "For me," he said, "I will go to my chamber and pray for you."

Angus collected his followers, and hastened, like a sagacious soldier, to occupy the High Street of the city. The inhabitants were his friends, and spears were handed out to such of the Douglases as had them not; which proved a great advantage, the Hamiltons having no weapons longer than their swords.

In the meantime Sir Patrick Hamilton, a wise and moderate man, brother to the Earl of Arran, strongly advised his brother not to come to blows; but a natural son of the Earl, Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, notorious for his fierce and cruel nature, exclaimed that Sir Patrick only spoke this "because he was afraid to fight in his friend's quarrel."

"Thou liest, false bastard!" said Sir Patrick; "I will fight this day where thou darest not be seen."

Immediately they all rushed towards the street, where the Douglases stood drawn up to receive them.

Now the Hamiltons, though very numerous, could only get at their enemies by thronging out of the little steep lanes which open into the High Street, the outlets of which the Douglases had barricaded with carts, barrels, and such like lumber. As the Hamiltons endeavoured to force their way, they were fiercely attacked by the Douglases with pikes and spears. A few who got out on the street were killed or routed. The Earl of Arran, and his son the bastard, were glad to mount upon a coal-horse, from which they threw the load, and escaped by flight. Sir Patrick Hamilton was killed, with many others; thus dying in a scuffle which he had done all in his power to prevent. The confusion was greatly increased by the sudden appearance of Sir David Home of Wedderburn, the fierce Border leader who slew De la Bastie. He came with a band of eight hundred horse to assist Angus, and finding the skirmish begun, made his way into the city by bursting open one of the gates with sledge-hammers. The Hamiltons fled out of the town in great confusion; and the consequences of this fray were such, that the citizens of Edinburgh called it *Clean-the-Causeway*, because the faction of

Arran was, as it were, swept from the streets. This broil gave Angus a great advantage in his future disputes with Arran; but it exhibits a wild picture of the times, when such a conflict could be fought in the midst of a populous city.

A year after this, the Duke of Albany returned from France, to try to reassume the regency. He appears to have been encouraged to take this step by the King of France, who was desirous of recovering his influence in the Scottish councils, and who justly considered Angus as a friend of England. The Regent being successful in again taking up the reins of government, Angus was in his turn obliged to retire to France, where he spent his time so well that he returned much wiser and more experienced than he had been esteemed before his banishment. Albany, on the contrary, showed himself neither more prudent nor more prosperous than during his first government. He threatened much and did little. He broke the peace with England, and invaded that country with a large army; then made a dishonourable truce with Lord Dacre, who commanded on the English frontier, and finally retired without fighting, or doing anything to support the boasts which he had made. This mean and poor-spirited conduct excited the contempt of the Scottish nation, and the Duke found it necessary to retreat once more to France, that he might obtain money and forces to maintain himself in the regency, which he seemed to occupy rather for the advantage of that country than of Scotland.

The English, in the meanwhile, maintained the war which Albany had rekindled, by destructive and dangerous incursions on the Scottish frontiers; and that you may know how this fearful kind of warfare was conducted, I will give you some account of the storming of Jedburgh, which happened at this time.

Jedburgh was, after the castle and town of Roxburgh had been demolished, the principal town of the county. It was strongly walled, and inhabited by a class of citizens whom their neighbourhood to the English frontier made familiar with war. The town was also situated near those mountains in which the boldest of the Scottish Border clans had their abode.

The Earl of Surrey (son of him who had vanquished the Scots at Flodden, and who was now Duke of Norfolk) advanced from Berwick to Jedburgh in September 1523, with an army of about ten thousand men. The Border chieftains, on the

Scottish frontier, could only oppose to this well-appointed army about fifteen or eighteen hundred of their followers; but they were such gallant soldiers, and so willing to engage in battle, that the brave English general, who had served in foreign countries as well as at home, declared he had never met their equal. "Could forty thousand such men be assembled," said Surrey, "it would be a dreadful enterprise to withstand them."[1] But the force of numbers prevailed, and the English carried the place by assault. There were six strong towers within the town, which continued their defence after the walls were surmounted. These were the residences of persons of rank, walled round, and capable of strong resistance. The abbey also was occupied by the Scots, and most fiercely defended. The battle continued till late in the night, and the English had no way of completing the victory but by setting fire to the town; and even in this extremity, those who manned the towers and the abbey continued their defence. The next day Lord Dacre was despatched to attack the castle of Fairniehirst, within about three miles of Jedburgh, the feudal fortress of Sir Andrew Ker, a border chief, formerly mentioned. It was taken, but with great loss to the besiegers. In the evening Lord Dacre, contrary to Surrey's commands, chose to encamp with his cavalry without the limits of the camp which the latter had chosen. About eight at night, when the English leaders were at supper, and concluded all resistance over, Dacre's quarters were attacked, and his horses all cut loose. The terrified animals, upwards of fifteen hundred in number, came galloping down to Surrey's camp, where they were received with showers of arrows and volleys of musketry; for the English soldiers, alarmed by the noise, thought the Scots were storming their intrenchments, and shot off their shafts at hazard. Many of the horses ran into Jedburgh, which was still in flames, and were seized and carried off by the Scottish women, accustomed like their husbands to the management of these useful animals. The tumult was so great that the English imputed it to supernatural interference, and Surrey alleged that the devil was seen visibly six times during the

[1] "Surrey to Cardinal Wolsey and who adds, 'I assure your grace I found the Scots, at this time, the boldest men and the hotest, that ever I sawe any nacion.' The praise from Surrey is great, as he had often been employed on severe foreign service."—PINKERTON.

confusion. Such was the credulity of the times; but the whole narrative may give you some notion of the obstinate defence of the Scots, and the horrors of a Border foray.

The Scots, on their side, were victorious in several severe actions, in one of which the Bastard Heron, who had contributed so much to Surrey's success at Flodden, was slain.

The young King of Scotland, though yet a boy, began to show tokens of ill-will towards the French and Albany. Some nobles asked him what should be done with the French, whom the Regent had left behind. "Give them," said James, "to Davie Home's keeping." Sir David Home, you must recollect, was the chieftain who put to death Albany's friend, De la Bastie, and knitted his head by the hair to his saddlebow.

Albany, however, returned again from France with great supplies of money, artillery, arms, and other provisions for continuing the war. These were furnished by France, because it was the interest of that country at all hazards to maintain the hostility between Scotland and England. The Regent once more, with a fine army, made an attack upon Norham, a castle on the English frontier; but when he had nearly gained this fortress, he suddenly, with his usual cowardice, left off the assault, on learning that Surrey was advancing to its relief. After this second dishonourable retreat, Albany left Scotland, detested and despised alike by the nobles and the common people, who felt that all his undertakings had ended in retreat and disgrace. In the month of May 1524 he took leave of Scotland, never to return.

CHAPTER XXVI

Angus's Accession to the Government—Buccleuch and Lennox—Escape of James—Banishment of Angus, and the rest of the Douglases

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VIII. *France*: Francis I.

1524—1528

QUEEN MARGARET, who hated her husband Angus, as I have told you, now combined with his enemy Arran to call James

V., her son (though then only twelve years old), to the management of the public affairs; but the Earl of Angus, returning at this crisis from France, speedily obtained a superiority in the Scottish councils, and became the head of those nobles who desired to maintain a friendly alliance with England rather than to continue that league with France which had so often involved Scotland in quarrels with their powerful neighbour.

Margaret might have maintained her authority, for she was personally much beloved; but it was the fate or the folly of that Queen to form rash marriages. Like her brother Henry of England, who tired of his wives, Margaret seems to have been addicted to tire of her husbands; but she had not the power of cutting the heads from the spouses whom she desired to be rid of. Having obtained a divorce from Angus, she married a young man of little power and inferior rank, named Henry Stewart, a younger son of Lord Evandale. She lost her influence by that ill-advised measure. Angus, therefore, rose to the supreme authority in Scotland, obtained possession of the person of the King, transacted everything in the name of James, but by his own authority, and became in all respects the Regent of Scotland, though without assuming the name.

The talents of the Earl of Angus were equal to the charge he had assumed, and as he reconciled himself to his old rival the Earl of Arran, his power seemed founded on a sure basis. He was able to accomplish a treaty of peace with England, which was of great advantage to the kingdom. But, according to the fashion of the times, Angus was much too desirous to confer all the great offices, lands, and other advantages in the disposal of the crown, upon his own friends and adherents, to the exclusion of all the nobles and gentry, who had either taken part against him in the late struggle for power, or were not decidedly his partisans. The course of justice also was shamefully perverted, by the partiality of Angus for his friends, kinsmen, and adherents.

An old historian says, "That there dared no man strive at law with a Douglas, or yet with the adherent of a Douglas; for if he did, he was sure to get the worst of his law-suit. And," he adds, "although Angus travelled through the country under the pretence of punishing thieves, robbers, and murderers, there were no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company."

The King, who was now fourteen years old, became disgusted with the sort of restraint in which Angus detained him, and desirous to free himself from his tutelage. His mother had doubtless a natural influence over him, and that likewise was exerted to the Earl's prejudice. The Earl of Lennox, a wise and intelligent nobleman, near in blood to the King, was also active in fostering his displeasure against the Douglases, and schemes began to be agitated for taking the person of the King out of the hands of Angus. But Angus was so well established in the government, that his authority could not be destroyed except by military force; and it was not easy to bring such to bear against one so powerful, and of such a martial character.

At length it seems to have been determined to employ the agency of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, a man of great courage and military talent, head of a numerous and powerful clan, and possessed of much influence on the Border. He had been once the friend of Angus, and had even scaled the walls of Edinburgh with a great body of his clan, in order to render the party of the Earl uppermost in that city. But of late he had attached himself to Lennox, by whose counsel he seems to have been guided in the enterprise which I am about to give you an account of.

Some excesses had taken place on the Border, probably by the connivance of Buccleuch, which induced Angus to march to Jedburgh, bringing the King in his company, lest he should have made his escape during his absence. He was joined by the clans of Home and Ker, both in league with him, and he had, besides, a considerable body of chosen attendants. Angus was returning from this expedition, and had passed the night at Melrose. The Kers and Homes had taken leave of the Earl, who with the King and his retinue had left Melrose, when a band of a thousand horsemen suddenly appeared on the side of an eminence called Halidon Hill, and, descending into the valley, interposed between the Earl and the bridge, by which he must pass the Tweed on his return northward.

"Sir," said Angus to the King, "yonder comes Buccleuch, with the Border thieves of Teviotdale and Liddesdale, to interrupt your Grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or fly. You shall halt upon this knoll with my brother George, while we drive off these banditti, and clear the road for your Grace."

The King made no answer, for in his heart he desired that Buccleuch's undertaking might be successful; but he dared not say so.

Angus, meantime, despatched a herald to charge Buccleuch to withdraw with his forces. Scott replied, "That he was come, according to the custom of the Borders, to show the King his clan and followers, and invite his Grace to dine at his house." To which he added, "That he knew the King's mind as well as Angus." The Earl advanced, and the Borderers, shouting their war-cry of Bellenden, immediately joined battle, and fought stoutly; but the Homes and Kers, who were at no great distance, returned on hearing the alarm, and coming through the little village of Darnick, set upon Buccleuch's men, and decided the fate of the day. The Border riders fled, but Buccleuch and his followers fought bravely in their retreat, and turning upon the Kers, slew several of them; in particular, Ker of Cessford, a chief of the name, who was killed by the lance of one of the Elliots, a retainer of Buccleuch. His death occasioned a deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Ker, which lasted for a century, and cost much blood. This skirmish took place on the 25th of July 1526. About eighty Scots were slain on the field of battle, and a sentence was pronounced against Buccleuch and many of his clan, as guilty of high treason. But after the King had shaken off the yoke of the Douglases, he went in person to Parliament to obtain the restoration of Buccleuch, who, he declared on his kingly word, had come to Melrose without any purpose of quarrel, but merely to pay his duty to his prince, and show him the number of his followers. In evidence of which the King affirmed that the said Wat was not clad in armour, but in a leathern coat (a buff-coat, I suppose), with a black bonnet on his head. The family were restored to their estates accordingly; but Sir Walter Scott was long afterwards murdered by the Kers, at Edinburgh, in revenge of the death of the Laird of Cessford.

The Earl of Lennox being disappointed in procuring the King's release by means of Buccleuch, now resolved to attempt it in person. He received much encouragement from the Chancellor Beaton (distinguished at the skirmish called Clean-the-Causeway), from the Earl of Glencairn, and other noblemen, who saw with displeasure the Earl of Angus keeping the

young King under restraint, and that all the administration of the kingdom centred in the Douglases. Lennox assembled an army of ten or twelve thousand men, and advanced upon Edinburgh from Stirling. Angus and Arran, who were still closely leagued together, encountered Lennox, with an inferior force, near the village of Newliston. The rumour that a battle was about to commence soon reached Edinburgh, when Sir George Douglas hastened to call out the citizens in arms, to support his brother, the Earl of Angus. The city bells were rung, trumpets were sounded, and the King himself was obliged to mount on horseback, to give countenance to the measures of the Douglases, whom in his soul he detested. James was so sensible of his situation, that he tried by every means in his power to delay the march of the forces which were mustered at Edinburgh. When they reached the village of Corstorphine, they heard the thunder of the guns; which inflamed the fierce impatience of George Douglas to reach the field of battle, and also increased the delays of the young King, who was in hopes Angus might be defeated before his brother could come up. Douglas, perceiving this, addressed the King in language which James never forgot nor forgave;—"Your Grace need not think to escape us," said this fierce warrior; "if our enemies had hold of you on one side, and we on the other, we would tear you to pieces ere we would let you go."

Tidings now came from the field of battle that Lennox had been defeated, and that Angus had gained the victory. The young King, dismayed at the news, now urged his attendants to gallop forward, as much as he had formerly desired them to hang back. He charged them to prevent slaughter, and save lives, especially that of Lennox. Sir Andrew Wood, one of the King's cup-bearers, arrived in the field of battle time enough to save the Earl of Glencairn, who, protected by some strong ground, was still fighting gallantly, though he had scarce thirty men left alive; and Wood contrived to convey him safe out of the field. But Lennox, about whose safety the King was so anxious, was already no more. He had been slain, in cold blood, by that bloodthirsty man, Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, who took him from the Laird of Pardivan, to whom he had surrendered himself. This deed seemed to flow from the brutal nature of the perpetrator, who took such a pleasure in shedding blood that he slashed with his own

hand the faces of many of the prisoners. Arran, the father of this ferocious man, bitterly lamented the fate of Lennox, who was his nephew. He was found mourning beside the body, over which he had spread his scarlet cloak. "The hardiest, stoutest, and wisest man that Scotland bore," he said, "lies here slain."

After these two victories, the Earl of Angus seemed to be so firmly established in power that his followers set no bounds to their presumption, and his enemies were obliged to fly and hide themselves. Chancellor Beaton, disguised as a shepherd, fed sheep on Bogrian-knowe, until he made his peace with the Earls of Angus and Arran, by great gifts, both in money and in church lands. Angus established around the King's person a guard of a hundred men of his own choice, commanded by Douglas of Parkhead; he made his brother George, whom James detested, Master of the Royal Household; and Archibald of Kilspindie, his uncle, Lord Treasurer of the Realm. But the close restraint in which the King found himself only increased his eager desire to be rid of all the Douglases together. Force having failed in two instances, James had recourse to stratagem.

He prevailed on his mother, Queen Margaret, to yield up to him the castle of Stirling, which was her jointure-house, and secretly to put it into the hands of a governor whom he could trust. This was done with much caution. Thus prepared with a place of refuge, James watched with anxiety an opportunity of flying to it; and he conducted himself with such apparent confidence towards Angus, that the Douglases were lulled into security, and concluded that the King was reconciled to his state of bondage, and had despaired of making his escape.

James was then residing at Falkland, a royal palace conveniently situated for hunting and hawking, in which he seemed to take great pleasure. The Earl of Angus at this period left the court for Lothian, where he had some urgent business—Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie went to Dundee, to visit a lady to whom he was attached—and George Douglas had gone to St. Andrews to extort some further advantages from Chancellor Beaton, who was now archbishop of that see, and primate of Scotland. There was thus none of the Douglases left about the King's person except Parkhead, with his guard of one hundred men, in whose vigilance the others confided.

The King thought the time favourable for his escape. To lay all suspicion asleep, he pretended he was to rise next morning at an early hour, for the purpose of hunting the stag. Douglas of Parkhead, suspecting nothing, retired to bed after placing his watch. But the King was no sooner in his private chamber than he called a trusty page, named John Hart:—

"Jockie," said he, "dost thou love me?"

"Better than myself," answered the domestic.

"And will you risk anything for me?"

"My life, with pleasure," said John Hart.

The King then explained his purpose, and dressing himself in the attire of a groom, he went with Hart to the stable, as if for the purpose of getting the horses ready for the next day's hunt. The guards, deceived by their appearance, gave them no interruption. At the stables three good horses were saddled and in readiness, under charge of a yeoman, or groom, whom the King had entrusted with his design.

James mounted with his two servants, and galloped, during the whole night, as eager as a bird just escaped from a cage. At daylight he reached the bridge of Stirling, which was the only mode of passing the river Forth, except by boats. It was defended by gates, which the King, after passing through them, ordered to be closed, and directed the passage to be watched. He was a weary man when he reached Stirling Castle, where he was joyfully received by the governor, whom his mother had placed in that strong fortress. The drawbridges were raised, the portcullises dropt, guards set, and every measure of defence and precaution resorted to. But the King was so much afraid of again falling into the hands of the Douglases, that, tired as he was, he would not go to sleep until the keys of the castle were placed in his own keeping, and laid underneath his pillow. July 1528.

In the morning there was great alarm at Falkland. Sir George Douglas had returned thither, on the night of the King's departure, about eleven o'clock. On his arrival, he inquired after the King, and was answered by the porter as well as the watchmen upon guard that he was sleeping in his chamber, as he intended to hunt early in the morning. Sir George therefore retired to rest in full security. But the next morning he learned different tidings. One Peter Carmichael, bailie of Abernethy, knocked at the door of his chamber, and

asked him if he knew "what the King was doing that morning?"

"He is in his chamber asleep," said Sir George.

"You are mistaken," answered Carmichael; "he passed the bridge of Stirling this last night."

On hearing this, Douglas started up in haste, went to the King's chamber, and knocked for admittance. When no answer was returned, he caused the door to be forced, and when he found the apartment empty, he cried, "Treason!—The King is gone, and none knows whither." Then he sent post to his brother, the Earl of Angus, and despatched messengers in every direction, to seek the King, and to assemble the Douglases.

When the truth became known, the adherents of Angus rode in a body to Stirling; but the King was so far from desiring to receive them, that he threatened, by sound of trumpet, to declare any of the name of Douglas a traitor who should approach within twelve miles of his person, or who should presume to meddle with the administration of government. Some of the Douglases inclined to resist this proclamation; but the Earl of Angus and his brother resolved to obey it, and withdrew to Linlithgow.

Soon afterwards, the King assembled around him the numerous nobility who envied the power of Angus and Arran, or had suffered injuries at their hands; and, in open parliament, accused them of treason, declaring that he had never been sure of his life all the while that he was in their power. A sentence of forfeiture was, therefore, passed against the Earl of Angus, and he was driven into exile, with all his friends and kinsmen. And thus the Red Douglases, of the house of Angus, shared almost the same fate with the Black Douglases, of the elder branch of that mighty house; with this difference, that as they had never risen so high, so they did not fall so irretrievably; for the Earl of Angus lived to return and enjoy his estates in Scotland, where he again played a distinguished part. But this was not till after the death of James V., who retained, during his whole life, an implacable resentment against the Douglases, and never permitted one of the name to settle in Scotland while he lived.

James persevered in this resolution even under circumstances which rendered his unrelenting resentment ungenerous. Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, the Earl of Angus's uncle,

had been a personal favourite of the King before the disgrace of his family. He was so much recommended to James by his great strength, manly appearance, and skill in every kind of warlike exercise, that he was wont to call him his Graysteil, after the name of a champion in a romance then popular. Archibald, becoming rather an old man, and tired of his exile in England, resolved to try the King's mercy. He thought that as they had been so well acquainted formerly, and as he had never offended James personally, he might find favour from their old intimacy. He therefore threw himself in the King's way one day as he returned from hunting in the park at Stirling. It was several years since James had seen him, but he knew him at a great distance, by his firm and stately step, and said, "Yonder is my Graysteil, Archibald of Kilspindie." But when they met, he showed no appearance of recognising his old servant. Douglas turned, and still hoping to obtain a glance of favourable recollection, ran along by the King's side; and although James trotted his horse hard against the hill, and Douglas wore a heavy shirt of mail under his clothes, for fear of assassination, yet Graysteil was at the castle gate as soon as the King. James passed him, and entered the castle; but Douglas, exhausted with exertion, sat down at the gate and asked for a cup of wine. The hatred of the King against the name of Douglas was so well known, that no domestic about the court dared procure for the old warrior even this trifling refreshment. The King blamed, indeed, his servants for their discourtesy, and even said, that but for his oath never to employ a Douglas, he would have received Archibald of Kilspindie into his service, as he had formerly known him a man of great ability. Yet he sent his commands to his poor Graysteil to retire to France, where he died heart-broken soon afterwards. Even Henry VIII. of England, himself of an unforgiving temper, blamed the implacability of James on this occasion, and quoted an old proverb,—

"A King's face
Should give grace."

CHAPTER XXVII

Character of James V.—His Expedition to punish the Border Freebooters—His Adventures—Rustic Hunting Palace in Athole—Institution of the College of Justice—Gold-Mines of Scotland.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VIII.
France: Francis I.

1528—1540

FREED from the stern control of the Douglas family, James V. now began to exercise the government in person, and displayed most of the qualities of a wise and good prince. He was handsome in his person, and resembled his father in the fondness for military exercises, and the spirit of chivalrous honour which James IV. loved to display. He also inherited his father's love of justice, and his desire to establish and enforce wise and equal laws, which should protect the weak against the oppression of the great. It was easy enough to make laws, but to put them in vigorous exercise was of much greater difficulty; and in his attempt to accomplish this laudable purpose, James often incurred the ill-will of the more powerful nobles. He was a well-educated and accomplished man; and like his ancestor, James I., was a poet and a musician. He had, however, his defects. He avoided his father's failing of profusion, having no hoarded treasures to employ on pomp and show; but he rather fell into the opposite fault, being of a temper too parsimonious; and though he loved state and display, he endeavoured to gratify that taste as economically as possible, so that he has been censured as rather close and covetous. He was also, though the foibles seem inconsistent, fond of pleasure, and disposed to too much indulgence. It must be added, that when provoked, he was unrelenting even to cruelty; for which he had some apology, considering the ferocity of the subjects over whom he reigned. But, on the whole, James V. was an amiable man, and a good sovereign.

His first care was to bring the Borders of Scotland to some degree of order. These, as you were formerly told, were

inhabited by tribes of men, forming each a different clan, as they were called, and obeying no orders, save those which were given by their chiefs. These chiefs were supposed to represent the first founder of the name, or family. The attachment of the clansmen to the chief was very great: indeed, they paid respect to no one else. In this the Borderers agreed with the Highlanders, as also in their love of plunder, and neglect of the general laws of the country. But the Border men wore no tartan dress, and served almost always on horseback, whereas the Highlanders acted always on foot. You will also remember that the Borderers spoke the Scottish language, and not the Gaelic tongue used by the mountaineers. May 1529.

The situation of these clans on the frontiers exposed them to constant war; so that they thought of nothing else but of collecting bands of their followers together, and making incursions, without much distinction, on the English, on the Lowland (or inland) Scots, or upon each other. They paid little respect either to times of truce or treaties of peace, but exercised their depredations without regard to either, and often occasioned wars betwixt England and Scotland which would not otherwise have taken place.

It is said of a considerable family on the Borders, that when they had consumed all the cattle about the castle, a pair of spurs was placed on the table in a covered dish, as a hint that they must ride out and fetch more. The chiefs and leading men told down their daughters' portions according to the plunder which they were able to collect in the course of a Michaelmas moon, when its prolonged light allowed them opportunity for their freebooting excursions. They were very brave in battle, but in time of peace they were a pest to their Scottish neighbours. As their insolence had risen to a high pitch after the field of Flodden had thrown the country into confusion, James V. resolved to take very severe measures against them.

His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Ker of Fairniehirst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed the King's purposes, were seized, and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the inland country.

James then assembled an army, in which warlike purposes were united with those of silvan sport; for he ordered all the gentlemen in the wild districts which he intended to visit to bring in their best dogs, as if his only purpose had been to hunt the deer in those desolate regions. This was intended to prevent the Borderers from taking the alarm, in which case they would have retreated into their mountains and fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them.

June 1529.

These men had indeed no distinct idea of the offences which they had committed, and consequently no apprehension of the King's displeasure against them. The laws had been so long silent in that remote and disorderly country, that the outrages which were practised by the strong against the weak seemed to the perpetrators the natural course of society, and to present nothing that was worthy of punishment.

Thus, as the King, in the beginning of his expedition, suddenly approached the castle of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, that baron was in the act of providing a great entertainment to welcome him, when James caused him to be suddenly seized on, and executed. Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, met the same fate. But an event of greater importance was the fate of John Armstrong of Gilnockie, near Langholm.

This freebooting chief had risen to great consequence, and the whole neighbouring district of England paid him *black mail*, that is, a sort of tribute, in consideration of which he forbore plundering them. He had a high idea of his own importance, and seems to have been unconscious of having merited any severe usage at the King's hands. On the contrary, he came to meet his sovereign at a place about ten miles from Hawick, called Carlinrigg chapel, richly dressed, and having with him twenty-four gentlemen, his constant retinue, as well attired as himself. The King, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?" John Armstrong made great offers for his life, offering to maintain himself, with forty men, ready to serve the King at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as indeed had never been his practice; and undertaking

that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but he would engage, within a short time, to present him to the King, dead or alive. But when the King would listen to none of his offers, the robber chief said very proudly, "I am but a fool to ask grace at a graceless face; but had I guessed you would have used me thus, I would have kept the Border-side, in despite of the King of England and you both; for I well know that King Henry would give the weight of my best horse in gold to know that I am sentenced to die this day."

John Armstrong was led to execution, with all his men, and hanged without mercy. The people of the inland counties were glad to be rid of him; but on the Borders he was both missed and mourned, as a brave warrior, and a stout man-at-arms against England.

Such were the effects of the terror struck by these general executions, that James was said to have made "the rush bush keep the cow;" that is to say, that even in this lawless part of the country, men dared no longer make free with property, and cattle might remain on their pastures unwatched. James was also enabled to draw profit from the lands which the crown possessed near the Borders, and is said to have had ten thousand sheep at one time grazing in Ettrick Forest, under the keeping of one Andrew Bell, who gave the King as good an account of the profits of the flock as if they had been grazing in the bounds of Fife, then the most civilised part of Scotland.

On the other hand, the Borders of Scotland were greatly weakened by the destruction of so many brave men, who, notwithstanding their lawless course of life, were true defenders of their country; and there is reason to censure the extent to which James carried his severity, as being to a certain degree impolitic, and beyond doubt cruel and excessive.

In the like manner James proceeded against the Highland chiefs; and by executions, forfeitures, and other severe measures, he brought the Northern mountaineers, as he had already done those of the South, into comparative subjection. He then set at liberty the Border chiefs, and others whom he had imprisoned, lest they should have offered any hindrance to the course of his justice.

As these fiery chieftains, after this severe chastisement, could no longer as formerly attack each other's castles and

lands, they were forced to vent their deadly animosities in duels, which were frequently fought in the King's presence, his royal permission being first obtained. Thus Douglas of Drumlanrig and Charteris of Amisfield did battle together in presence of the King, each having accused the other of high treason. They fought on foot with huge two-handed swords. Drumlanrig was somewhat blind, or short-sighted, and being in great fury, struck about him without seeing where he hit, and the Laird of Amisfield was not more successful, for his sword broke in the encounter; upon this, the King caused the battle to cease, and the combatants were with difficulty separated. Thus the King gratified these unruly barons, by permitting them to fight in his own presence, in order to induce them to remain at peace elsewhere.

James V. had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV., his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer were killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen; being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buch-

anan's house, where he found a strong fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying, that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered, that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual,

that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry, "But," said John, "how am I to know his Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"—"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered—the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked round the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant[1] of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

[1] William Howieson Crawford, Esq., of Braehead and Crawford-land.

James V. was very fond of hunting, and, when he pursued that amusement in the Highlands, he used to wear the peculiar dress of that country, having a long and wide Highland shirt, and a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid hose, and everything else corresponding. The accounts for these are in the books of his chamberlain, still preserved.

On one occasion, when the King had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, with various foreigners of distinction, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of 1533. timber, in the midst of a great meadow, and surrounded by moats, or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was enclosed and defended by towers, as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. Here were all kinds of game, and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of the most costly spices and wines. The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wildernesses, which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodging and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all, was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over, and the King in the act of departing. "Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders," said James to the ambassador; "however well they may be lodged over night, they always burn their lodging before they leave it." By this the King intimated the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers.

The reign of James V. was not alone distinguished by his personal adventures and pastimes, but is honourably remembered on account of wise laws made for the government of his people, and for restraining the crimes and violence which were frequently practised among them; especially those of assassination, burning of houses, and driving of cattle, the usual and ready means by which powerful chiefs avenged themselves of their feudal enemies.

For the decision of civil questions, James V. invented and instituted what is called the College of Justice, being the Supreme Court of Scotland in civil affairs. It consisted of fourteen judges (half clergy, half laity), and a president, who heard and decided causes. A certain number of learned men,

trained to understand the laws, were appointed to the task of pleading the causes of such as had lawsuits before these judges, who constituted what is popularly termed the Court of Session. These men were called advocates; and this was the first establishment of a body, regularly educated to the law, which has ever since been regarded in Scotland as an honourable profession, and has produced many great men.

James V. used great diligence in improving his navy, and undertook what was, at the time, rather a perilous task, to sail in person round Scotland, and cause an accurate survey to be made of the various coasts, bays, and islands, harbours, and roadsteads of his kingdom, many of which had been unknown to his predecessors, even by name.

May 1540.

This active and patriotic prince ordered the mineral wealth of Scotland to be also inquired into. He obtained miners from Germany, who extracted both silver and gold from the mines of Leadhills, in the upper part of Clydesdale. The gold was of fine quality, and found in quantity sufficient to supply metal for a very elegant gold coin, which, bearing on one side the head of James V. wearing a bonnet, has been thence called the Bonnet-piece. It is said, that upon one occasion the King invited the ambassadors of Spain, France, and other foreign countries, to hunt with him in Crawford Moor, the district in which lie the mines I have just mentioned. They dined in the castle of Crawford, a rude old fortress. The King made some apology for the dinner, which was composed of the game they had killed during the hunting and hawking of the day, but he assured his guests that the dessert would make them some amends, as he had given directions that it should consist of the finest fruits which the country afforded. The foreigners looked at each other in surprise, on hearing the King talk of fruits being produced amidst the black moors and barren mountains around them. But the dessert made its appearance in the shape of a number of covered saucers, one of which was placed before each guest, and being examined was found full of gold bonnet-pieces, which they were desired to accept as the fruit produced by the mountains of Crawford Moor. This new sort of dessert was no doubt as acceptable as the most delicate fruits of a southern climate. The mines of the country are now wrought only for lead, of which they produce still a very large quantity.

Although, as we have mentioned, James was a good economist, he did not neglect the cultivation of the fine arts. He rebuilt the palace of Linlithgow, which is on a most magnificent plan, and made additions to that of Stirling. He encouraged several excellent poets and learned men, and his usual course of life appears to have been joyous and happy. He was himself a poet of some skill, and he permitted great freedom to the rhymers of his time, in addressing verses to him, some of which conveyed severe censure of his government, and others satires on his foibles.

James also encouraged the sciences, but was deceived by a foreigner, who pretended to have knowledge of the art of making gold. This person, however, who was either crack-brained, or an impostor, destroyed his own credit by the fabrication of a pair of wings, with which he proposed to fly from the top of Stirling Castle. He actually made the attempt, but as his pinions would not work easily, he fell down the precipice and broke his thigh-bone.

As the kingdom of Scotland, except during a very short and indecisive war with England, remained at peace till near the end of James's reign, and as that monarch was a wise and active prince, it might have been hoped that he at least would have escaped the misfortunes which seemed to haunt the name of Stewart. But a great change, which took place at this period, led James V. into a predicament, as unhappy as attended any of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Abuses of the Church of Rome—Reformation in England—and in Scotland—War with England, and Death of James V.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VIII.
France: Francis I.

1536—1542

YOU remember, my dear child, that James V. was nephew to Henry VIII. of England, being a son of Margaret, sister of that monarch. This connection, and perhaps the policy of

Henry, who was aware that it was better for both countries that they should remain at peace, prevented for several years the renewal of the destructive wars between the two divisions of the island. The good understanding would probably have been still more complete, had it not been for the great and general change in religious matters called in history the Reformation. I must give you some idea of the nature of this alteration, otherwise you cannot understand the consequences to which it led.

After the death of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the doctrine which he preached was planted in Rome, the principal city of the great Roman empire, by the Apostle Peter, as it is said, whom the Catholics, therefore, term the first Bishop of Rome. In process of time, the bishops of Rome, who succeeded, as they said, the apostle in his office, claimed an authority over all others in Christendom. Good and well-meaning persons, in their reverence for the religion which they had adopted, admitted these pretensions without much scrutiny. As the Christian religion was more widely received, the emperors and kings who embraced it thought to distinguish their piety by heaping benefits on the Church, and on the bishops of Rome in particular, who at length obtained great lands and demesnes as temporal princes; while, in their character of clergymen, they assumed the title of Popes, and the full and exclusive authority over all other clergymen in the Christian world. As the people of those times were extremely ignorant, any little knowledge which remained was to be found among the clergy, who had some leisure to study; while the laity, that is, all men who were not clergymen, learned little excepting to tilt, fight, and feast. The popes of Rome, having established themselves as heads of the Church, went on, by degrees, introducing into the simple and beautiful system delivered to us in the Gospel, other doctrines, many of them inconsistent with, or contradictory of, pure Christianity, and all of them tending to extend the power of the priests over the minds and consciences of other men. It was not difficult for the popes to make these alterations. For as they asserted that they were the visible successors of Saint Peter, they pretended that they were as infallible as the apostle himself, and that all that they published in their ordinances, which they called Bulls, must be believed by all Christians, as much as if the same had been enjoined in the

Holy Scripture itself. We shall notice two or three of these innovations.

Some good men, in an early age of Christianity, had withdrawn from the world to worship God in desert and desolate places. They wrought for their bread, gave alms to the poor, spent their leisure in the exercise of devotion, and were justly respected. But by degrees, as well-meaning persons bestowed great sums to support associations of such holy men, bequeathed lands to the monasteries or convents in which they lived, and made them wealthy, the Monks, as they were called, departed from the simplicity of their order, and neglected the virtues which they undertook to practise. Besides, by the extravagant endowments of these convents, great sums of money and large estates were employed in maintaining a useless set of men, who, under pretence of performing devotional exercises, withdrew themselves from the business of the world, and from all domestic duties. Hence, though there continued to be amongst the monks many good, pious, and learned men, idleness and luxury invaded many of the institutions, and corrupted both their doctrines and their morals.

The worship also of saints, for which Scripture gives us no warrant whatever, was introduced in those ignorant times. It is natural we should respect the memory of any remarkably good man, and that we should value anything which has belonged to him. The error lay in carrying this natural veneration to extremity—in worshipping the relics of a saintly character, such as locks of hair, bones, articles of clothing, and other trumpery, and in believing that such things are capable of curing sickness, or of working other miracles shocking to common sense. Yet the Roman Church opened the way to this absurdity, and imputed to these relics, which were often a mere imposture, the power, which God alone possesses, of altering those laws of nature which his wisdom has appointed. The popes also encouraged and enjoined the worship of saints, that is, the souls of holy men deceased, as a sort of subordinate deities, whose intercession may avail us before the throne of God, although the Gospel has expressly declared that our Lord Jesus Christ is our only Mediator. And in virtue of this opinion, not only were the Virgin Mary, the apostles, and almost every other person mentioned in the Gospels, erected by the Roman Catholics into the office of intercessors with the

Deity, but many others who never existed were canonised, as it was called, that is, declared by the Pope to be saints, and had altars and churches dedicated to them. Pictures also and statues, representing these alleged holy persons, were exhibited in churches, and received the worship which ought not, according to the second commandment, to be rendered to any idol or graven image.

Other doctrines there were, about fasting on particular days, and abstaining from particular kinds of food, all of which were gradually introduced into the Roman Catholic faith, though contrary to the Gospel.

But the most important innovation, and that by which the priests made most money, was the belief that the Church, or, in other words, the priest, had the power of pardoning such sins as were confessed to him, upon the culprit's discharging such penance as the priest imposed on him. Every one was, therefore, obliged to confess himself to a priest, if he hoped to have his sins pardoned; and the priest enjoined certain kinds of penance, more or less severe, according to the circumstances of the offence. But, in general, these penances might be excused, provided a corresponding sum of money were paid to the Church, which possessed thus a perpetual and most lucrative source of income, which was yet more increased by the belief in Purgatory.

We have no right, from Scripture, to believe in the existence of any intermediate state betwixt that of happiness, which we call Heaven, to which good men have access immediately after death, or that called Hell, being the place of eternal punishment, to which the wicked are consigned with the devil and his angels. But the Catholic priests imagined the intervention of an intermediate state, called Purgatory. They supposed that many, or indeed that most people, were not of such piety as to deserve immediate admission into a state of eternal happiness, until they should have sustained a certain portion of punishment; but yet were not so wicked as to deserve instant and eternal condemnation. For the benefit of these, they invented the intermediate situation of Purgatory, a place of punishment to which almost every one, not doomed to Hell itself, was consigned for a greater or less period, in proportion to his sins, before admission into a state of happiness. But here lay the stress of the doctrine. The power

was in the Church to obtain pardon, by prayer, for the souls who were in Purgatory, and to have the gates of that place of torture opened for their departure sooner than would otherwise have taken place. Men, therefore, whose consciences told them that they deserved a long abode in this place of punishment, left liberal sums to the Church to have prayers said for the behoof of their souls. Children, in like manner, procured masses (that is, a particular sort of devotional worship practised by Catholics) to be said for the souls of their deceased parents. Widows did the same for their departed husbands—husbands for their wives. All these masses and prayers could only be obtained by money, and all this money went to the priests.

But the pope and his clergy carried the matter still farther; and not only sold, as they pretended, the forgiveness of Heaven, to those who had committed sins, but also granted them (always for money) a liberty to break through the laws of God and the Church. These licences were called indulgences, because those who purchased them were indulged in the privilege of committing irregularities and vices, without being supposed answerable to the Divine wrath.

To support this extraordinary fabric of superstition, the Pope assumed the most extensive powers, even to the length of depriving kings of their thrones, by his sentence of excommunication, which declared their subjects free from their oath of allegiance, and at liberty to rise up against their sovereign and put him to death. At other times the Pope took it upon him to give the kingdoms of the excommunicated prince to some ambitious neighbour. The rule of the Church of Rome was as severe against inferior persons as against princes. If a layman read the Bible, he was accounted guilty of a great offence; for the priests well knew that a perusal of the sacred Scriptures would open men's eyes to their extravagant pretensions. If an individual presumed to disbelieve any of the doctrines which the Church of Rome taught, or to entertain any which were inconsistent with these doctrines, he was tried as a heretic, and subjected to the horrid punishment of being burnt alive; and this penalty was inflicted without mercy for the slightest expressions approaching to what the Papists called heresy.

This extraordinary and tyrannical power over men's con-

sciences was usurped during those ages of European history which are called dark, because men were at that period without the light of learning and information. But the discovery of the art of printing began, in the fifteenth century, to enlighten men's minds. The Bible, which had been locked up in the hands of the clergy, then became open to all, and was generally read; and wise and good men in Germany and Switzerland made it their study to expose the errors and corruptions of the see of Rome. The doctrine of saint-worship was shown to be idolatrous—that of pardons and indulgences, a foul encouragement to vice—that of Purgatory, a cunning means of extorting money—and the pretensions of the Pope to infallibility, a blasphemous assumption of the attributes proper to God alone. These new opinions were termed the doctrines of the Reformers, and those who embraced them became gradually more and more numerous. The Roman Catholic priests attempted to defend the tenets of their church by argument: but as that was found difficult, they endeavoured, in most countries of Europe, to enforce them by violence. But the Reformers found protection in various parts of Germany. Their numbers seemed to increase rather than diminish, and to promise a great revolution in the Christian world.

Henry VIII., the King of England, was possessed of some learning, and had a great disposition to show it in this controversy. Being, in the earlier part of his reign, sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, he wrote a book in defence of its doctrines, against Martin Luther, one of the principal reformers. The Pope was so much gratified by this display of zeal, that he conferred on the King the appellation of Defender of the Faith; a title which Henry's successors continue to retain, although in a very different sense from that in which it was granted.

Now Henry, you must know, was married to a very good princess, named Catherine, who was a daughter of the King of Spain, and sister to the Emperor of Germany. She had been, in her youth, contracted to Henry's elder brother Arthur; but that prince dying, and Henry becoming heir of the throne, his union with Catherine had taken place. They had lived long together, and Catherine had borne a daughter, Mary, who was the natural heir-apparent of the English crown. But at length Henry VIII. fell deeply in love with a beautiful young woman,

named Ann Boleyn, a maid of honour in the Queen's retinue, and he became extremely desirous to get rid of Queen Catherine, and marry this young lady. For this purpose he applied to the Pope, in order to obtain a divorce from the good Queen, under pretence of her having been contracted to his elder brother before he was married to her. This, he alleged, seemed to him like marrying his brother's wife, and therefore he desired that the Pope would dissolve a marriage which, as he alleged, gave much pain to his conscience. The truth was, that his conscience would have given him very little disturbance, had he not wanted to marry another, a younger and more beautiful woman.

The Pope would have, probably, been willing enough to gratify Henry's desire, at least his predecessors had granted greater favours to men of less consequence; but then Catherine was the sister of Charles V., who was at once Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, and one of the wisest as well as the most powerful princes in Christendom. The Pope, who depended much on Charles's assistance for checking the Reformation, dared not give him the great offence which would have been occasioned by encouraging his sister's divorce. His holiness, therefore, evaded giving a precise answer to the King of England from day to day, week to week, and year to year. But this led to a danger which the Pope had not foreseen.

Henry VIII., a hot, fiery, and impatient prince as ever lived, finding that the Pope was trifling with him, resolved to shake off his authority entirely. For this purpose he denied the authority of the Pope in England, and declared that he himself was the only Head of the English Church, and that the Bishop of Rome had nothing to do with him or his dominions. Many of the bishops and clergymen of the English Church adopted the reformed doctrines, and all disowned the supreme rule, hitherto ascribed to the Pope.

But the greatest blow to the papal authority was the dissolution of the monasteries, or religious houses, as they were called. The King seized on the convents, and the lands granted for their endowment, and, distributing the wealth of the convents among the great men of his court, broke up for ever those great establishments, and placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the Catholic religion being restored, after the interest of so many persons had been concerned in its being excluded.

The motive of Henry VIII.'s conduct was by no means praiseworthy, but it produced the most important and salutary consequences; as England was for ever afterwards, except during the short reign of his eldest daughter, freed from all dependence upon the Pope, and from the superstitious doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion.

Now here, returning to Scottish history, you must understand that one of Henry's principal wishes was to prevail upon his nephew, the young King of Scotland, to make the same alteration of religion in his country, which had been introduced into England. Henry, if we can believe the Scottish historians, made James the most splendid offers, to induce him to follow this course. He proposed to give him the hand of his daughter Mary in marriage, and to create him Duke of York; and, with a view to the establishment of a lasting peace between the countries, he earnestly desired a personal meeting with his nephew in the north of England.

There is reason to believe that James was, at one period, somewhat inclined to the reformed doctrines; at least, he encouraged a Scottish poet, called Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and also the celebrated scholar, George Buchanan, in composing some severe satires against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic religion; but the King was, notwithstanding, by no means disposed altogether to fall off from the Church of Rome. He dreaded the power of England, and the rough, violent, and boisterous manners of Henry, who disgusted his nephew by the imprudent violence with which he pressed him to imitate his steps. But, in particular, James found the necessity of adhering to the Roman Catholic faith, from the skill, intelligence, and learning of the clergy, which rendered them far more fit to hold offices of state, and to assist him in administering the public business, than the Scottish nobility, who were at once profoundly ignorant, and fierce, arrogant, and ambitious in the highest degree.

The Archbishop Beaton, already mentioned, and his nephew David Beaton, who was afterwards made a cardinal, rose high in James's favour; and, no doubt, the influence which they possessed over the King's mind was exerted to prevent his following the example of his uncle Henry in religious affairs.

The same influence might also induce him to seek an alliance with France, rather than with England; for it was natural

that the Catholic clergy, with whom James advised, should discountenance, by every means in their power, any approaches to an intimate alliance with Henry, the mortal enemy of the Papal See. James V. accordingly visited France, and obtained the hand of Magdalen, the daughter of Francis I., with a large portion. Much joy was expressed at the landing of this princess at Leith, and she was received with as great splendour and demonstration of welcome as the poverty of the country would permit. But the young Queen was in a bad state of health, and died within forty days after her marriage. 1st Jan. 1537.

After the death of this princess, the King, still inclining to the French alliance, married Mary of Guise, daughter of the Duke of Guise, thus connecting himself with a family, proud, ambitious, and attached, in the most bigoted degree, to the Catholic cause. This connection served, no doubt, to increase James's disinclination to any changes in the established Church. June 1538.

But whatever were the sentiments of the sovereign, those of the subjects were gradually tending more and more towards a reformation of religion. Scotland at this time possessed several men of learning who had studied abroad, and had there learned and embraced the doctrines of the great reformer Calvin. They brought with them, on their return, copies of the Holy Scripture, and could give a full account of the controversy between the Protestants, as they are now called, and the Roman Catholic Church. Many among the Scots, both of higher and lower rank, became converts to the new faith.

The Popish ministers and counsellors of the King ventured to have recourse to violence, in order to counteract these results. Several persons were seized upon, tried before the spiritual courts of the Bishop of St. Andrews, and condemned to the flames. The modesty and decency with which these men behaved on their trials, and the patience with which they underwent the tortures of a cruel death, protesting at the same time their belief in the doctrines for which they had been condemned to the stake, made the strongest impression on the beholders, and increased the confidence of those who had embraced the tenets of the Reformers. Stricter and more cruel laws were made against heresy. Even the disputing the power of the Pope was punished with death; yet the Reforma-

tion seemed to gain ground in proportion to every effort to check it.

The favours which the King extended to the Catholic clergy led the Scottish nobility to look upon them with jealousy, and increased their inclination towards the Protestant doctrines. The wealth of the abbeys and convents, also, tempted many of the nobles and gentry, who hoped to have a share of the church lands, in case of these institutions being dissolved, as in England. And although there were, doubtless, good men as well as bad among the monks, yet the indolent, and even debauched lives of many of the order, rendered them, generally, odious and contemptible to the common people.

The popular discontent was increased by an accident which took place in the year 1537. A matron of the highest rank, Jane Douglas, sister of the banished Earl of Angus, widow of John Lyon, Lord of Glamis, and wife of Archibald Campbell of Kepneith, was accused of having practised against the life of James, by the imaginary crime of witchcraft, and the more formidable means of poison. Her purpose was alleged to be the restoration of the Douglases to Scotland, and to their estates and influence in that country. This lady was burnt alive on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; and the spectators, filled with pity for her youth and beauty, and surprised at the courage with which she endured the sentence, did not fail to impute her execution less to any real crime than to the King's deep-rooted hatred against the house of Douglas. Another capital punishment, though inflicted on an object of general dislike, served to confirm the opinion entertained of James's severity, not to say cruelty, of disposition. We have mentioned Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, called the Bastard of Arran, as distinguished on account of the ferocity of his disposition, and the murders which he committed in cold blood. This man had been made sheriff of Ayr, and had received other favours from the King's hand. Notwithstanding, he was suddenly accused of treason by a cousin and namesake of his own; and on that sole testimony, condemned and executed. Upon this occasion also, public opinion charged James with having proceeded without sufficient evidence of guilt.

In the meantime, Henry continued to press the King of Scotland, by letters and negotiations, to enter into common measures with him against the Catholic clergy. He remon-

strated with his nephew upon his preferring to improve his royal revenue by means of herds and flocks, which he represented as an unprincely practice, saying, that if he wanted money, he, his kind uncle, would let him have what sums he pleased; or, that the wealth of the Catholic convents and monasteries was a fund which lay at his command whenever he liked to seize it. Lastly, the English ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler, insisted, as directed by his instructions, upon the evil doctrines and vicious lives of the clergy, against whom he urged the King to take violent measures.

Much of this message was calculated to affront James, yet he answered temperately. He acknowledged that he preferred living on his own revenue, such as it was, to becoming dependent upon another king, even though that king was his uncle. He had no pretext or motive, he said, to seize the possessions of the clergy, because they were always ready to advance him money when he had need of it. Those among them who led vicious lives, he would not fail, he added, to correct severely; but he did not consider it as just to punish the whole body for the faults of a few. In conclusion, King James suffered a doubtful promise to be extracted from him that he would meet Henry at York, if the affairs of his kingdom would permit.

The King of Scotland was now brought to a puzzling alternative, being either obliged to comply with his uncle's wishes, break off his alliance with France, and introduce the Reformed religion into his dominions, or, by adhering to France and to the Catholic faith, to run all the hazards of a war with England. The churchmen exercised their full authority over the mind of James at this crisis. The gold of France was not spared to determine his resolution; and it may be supposed that the young Queen, so nearly connected with the Catholic house of Guise, gave her influence to the same party. James at length determined to disappoint his uncle; and after the haughty Henry had remained six days at York, in the expectation of meeting him, he excused himself by some frivolous apology. Henry was, as might have been expected, mortally offended, and prepared for war.

A fierce and ruinous war immediately commenced. Henry sent numerous forces to ravage the Scottish Border. James obtained success in the first considerable action, to his very

great satisfaction, and prepared for more decisive hostility. He assembled the array of his kingdom, and marched from Edinburgh as far as Fala, on his way to the Border, when tidings arrived, 1st November 1542, that the English general had withdrawn his forces within the English frontier. On this news, the Scottish nobles, who, with their vassals, had joined the royal standard, intimated to their sovereign that, though they had taken up arms to save the country from invasion, yet they considered the war with England as an impolitic measure, and only undertaken to gratify the clergy; and that, therefore, the English having retired, they were determined not to advance one foot into the enemy's country. One Border chieftain alone offered with his retinue to follow the King wherever he chose to lead. This was John Scott of Thirlstane, whom James rewarded with an addition to his paternal coat-of-arms, with a bunch of spears for the crest, and the motto, "*Ready, aye Ready.*"

James, finding himself thus generally thwarted and deserted by the nobility, returned to Edinburgh, dishonoured before his people, and in the deepest dejection of mind.

To retaliate the inroads of the English, and wipe out the memory of Fala Moss, the King resolved that an army of ten thousand men should invade England on the Western Border; and he imprudently sent with them his peculiar favourite, Oliver Sinclair, who shared with the priests the unpopularity of the English war, and was highly obnoxious to the nobility, as one of those who engrossed the royal favour to their prejudice.

The army had just entered English ground, at a place called Solway Moss, when this Oliver Sinclair was raised upon the soldiers' shields to read to the army a commission, which, it was afterwards said, named Lord Maxwell commander of the expedition. But no one doubted at the time that Oliver Sinclair had himself been proclaimed commander-in-chief; and as he was generally disliked and despised, the army instantly fell into a state of extreme confusion. Four or five hundred English Borderers, commanded by Thomas Dacre and John Musgrave, perceived this fluctuation, and charged the numerous squadrons of the invading army. The Scots fled without even attempting to fight. Numbers of noblemen and persons of note suffered themselves to be made prisoners rather than face the displeasure of their disappointed sovereign.

The unfortunate James had lately been assailed by various calamities. The death of his two sons, and the disgrace of the defection at Fala, had made a deep impression on his mind, and haunted him even in the visions of the night. He dreamed he saw the fierce Sir James Hamilton, whom he had caused to be put to death upon slight evidence, approach him with a drawn sword, the bloody shade said, "Cruel tyrant, thou hast unjustly murdered me, who was indeed barbarous to other men, but always faithful and true to thee; wherefore now shalt thou have thy deserved punishment." So saying, it seemed to him as if Sir James Hamilton cut off first one arm and then another, and then left him, threatening to come back soon and cut his head off. Such a dream was very likely to arise in the King's mind, perturbed as it was by misfortunes, and even perhaps internally reproaching himself for Sir James Hamilton's death. But to James the striking off his arms appeared to allude to the death of his two sons, and he became convinced that the ultimate threats of the vision presaged his own death.

The disgraceful news of the battle, or rather the rout of Solway, filled up the measure of the King's despair and desolation. He shut himself up in the palace of Falkland, and refused to listen to any consolation. A burning fever, the consequence of his grief and shame, seized on the unfortunate monarch. They brought him tidings that his wife had given birth to a daughter; but he only replied, "Is it so?" reflecting on the alliance which had placed the Stewart family on the throne; "then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." With these words, presaging the extinction of his house, he made a signal of adieu to his courtiers, spoke little more, but turned his face to the wall, and died of the most melancholy of all diseases, a broken heart. 14th Dec. 1542. He was scarcely thirty-one years old; in the very prime, therefore, of life. If he had not suffered the counsels of the Catholic priests to hurry him into a war with England, James V. might have been as fortunate a prince as his many good qualities and talents deserved.

CHAPTER XXIX

Negotiations for a marriage between the young Queen Mary and Prince Edward of England—their failure—Invasion of Scotland—Cardinal Beaton's Administration and Death—Battle of Pinkie—Mary is sent to France, and the Queen-Dowager becomes Regent—Progress of the Reformation

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth. *France*: Francis I., Henry II., Francis II.

1542—1560

THE evil fortunes of Mary Stewart, who succeeded her father in the crown of Scotland, commenced at her very birth, and could scarce be considered as ceasing during the whole period of her life. Of all the unhappy princes of the line of Stewart, she was the most uniformly unfortunate. She was born 7th December 1542, and, in a few days after, became, by her father's death, the infant Queen of a distracted country.

Two parties strove, as is usual in minorities, to obtain the supreme power. Mary of Guise, the Queen-Mother, with Cardinal David Beaton, were at the head of that which favoured the alliance with France. Hamilton, Earl of Arran, the nearest male relation of the infant Queen, was chief of the other, and possessed more extended popularity; for the nobles dreaded the bold and ambitious character of the Cardinal, and the common people detested him, on account of his cruel persecution of the Reformers. The Earl of Arran, however, was but a fickle and timid man, with little, it would seem, to recommend him, besides his high birth. He was, however, preferred to the office of Regent.

2d Dec. 1542.

Henry VIII. is said to have expressed much concern for the death of his nephew, saying, there would never again reign a King in Scotland so nearly related to him, or so dear to him, and blaming, not the late James V., but his evil counsellors, for the unfortunate dispute between them. At the same time, Henry formed a plan of uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage betwixt the infant Queen of Scotland and his only son, Edward VI., then a child. He took into his

counsels the Earl of Glencairn and other Scottish nobles, made prisoners in the rout of Solway, and offered to set them at liberty, provided, on their return to Scotland, they would undertake to forward the match which he proposed. They were released accordingly, upon giving pledges that they would return in case the treaty should not be accomplished.

Archibald, Earl of Angus, with his brother, Sir George Douglas, took the same opportunity of returning into Scotland, after fifteen years' exile. They had been indebted to Henry for support and protection during that long space of time. He had even admitted them to be members of his Privy Council, and by the countenance he afforded them, had given great offence to the late King James. When, therefore, the influence of the Douglases, naturally attached to him by gratitude, was added to that of Glencairn and the others, who had been made prisoners at Solway, and to the general weight of the Protestants, favourable, of course, to an alliance with England, Henry must be considered as having a party in Scotland in every way favourable to his views.

But the impatient temper of the English monarch ruined his own scheme. He demanded the custody of the young Queen of Scotland till she should be of age to complete the marriage to be contracted by the present league, and he insisted that some of the strongest forts in the kingdom should be put into his hands. These proposals alarmed the national jealousy of the Scots, and the characteristic love of independence and liberty which we find that people have always displayed. The nation at large became persuaded that Henry VIII., under pretence of a union by marriage, nourished, like Edward I. in similar circumstances, the purpose of subduing the country. The exiled lords who had agreed to assist Henry's views could be of no use to him, in consequence of the extravagance of his propositions. They told Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, frankly, that the nation could not endure the surrender of the Queen's person to Henry's charge—that their own vassals would not take arms for them in such a cause—that the old women of Scotland, with their distaffs, nay, the very stones in the streets, would arise and fight against it.

Henry was with difficulty prevailed upon to defer the time for giving to him the custody of Queen Mary's person, until she should be ten years old. But even this modified proposition

excited the greatest jealousy; and Sir George Douglas, Henry's chief advocate, only ventured to recommend acquiescence in the King's proposal as a means of gaining time. He told the Scottish nobles of a certain king, who was so fond of an ass, that he insisted his chief physician should teach the animal to speak, upon pain of being himself put to death. The physician consented to undertake the case, but gave the King to understand that it would be ten years before the operation of his medicines could take effect. The King permitted him to set to work accordingly. Now, one of the physician's friends seeing him busy about the animal, expressed his wonder that so wise a man should undertake what was contrary to nature; to which the physician replied,—"Do you not see I have gained ten years' advantage? If I had refused the King's orders, I must have been instantly put to death; but as it is, I have the advantage of a long delay, during which the King may die, the ass may die, or I may die myself. In either of the three cases, I am freed from my trouble."—"Even so," said Sir George Douglas, "if we agree to this treaty we avoid a bloody and destructive war, and have a long period before us, during which the King of England, his son Prince Edward, or the infant Queen Mary, may one of them die, so that the treaty will be broken off." Moved by such reasons, a parliament, which consisted almost entirely of the lords of the English party, consented to the match with England, and the Regent Arran also agreed to it.

But while one part of the Scottish nobles adopted the resolution to treat with King Henry on his own terms, the Queen-Mother and Cardinal Beaton were at the head of another and still more numerous faction, who adhered to the old religion, and to the ancient alliance with France, and were, of course, directly opposed to the English match. The fickle temper of the Regent contributed to break off the treaty which he had subscribed. Within a fortnight after he had ratified the conditions of the match with England, he reconciled himself to the Cardinal and Queen-Mother, and joined in putting a stop to the proposed marriage.

The English King, if he could have been watchful and patient, might perhaps have brought the measure, which was alike important to both countries, once more to bear. But Henry, incensed at the Regent's double dealing, determined

for immediate war. He sent a fleet and army into the Firth of Forth, which landed, and, finding no opposition, burnt the capital of Scotland, and its seaport, and plundered the country around. Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were, at the same time, employed in making inroads on the Border, which were of the fiercest and most wasteful description. The account of the ravage is tremendous. In one foray they numbered 192 towers, or houses of defence, burnt or razed, 403 Scots slain, and 816 made prisoners; 10,386 cattle, 12,492 sheep, 1296 horses, and 850 bolls of corn, driven away as spoil. Another list gives an account of the destruction of seven monasteries, or religious houses; sixteen castles or towers; five market-towns, two hundred and forty-three villages, thirteen mills, and three hospitals, all pulled down or burnt.

The exploits of the English leaders might gratify Henry's resentment, but they greatly injured his interest in Scotland, for the whole kingdom became united to repel the invaders; and even those who liked the proposed match with England best, were, to use an expression of the time, disgusted with so rough a mode of wooing. The Douglases themselves, bound to Henry by so many ties, were obliged, on seeing the distress and devastation of the country, to take part in the war against him, and soon found an opportunity to do so.

It seems Henry had conferred upon his two successful leaders, Evers and Latoun, all the lands which they had conquered, or should be able to conquer upon the Border, and, in particular, the fine counties of Merse and Teviotdale. "I will write the instrument of possession upon their own bodies, with sharp pens, and in blood-red ink," said the Earl of Angus, "because they destroyed the tombs of my ancestors at the abbey of Melrose." He accordingly urged Arran, the regent, or governor, as he was called, to move towards the frontiers, to protect them. Arran was with difficulty prevailed on to advance southward to Melrose, with scarce so many as five hundred men in his company. The English leaders were lying at Jedburgh with five thousand men. Three thousand of these were regular soldiers, paid by the King of England; the rest were Borderers, amongst whom there were many Scottish clans who had taken the red cross, and submitted themselves to the dominion of England. With these forces Evers and Latoun made a sudden march, to surprise the governor and his handful of men; but

they failed, for the Scots retreated beyond the Tweed, to the hills near Galashiels.

The English then prepared to retire to Jedburgh, and the governor, acting by Angus's advice, followed them, and watched their motions. In the meantime succours began to come in to the Scottish army. A bold young man, Norman Leslie, the master of Rothes, was the first to come up with three hundred horse, from Fife, gallantly armed. Afterwards the Lord Buccleuch joined them with a few of his clan, who arrived at full speed, and assured them that the rest of the Scotts would be presently on the field. This Border chieftain was a man of great military sagacity, and knew the ground well. He advised the governor and Angus to draw up their men at the foot of a small eminence, and to send their horses to the rear. The English, seeing the horses of the Scots ascend the hill, concluded they were in flight, and turned hastily back to attack them, hurrying in confusion, as to an assured conquest. Thus they came in front of the Scottish army, who were closely and firmly drawn up, at the very moment when they themselves were in confusion from their hasty advance. As the Scots began to charge, the Earl of Angus, seeing a heron arise out of the marsh, cried out, "Oh, that I had my white hawk here, that we might all join battle at once!" The English, surprised and out of breath (and having the sun in their eyes as well as the smoke of the gunpowder which the wind blew in their faces), were completely defeated, and compelled to take to flight. The Scottish Borderers, who had joined them during their prosperity, perceiving their own countrymen to be victorious, threw away their red crosses (the distinction which they had assumed as subjects of England), and fell upon the English, for the purpose of helping those against whom they had come to the field, and making amends for their desertion of the Scottish cause. These renegades made a pitiful slaughter, and the Scots in general, provoked, probably, by the late ravages of the English, showed themselves so cruel to the vanquished that they seemed to deserve the severe blow which the nation soon afterwards received. Tradition says that a beautiful young maiden, called Lillyard, followed her lover from the little village of Maxton, and when she saw him fall in battle, rushed herself into the heat of the fight, and was killed, after slaying several of the English. From this female they call the field of battle Lillyard's Edge to this day.

This battle was fought in 1545. A thousand Englishmen were killed, together with their two leaders, of whom Evers was buried in the abbey of Melrose, which he had repeatedly plundered, and finally burnt. A great many prisoners were made. One was Thomas Read, an alderman of the city of London, whom we are surprised to meet with in such a predicament. This worthy citizen had, we are informed, refused to pay his share of a benevolence, as it was called, that is, of a sum of money which Henry demanded from the citizens of London. It seems that though the power of the King could not throw the alderman into jail until he paid the money, yet he could force him to serve as a soldier; and there is a letter to Lord Evers, directing that Read should be subjected to all the rigours and hardships of the service, that he might know what soldiers suffered when in the field, and be more ready another time to assist the King with money to pay them. It is to be supposed that the alderman had a large ransom to pay to the Scotsman who had the good luck to get him for a prisoner.

Henry VIII. was highly incensed at this defeat of Lillyard's Edge, or Ancram Moor, as it is frequently called, and vented his displeasure in menaces against the Earl of Angus, notwithstanding their connection by the Earl's marriage with the King's sister. Angus treated the threats of the English monarch with contempt. "Is our royal brother-in-law," he said, "angry with me for being a good Scotsman, and for revenging upon Ralph Evers the destruction of my ancestors' tombs at Melrose? They were better men than Evers, and I could in honour do no less. And will my royal brother-in-law take my life for that? Little does King Henry know the skirts of Cairntable (a mountain near Douglas Castle); I can keep myself there against all his English host."

The truth is, that at no period of their history had the Scottish people ever been more attached to France, and more alienated from England, than now; the proposed match between the young Queen and the English Prince of Wales being generally regarded with an abhorrence which was chiefly owing to the vindictive and furious manner in which Henry conducted the war. Of all the Scottish nobles who had originally belonged to the English party, Lennox alone continued friendly to Henry; and he being obliged to fly into England,

the King caused him to marry Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of his sister Margaret, by her second husband, the Earl of Angus, and of course the King's niece. Their son was the unhappy Henry, Lord Darnley, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter.

The King of France now sent a powerful body of auxiliary troops to the assistance of the Scots, besides considerable supplies of money, which enabled them to retaliate on the English, so that the Borders on both sides were fearfully wasted. A peace at length, in June 1546, ended a war in which both countries suffered severely, without either attaining any decisive advantage.

The Scottish affairs were now managed almost entirely by Cardinal Beaton, a statesman, as we before observed, of great abilities, but a bigoted Catholic, and a man of a severe and cruel temper. He had gained entire influence over the Regent Arran, and had prevailed upon that fickle nobleman to abandon the Protestant doctrines, reconcile himself to the Church of Rome, and consent to the persecution of the heretics, as the Protestants were still called. Many cruelties were exercised; but that which excited public feeling to the highest degree was the barbarous death of George Wishart.

This martyr to the cause of Reformation was a man of honourable birth, great wisdom and eloquence, and of primitive piety. He preached the doctrines of the Reformed religion with zeal and with success, and was for some time protected against the efforts of the vengeful Catholics by the barons who had become converts to the Protestant faith. At length, however, he fell into the hands of the Cardinal, being surrendered to him by Lord Bothwell, and was conveyed to the castle of St. Andrews, a strong fortress and palace belonging to the Cardinal as archbishop, and there thrown into a dungeon. Wishart was then brought to a public trial, for heresy, before the Spiritual Court, where the Cardinal presided. He was accused of preaching heretical doctrine, by two priests, called Lauder and Oliphant, whose outrageous violence was strongly contrasted with the patience and presence of mind shown by the prisoner. He appealed to the authority of the Bible against that of the Church of Rome; but his judges were little disposed to listen to his arguments, and he was condemned to be burnt alive. The place of execution was

opposite to the stately castle of the Cardinal, and Beaton himself sat upon the walls, which were hung with tapestry, to behold the death of his heretical prisoner. The spot was also carefully chosen, that the smoke of the pile might be seen as far as possible, to spread the greater terror. Wishart was then brought out, and fastened to a stake with iron chains. He was clad in a buckram garment, and several bags of gunpowder were tied round his body to hasten the operation of the fire. A quantity of fagots were disposed around the pile. While he stood in expectation of his cruel death, he cast his eyes towards his enemy the Cardinal, as he sat on the battlements of the castle, enjoying the dreadful scene. 28th March 1545.

"Captain," he said to him who commanded the guard, "may God forgive yonder man, who lies so proudly on the wall—within a few days he shall be seen lying there in as much shame as he now shows pomp and vanity."

The pile was then fired, the powder exploded, the flames arose, and Wishart was dismissed by a painful death to a blessed immortality.

Perhaps the last words of Wishart, which seemed to contain a prophetic spirit, incited some men to revenge his death. At any rate, the burning of that excellent person greatly increased the public detestation against the Cardinal, and a daring man stood forth to gratify the general desire, by putting him to death. This was Norman Leslie, called the Master of Rothes, the same who led the men of Fife at the battle of Ancram Moor. It appears, that besides his share of the common hatred to the Cardinal as a persecutor, he had some private feud or cause of quarrel with him. With no more than sixteen men, Leslie undertook to assault the Cardinal in his own castle, amongst his numerous guards and domestics. It chanced that, as many workmen were still employed in labouring upon the fortifications of the castle, the wicket of the castle gate was open early in the morning, to admit them to their work. The conspirators took advantage of this, and obtained possession of the entrance. Having thus gained admittance, they seized upon the domestics of the Cardinal, and turned them one by one out of the castle, then hastened to the Cardinal's chamber, who had fastened the door. He refused them entrance, until they threatened to apply fire, when, learning that

Norman Leslie was without, the despairing prelate at length undid the door, and asked for mercy. Melville, one of the conspirators, told him he should only have such mercy as he had extended to George Wishart, and the other servants of God, who had been slain by his orders. He then, with his sword pointed to his breast, bid the Cardinal say his prayers to God, for his last hour was come. The conspirators now proceeded to stab their victim, and afterwards dragged the dead body to the walls, to show it to the citizens of St. Andrews, his clients and dependents, who came in fury to demand what had become of their bishop. Thus his dead body really came to lie with open shame upon the very battlements of his own castle, where he had sat in triumph to behold Wishart's execution.[1]

Many persons who disapproved of this most unjustifiable action were yet glad that this proud Cardinal, who had sold the country in some measure to France, was at length removed. Some individuals, who assuredly would not have assisted in the slaughter, joined those who had slain the Cardinal in the defence of the castle. The Regent hastened to besiege the place, which, supplied by England with money, engineers, and provisions, was able to resist the Scottish army for five months. France, however, sent to Scotland a fleet and an army, with engineers better acquainted with the art of attacking strong places than those of the Scottish nation. The castle was, therefore, surrendered. The principal defenders of it were sent to France, and there for some time employed as galley-slaves. The common people made a song upon the event, of which the burden was—

> "Priests, content ye now,
> And, priests, content ye now,
> Since Norman and his company
> Have fill'd the galleys fou."

Shortly after this tragical incident, King Henry VIII. of England died. But his impatient and angry spirit continued

[1] "It may now be pronounced, without fear of contradiction, that the assassination of Beaton was no sudden event, arising simply out of indignation for the fate of Wishart, but an act of long projected murder, encouraged, if not originated, by the English monarch; and, so far as the principal conspirators were concerned, committed from private and mercenary considerations." -TYTLER.

to influence the counsels of the nation under the Lord Protector Somerset, who resolved to take the same violent measures to compel the Scots to give their young Queen in marriage to Edward VI., of which Henry had set an example. A chosen and well-disciplined army of eighteen thousand men, well supplied with all necessaries, and supported by an armed fleet, invaded Scotland on the eastern frontier. The Scots assembled a force of almost double the number of the invaders, but, as usual, unaccustomed to act in union together, or to follow the commands of a single general. Nevertheless, the Scottish leaders displayed at the commencement of the campaign some military skill. They posted their army behind the river Esk, near Musselburgh, a village about six miles from Edinburgh, and there seemed determined to await the advance of the English.

The Duke of Somerset, Regent of England, and general of the invading army, was now in a state of difficulty. The Scots were too strongly posted to be attacked with hope of success, and it is probable the English must have retreated with dishonour, had not their enemies, in one of those fits of impatience which caused so many national calamities, abandoned their advantageous position.

Confiding in the numbers of his army, the Scottish Regent (Earl of Arran) crossed the Esk, and thus gave the English the advantage of the ground, they being drawn up on the top of a sloping eminence. The Scots formed in their usual order, a close phalanx. They were armed with broadswords of an admirable form and temper, and a coarse handkerchief was worn in double and triple folds round each man's neck,—"not for cold,' says an old historian, "but for cutting." Especially, each man carried a spear eighteen feet long. When drawn up, they stood close together, the first rank kneeling on one knee, and pointing their spears towards the enemy. The ranks immediately behind stooped a little, and the others stood upright, presenting their lances over the heads of their comrades, and holding them with the butt-end placed against their foot, the point opposed to the breast of the enemy. So that the Scottish ranks were so completely defended by the close order in which they stood, and by the length of their lances, that to charge them seemed to be as rash as to oppose your bare hand to a hedgehog's bristles.

The battle began by the English cavalry, under the Lord Gray, rushing upon the close array of the Scots. They stood fast, menacing the horsemen with their pikes, and calling, "Come on, ye heretics!" The charge was dreadful; but as the spears of the English horse were much shorter than those of the Scottish infantry, they had greatly the worst of the encounter, and were beaten off with the loss of many men. The Duke of Somerset commanded Lord Gray to renew the charge, but Gray replied, he might as well bid him charge a castle-wall. By the advice of the Earl of Warwick, a body of archers and musketeers was employed instead of horsemen. The thick order of the Scots exposed them to insufferable loss from the missiles now employed against them, so that the Earl of Angus, who commanded the vanguard, made an oblique movement to avoid the shot; but the main body of the Scots unhappily mistook this movement for a flight, and were thrown into confusion. The van then fled also, and the English horse returning to the attack, and their infantry pressing forward, the victory was gained with very little trouble. The Scots attempted no further resistance, and the slaughter was very great, because the river Esk lay between the fugitives and any place of safety. Their loss was excessive. For more than five miles the fields were covered with the dead, and with the spears, shields, and swords which the flying soldiers had cast away, that they might run the faster. The day was equally disgraceful and disastrous; so that the field of Pinkie, as it was the last great defeat which the Scots received from the English, was also one of the most calamitous. It was fought on 10th September 1547.

It seemed to be decreed in those unhappy national wars, that the English should often be able to win great victories over the Scots, but that they should never derive any permanent advantage from their successes. The battle of Pinkie, far from paving the way to a marriage between Queen Mary and Edward VI., which was the object of Somerset's expedition, irritated and alarmed the Scots to such a degree, that they resolved to prevent the possibility of such a union, by marrying their young mistress with the Dauphin, that is, the eldest son of the King of France, and sending her to be bred up at the French court. A hasty assent of the Scottish Parliament was obtained to this, partly by the influence of gold, partly by the

appearance of the French soldiers, partly, according to the reformer Knox, by the menaces of the Lord of Buccleuch, whom he describes as "a bloody man, who swore, with many deadly oaths, that they who would not consent should do what they would like worse."

By the match with France the great object of the English government was rendered unattainable. But the Scots had little occasion for triumph. The union with France, which they so hastily and rashly adopted, brought a new and long series of ruinous consequences upon the country.

Scotland, however, enjoyed the immediate advantage of a considerable auxiliary force of French soldiers, under an officer named D'Essé, who rendered material assistance in recovering several forts and castles which had fallen into the hands of the English after the battle of Pinkie, and in which they had left garrisons. The presence of these armed strangers gave great facilities for carrying into accomplishment the treaty with France. The Regent was gratified by the dukedom of Chatelherault, conferred on him by the French king, with a considerable pension, in order to induce him to consent to the match. The young Queen was embarked on board the French galleys in July 1548, accompanied by four young ladies of quality of her own age, destined to be her playfellows in childhood, and her companions when she grew up. They all bore the same name with their mistress, and were called the Queen's Maries.[1]

The infant Queen being thus transferred to France, her mother, Mary of Guise, the widow of James V., had the address to get herself placed at the head of affairs in Scotland. The Duke of Chatelherault, as we must now term the Earl of Arran, always flexible in his disposition, was prevailed upon to resign the office of Regent, which was occupied by the Queen Dowager, who displayed a considerable degree of wisdom and caution in the administration of the kingdom. Most men wondered at the facility with which the Duke of Chatelherault,

[1] The Queen's Maries were four young ladies of high families in Scotland, viz. Livingston, Fleming, Seatoun, and Beatoun. After their return with the Queen to Scotland, one of them became the subject of a tragic ballad, which has

> "Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
> The night she'll hae but three."

SIR W. SCOTT'S *Poetical Works.*

himself so near in relation to the throne, had given place to Mary of Guise; but none was so much offended as the Duke's natural brother, who had succeeded Beaton as archbishop of St. Andrews. He exclaimed with open indecency against the mean spirit of his brother, who had thus given away the power of Regent, when there was but a "squalling girl" betwixt him and the crown.

The Queen Regent, thus placed in authority, endeavoured to secure herself by diminishing the power of the Scottish nobles, and increasing that of the crown. For this purpose she proposed that a tax should be levied on the country at large, to pay hired soldiers to fight, instead of trusting the defence of the country to the noblemen and their retainers. This proposal was exceedingly ill received by the Scottish Parliament. "We will fight for our families and our country," they said, "better than any hirelings can do—Our fathers did so, and we will follow their example." The Earl of Angus being checked for coming to Parliament with a thousand horse, contrary to a proclamation of the Queen Regent, that none should travel with more than their usual household train, answered jestingly, "That the knaves would not leave him; and that he would be obliged to the Queen, if she could put him on the way of being rid of them, for they consumed his beef and his ale." She had equally bad success when she endeavoured to persuade the Earl to give her up his strong castle of Tantallon, under pretence of putting a garrison there to defend it against the English. At first he answered indirectly, as if he spoke to a hawk which he held on his wrist and was feeding at the time, "The devil," said he, "is in the greedy gled [kite]! Will she never be full?" The Queen, not choosing to take this hint, continued to urge her request about the garrison. "The castle, madam," he replied, "is yours at command; but, by St. Bride of Douglas, I must be the captain, and I will keep it for you as well as any one you will put into it." The other nobles held similar opinions to those of Angus, and would by no means yield to the proposal of levying any hired troops, who, as they feared, might be employed at the pleasure of the Queen Regent to diminish the liberties of the kingdom.

The prevalence of the Protestant doctrines in Scotland strengthened the Scottish nobles in their disposition to make a stand against the Queen Regent's desire to augment her power.

Many great nobles, and a still greater proportion of the smaller barons, had embraced the Reformed opinions; and the preaching of John Knox, a man of great courage, zeal, and talents, made converts daily from the Catholic faith.

The Queen Regent, though herself a zealous Catholic, had for some time tolerated, and even encouraged the Protestant party, because they supported her interest against that of the Hamiltons; but a course of politics had been adopted in France, by her brothers of the House of Guise, which occasioned her to change her conduct in this respect.

You may remember that Edward VI. of England succeeded to his father Henry. He adopted the Protestant faith, and completed the Reformation which his father began. But he died early, and was succeeded by his sister Mary of England, daughter of Henry VIII. by his first wife, Catherine of Arragon, whom he divorced under pretext of scruples of conscience. This Mary endeavoured to bring back the Catholic religion, and enforced the laws against heresy with the utmost rigour. Many persons were burnt in her reign, and hence she has been called the Bloody Queen Mary. She died, however, after a short and unhappy reign, and her sister Elizabeth ascended the throne with the general assent of the English nation. The Catholics of foreign countries, however, and particularly those of France, objected to Elizabeth's title to the crown. Elizabeth was Henry's daughter by his second wife, Anne Boleyn. Now, as the Pope had never consented either to the divorce of Queen Catherine, or to the marriage of Anne Boleyn, the Catholics urged that Elizabeth must be considered as illegitimate, and as having, therefore, no lawful right to succeed to the throne, which, as Henry VIII. had no other child, must, they contended, descend upon Queen Mary of Scotland, as the grand-daughter of Margaret, Henry's sister, wife of James IV. of Scotland, and the next lawful heir, according to their argument, to her deceased grand-uncle.

The court of France, not considering that the English themselves were to be held the best judges of the title of their own Queen, resolved, in an evil hour, to put forward this claim of the Scottish Queen to the English crown. Money was coined, and plate manufactured, in which Mary, with her husband Francis the Dauphin, assumed the style, title, and armorial bearings of England, as well as Scotland; and thus laid the

first foundation for that deadly hatred between Elizabeth and Mary which, as you will hear by and by, led to such fatal consequences.

Queen Elizabeth, finding France was disposed to challenge her title to the crown of England, prepared to support it with all the bravery and wisdom of her character. Her first labour was to re-establish the Reformed religion upon the same footing that Edward VI. had assigned to it, and to destroy the Roman Catholic establishments, which her predecessor Mary had endeavoured to replace. As the Catholics of France and Scotland were her natural enemies, and attempted to set up the right of Queen Mary as preferable to her own, so she was sure to find friends in the Protestants of Scotland, who could not fail to entertain respect, and even affection, for a princess who was justly regarded as the protectress of the Protestant cause throughout all Europe.

When, therefore, these changes took place in England, the Queen Regent, at the instigation of her brothers of the House of Guise, began once more to persecute the Protestants in Scotland; while their leaders turned their eyes to Elizabeth for protection, counsel, and assistance; all of which she was easily disposed to render to a party whose cause rested on the same grounds with her own. Thus, while France made a vain pretence of claiming the kingdom of England in the name of Mary, and appealed for assistance to the English Catholics, Elizabeth far more effectually increased the internal dissensions of Scotland by espousing the cause of the Protestants of that country.

These Scottish Protestants no longer consisted solely of a few studious or reflecting men, whose indulgence in speculation had led them to adopt peculiar opinions in religion, and who could be dragged before the spiritual courts, fined, imprisoned, plundered, banished, or burnt, at pleasure. The Reformed cause had now been adopted by many of the principal nobility; and being the cause, at once, of rational religion and legitimate freedom, it was generally embraced by those who were most distinguished for wisdom and public spirit.

Among the converts to the Protestant faith was a natural son of the late King James V., who, being designed for the Church, was at this time called Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St. Andrews, but was afterwards better known by the title

of the Earl of Murray. He was a young nobleman of great parts, brave and skilful in war, and in peace a lover of justice, and a friend to the liberties of his country. His wisdom, good moral conduct, and the zeal he expressed for the Reformed religion, occasioned his being the most active person amongst the Lords of the Congregation, as the leaders of the Protestant party were now called.

The Queen Regent, more in compliance with the wishes of her brothers than her own inclination, which was gentle and moderate, began the quarrel by commanding the Protestant preachers to be summoned to a court of justice at Stirling, on 10th May 1599; but such a concourse of friends and favourers attended them, that the Queen was glad to put a stop to the trial, on condition that they should not enter the town. Yet she broke this promise, and had them proclaimed outlaws for not appearing, although they had been stopped by her own command. Both parties then prepared for hostilities; and an incident happened which heightened their animosity, while it gave to the course of the Reformation a peculiar colour of zealous passion.

The Protestants had made Perth their headquarters, where they had already commenced the public exercise of their religion. John Knox, whose eloquence gave him great influence with the people, had pronounced a vehement sermon against the sin of idolatry, in which he did not spare those reproaches which the Queen Regent deserved for her late breach of faith. When his discourse was finished, and while the minds of the hearers were still agitated by its effects, a friar produced a little glass case, or tabernacle, containing the images of saints, which he required the bystanders to worship. A boy who was present exclaimed, "That was gross and sinful idolatry!" The priest, as incautious in his passion as ill-timed in his devotion, struck the boy a blow; and the lad, in revenge, threw a stone, which broke one of the images. Immediately all the people began to cast stones, not only at the images, but at the fine painted windows, and, finally, pulled down the altars, defaced the ornaments of the church, and nearly destroyed the whole building.

The multitude next resolved to attack the splendid convent of the Carthusians. The Prior had prepared for defence; his garrison consisted of the Highland tenants belonging to some

lands which the convent possessed in the district of Athole. These men were determined to make the most of the occasion, and demanded, that since they were asked to expose their lives for the good of the Church, they should be assured, that if they were killed, their families should retain possession of the lands which they themselves enjoyed. The Prior impolitically refused their request. They next demanded refreshments and good liquor, to encourage them to fight. But nothing was served out to them by the sordid churchman excepting salted salmon and thin drink; so that they had neither heart nor will to fight when it came to the push, and made little defence against the multitude, by whom the stately convent was entirely destroyed.

The example of the Reformers in Perth was followed in St. Andrews and other places; and we have to regret that many beautiful buildings fell a sacrifice to the fury of the lower orders, and were either totally destroyed or reduced to piles of shapeless ruins.

The Reformers of the better class did not countenance these extremities, although the common people had some reason for the line of violence they pursued, besides their own natural inclination to tumultuary proceedings. One great point in which the Catholics and Protestants differed was, that the former reckoned the churches as places hallowed and sacred in their own character, which it was a highly meritorious duty to ornament and adorn with every species of studied beauty of architecture. The Scottish Protestants, on the contrary, regarded them as mere buildings of stone and lime, having no especial claim to respect when the divine service was finished. The defacing, therefore, and even destroying, the splendid Catholic churches, seemed to the early Reformers the readiest mode of testifying their zeal against the superstitions of Popery. There was a degree of policy in pulling down the abbeys and monasteries, with the cells and lodgings made for the accommodation of the monks. "The true way to banish the rooks," said John Knox, "is to pull down their nests, and the rooks will fly off." But this maxim did not apply to the buildings used for public worship. Respecting these at least, it would have been better to have followed the example of the citizens of Glasgow, who drew out in arms when the multitude were about to destroy the High Church of that city, and, while they

agreed with the more zealous in removing all the emblems of Popish worship, insisted that the building itself should remain uninjured, and be applied to the uses of a Protestant church.

On the whole, however, though many fine buildings were destroyed in Scotland, in the first fury of the Reformation, it is better that the country should have lost these ornaments than that they should have been preserved entire, with the retention of the corrupt and superstitious doctrines which had been taught in them.

The demolition of the churches and sacred buildings augmented the Queen Regent's displeasure against the Lords of the Congregation, and at length both parties took the field. The Protestant nobles were at the head of their numerous followers; the Queen chiefly relied upon a small but select body of French troops. The war was not very violently carried on, for the side of the Reformers became every day stronger. The Duke of Chatelherault, the first nobleman in Scotland, a second time espoused the cause of the Congregation; and Maitland of Lethington, one of the wisest statesmen in the kingdom, took the same course. At the same time, although the Lords found it easy to bring together large bodies of men, yet they had not the money or means necessary to keep them together for a long time, while the French veteran soldiers were always ready to take advantage when the Reformed leaders were obliged to diminish their forces. Their difficulties became greater when the Queen Regent showed her design to fortify strongly the town of Leith and the adjacent island of Inchkeith, and place her French soldiers in garrison there; so that, being in possession of that seaport, she might at all times, when she saw occasion, introduce an additional number of foreigners.

Unskilled in the art of conducting sieges, and totally without money, the Lords of the Congregation had recourse to the assistance of England: and for the first time an English fleet and army approached the territories of Scotland by sea and land, not with the purpose of invasion, as used to be the case of old, but to assist the nation in its resistance to the arms of France, and the religion of Rome.

The English army was soon joined by the Scottish Lords of the Congregation, and advancing to Leith, laid siege to the town, which was most valorously defended by the French

soldiers, who displayed a degree of ingenuity in their defence, which for a long time resisted every effort of the besiegers. They were, however, blockaded by the English fleet, so that no provisions could be received by sea; and on land being surrounded by a considerable army, provisions became so scarce that they were obliged to feed upon horse-flesh.

In the meantime their mistress, the Queen Regent, had retired into the castle of Edinburgh, where grief, fatigue, and disappointed expectations, threw her into an illness, of which she died on 10th of June 1560. The French troops in Leith being now reduced to extremity, Francis and Mary determined upon making peace in Scotland at the expense of most important concessions to the Reformed party. They agreed that, instead of naming a new Regent, the administration of affairs should be conferred upon a council of government chosen by Parliament; they passed an act of indemnity, as it is called, that is, an act pardoning all offences committed during these wars; and they left the subject of religion to be disposed of as the Parliament should determine, which was, in fact, giving the full power to the Reformed party. All foreign troops, on both sides, were to be withdrawn accordingly.

England, and especially Queen Elizabeth, gained a great point by this treaty, for it recognised, in express terms, the title of that princess to the throne of England; and Francis and Mary bound themselves to lay aside all claim to that kingdom, together with the arms and emblems of English sovereignty which they had assumed and borne.

The Parliament of Scotland being assembled, it was soon seen that the Reformers possessed the power and inclination to direct all its resolutions upon the subject of religion. They condemned unanimously the whole fabric of Popery, and adopted, instead of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, the tenets contained in a confession, or avowal of faith, drawn up by the most popular of the Protestant divines. Thus the whole religious constitution of the Church was at once altered.

There was one particular in which the Scottish Reformers greatly differed from those of England. The English monarch, who abolished the power of the Pope, had established that of the crown as the visible Head of the Church of England. The meaning of this phrase is, not that the King has the power of altering the religious doctrines of the Church, but only that he

should be the chief of the government in Church affairs, as he was always in those of the State. On the contrary, the Reformed ministers of Scotland renounced the authority of any interference of the civil magistrate, whether subject or sovereign, in the affairs of the Church, declaring it should be under the exclusive direction of a court of delegates chosen from its own members, assisted by a certain number of the laity, forming what is called a General Assembly of the Church. The Scottish Reformers disclaimed also the division of the clergy into the various ranks of bishops, deans, prebendaries, and other classes of the clerical order. They discarded this subordination of ranks, though retained in the English Protestant Church, maintaining that each clergyman entrusted with a charge of souls was upon a level in every respect with the rest of his brethren. They reprobated, in particular, the order of bishops, as holding a place in the National Council, or Parliament; and asserted, that meddling in secular affairs was in itself improper for their office, and naturally led to the usurpation over men's consciences, which had been the chief abomination of the Church of Rome. The laity of Scotland, and particularly the great nobility, saw with pleasure the readiness of the ministers to resign all those pretensions to worldly rank and consequence, which had been insisted upon by the Roman Catholic clergy, and made their self-denying abjuration of titles and worldly business a reason for limiting the subsistence which they were to derive from the funds of the Church, to the smallest possible sum of annual stipend, whilst they appropriated the rest to themselves without scruple.

It remained to dispose of the wealth lately enjoyed by the Catholic clergy, who were supposed to be possessed of half of the revenue of Scotland, so far as it arose from land. Knox and the other Reformed clergy had formed a plan for the decent maintenance of a National Church out of these extensive funds, and proposed, that what might be deemed more than sufficient for this purpose should be expended upon hospitals, schools, universities, and places of education. But the Lords, who had seized the revenues of the Church, were determined not to part with the spoil they had obtained; and those whom the preachers had found most active in destroying Popery were wonderfully cold when it was proposed to them to surrender the lands they had seized upon for their own use. The plan of John Knox

was, they said, a "devout imagination," a visionary scheme, which showed the goodness of the preacher's intentions, but which it was impossible to carry into practice. In short, they retained by force the greater part of the Church revenues for their own advantage.

When Francis and Mary, who had now become King and Queen of France, heard that the Scottish Parliament had totally altered the religion, and changed the forms of the National Church from Catholic to Protestant, they were extremely angry; and had the King lived, it is most likely they would have refused to consent to this great innovation, and preferred rekindling the war by sending a new army of French into Scotland. But if they meditated such a measure, it was entirely prevented by the death of Francis II., on the 5th of December 1560.

During her husband's life, Mary had exercised a great authority in France, for she possessed unbounded influence over his mind. After his death, and the accession of Charles his brother, that influence and authority ceased. It must have been painful to a lofty mind like Mary's thus to endure coldness and neglect in the place where she had met with honour and obedience. She retired, therefore, from the court of France, and determined to return to her native kingdom of Scotland; a resolution most natural in itself, but which became the introduction to a long and melancholy tale of misfortunes.

CHAPTER XXX

Queen Mary's Return to Scotland—Happy commencement of her Reign—Expedition against Huntly—Negotiations with Elizabeth of England concerning a second Marriage—Marriage of Mary and Darnley

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Elizabeth.
France: Charles IX.

1560—1565

MARY STEWART, the Queen Dowager of France and the hereditary Queen of Scotland, was accounted the most beauti-

ful and accomplished woman of her time. Her countenance was lovely; she was tall, well-formed, elegant in all her motions, skilled in the exercises of riding and dancing, and possessed of all the female accomplishments which were in fashion at that period. Her education in France had been carefully attended to, and she had profited by the opportunities of instruction she enjoyed. She was mistress of several languages, and understood state-affairs, in which her husband had often followed her advice. The beauty of Mary was enhanced by her great condescension, and by the good-humour and gaiety which she sometimes carried to the verge of excess. Her youth, for she was only eighteen when she returned to Scotland, increased the liveliness of her disposition. The Catholic religion, in which she had been strictly educated, was a great blemish in the eyes of her people; but on the whole the nation expected her return with more hope and joy than Mary herself entertained at the thought of exchanging the fine climate of France, and the gaieties of its court, for the rough tempests and turbulent politics of her native country.

Mary set sail from France 15th August 1561. The English fleet was at sea, and there is great reason to believe that it had a purpose of intercepting the Queen of Scots, as a neighbour whose return was dreaded by Elizabeth. Occupied with anxious forebodings, the Queen remained on the deck of her galley, gazing on the coasts of France. Morning found her in the same occupation; and when they vanished from her eyes, she exclaimed in sorrow, "Farewell, farewell, happy France; I shall never see thee more!"

She passed the English fleet under cover of a mist, and arrived at Leith on the 19th August, where little or no preparation had been made for her honourable reception. Such of the nobles as were in the capital hastened, however, to wait upon their young Queen, and convey her to Holyrood, the palace of her ancestors. Horses were provided to bring her and her train to Edinburgh; but they were wretched ponies, and had such tattered furniture and accoutrements that poor Mary, when she thought of the splendid palfreys and rich appointments at the court of France, could not forbear shedding tears. The people were, however, in their way, rejoiced to see her; and about two hundred citizens of Edinburgh, each doing his best upon a three-stringed fiddle, played under her window all

night, by way of welcome, a noisy serenade, which deprived her of sleep after her fatigue. She took it as it was meant, nevertheless, and expressed her thanks to the perpetrators of this mistuned and mistimed concert. Mary had immediately after her arrival a specimen of the religious zeal of her Reformed subjects. She had ordered mass to be performed by a Popish ecclesiastic in her own chapel, but the popular indignation was so much excited, that but for the interference of her natural brother, the Prior of St. Andrews, the priest would have been murdered on his own altar.

Mary behaved with admirable prudence at this early period of her reign. She enchanted the common people by her grace and condescension, and while she sate in council, usually employed in some female work, she gained credit for her wisdom among the statesmen whom she consulted. She was cautious of attempting anything contrary to the religion of her subjects, though different from her own; and guided by the advice of the Prior of St. Andrews, and of the sagacious Maitland, she made rapid progress in the affections of her people. She conferred on the Prior of St. Andrews, who had given up thoughts of the Church, the title and the earldom of Mar, which had been frequently bestowed on branches of the royal family.

With similar prudence, the Queen maintained all the usual intercourse of civility with Elizabeth; and while she refused to abandon her title to the crown of England, in the case of Elizabeth dying without heirs of her body, she expressed her anxious wish to live on the best terms with her sister sovereign, and her readiness to relinquish, during the life of the English Queen, any right of inheritance to the English crown which she might possess to her prejudice. Elizabeth was silenced, if not satisfied: and there continued to be a constant communication of apparent friendship between the two sovereigns, and an exchange of letters, compliments, and occasionally of presents, becoming their rank, with much profession of mutual kindness.

But there was one important class of persons to whom Mary's form of religion was so obnoxious that they could not be gained to any favourable thoughts of her. These were the preachers of the Reformed faith, who, recollecting Mary's descent from the family of Guise, always hostile to the Protestant cause, exclaimed against the Queen, even in the pulpit, with an indecent violence unfitting that place, and never spoke

of her but as one hardened in resistance to the voice of true Christian instruction. John Knox himself introduced such severe expressions into his sermons, that Queen Mary condescended to expostulate with him personally, and to exhort him to use more mild language in the discharge of his duty. Nevertheless, though the language of these rough Reformers was too vehement, and though their harshness was impolitic, as tending unnecessarily to increase the Queen's dislike of them and their form of religion, it must be owned that their suspicions of Mary's sincerity were natural, and in all probability well founded. The Queen uniformly declined to ratify the religious system adopted by the Parliament in 1560, or the confiscation of the Church lands. She always seemed to consider the present state of things as a temporary arrangement, to which she was indeed willing to submit for the time, but with the reservation that it should be subjected to alterations when there was a fitting opportunity. Her brother, the newly-created Earl of Mar, however, who was at this time her principal counsellor, and her best friend, used his influence with the Protestant clergy in her behalf; some coldness in consequence arose between him and John Knox, which continued for more than a year.

The first troublesome affair in Queen Mary's reign seems to have arisen from her attachment to this brother and his interest. She had created him Earl of Mar, as we have said; but it was her purpose to confer on him, instead of this title, that of Earl of Murray, and with it great part of the large estates belonging to that northern earldom, which had become vested in the crown after the extinction of the heirs of the celebrated Thomas Randolph, who enjoyed it in the reign of the great Robert Bruce. The earldom of Murray had afterwards been held by a brother of the Earl of Douglas, but had again been forfeited to the crown on the fall of that great family in James the Second's time.

This exchange, however, could not be made, without giving offence to the Earl of Huntly, often mentioned as head of the most powerful family in the North, who had possessed himself of a considerable part of those domains which had belonged to the earldom of Murray. This Earl of Huntly was a brave man, and possessed of very great power in the Northern counties. He was one of the few remaining peers who continued attached

to the Catholic religion, and, after the family of Hamilton, was the nearest in connection to the royal family.

It was believed, that if the Queen, instead of coming to Leith, had landed at Aberdeen, and declared herself determined to reinstate the Catholic religion, the Earl would have joined her with twenty thousand men for accomplishing that purpose. Mary, however, declined this proposal, which must have had the immediate consequence of producing a great civil war. The Earl of Huntly was, therefore, considered as hostile to the present government, and to the Earl of Mar, who had the principal management of affairs; and it was to be supposed, that possessed as Huntly was of great power, and a very numerous body of dependents and retainers, he would not willingly surrender to his political enemy any part of the domains which he possessed belonging to the earldom of Murray.

The Earl of Mar was, on his part, determined to break the strength of this great opponent; and Queen Mary, who appears also to have feared Huntly's power, and the use which he seemed disposed to make of it, undertook a personal journey to the north of Scotland, to enforce obedience to her commands. About the same time, Sir John Gordon, the Earl of Huntly's son, committed some feudal outrage, for which he was sentenced to temporary confinement. This punishment, though slight, was felt as another mark of disfavour to the house of Gordon, and increased the probability of their meditating resistance. It is difficult, or rather impossible, to say whether there were good grounds for suspecting Huntly of entertaining serious views to take arms against the crown. But his conduct was, to say the least, incautious and suspicious.

The young Queen advanced northward at the head of a small army, encamping in the fields, or accepting such miserable lodgings as the houses of the smaller gentry afforded. It was, however, a scene which awoke her natural courage, and, marching at the head of her soldiery, such was her spirit, that she publicly wished she had been a man, to sleep all night in the fields, and to walk armed with a jack and skull-cap of steel, a good Glasgow buckler at her back, and a broadsword by her side.

Huntly seems to have been surprised by the arrival of his sovereign, and undecided what to do. While he made all offers

of submission, and endeavoured to prevail on the Queen to visit his house as that of a dutiful subject, a party of his followers refused her admission into the royal castle of Inverness, and attempted to defend that fortress against her. They were, however, compelled to surrender, and the governor was executed for treason.

Meantime, Sir John Gordon escaped from the prison to which the Queen had sentenced him, and placed himself at the head of the vassals of his house, who were now rising in every direction; while his father, the Earl of Huntly, considering the Queen as guided entirely by his enemy, the Earl of Mar, at length assumed arms in person.

Huntly easily assembled a considerable host, and advanced towards Aberdeen. The purpose of his enterprise was, perhaps, such as Buccleuch had entertained at the field of Melrose,—an attack rather upon the Queen's counsellors than on her person. But her brother, who had now exchanged his title of Mar for that of Murray, was as brave and as successful as Angus upon the former occasion, with this advantage, that he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign. He was, however, in a state of great difficulty. The men on whom he could with certainty rely were few, being only those whom he had brought from the midland counties. He summoned, indeed, the northern barons in his neighbourhood, and they came; but with doubtful intentions, full of awe for the house of Gordon, and probably with the private resolution of being guided by circumstances.

Murray, who was an excellent soldier, drew up the men he could trust on an eminence called the hill of Fare, near Corrichie. He did not allow the northern clans to mix their doubtful succours with this resolute battalion, and the event showed the wisdom of his precaution. Huntly approached, and encountered the northern troops, his allies and neighbours, who offered little or no resistance. They fled tumultuously towards Murray's main body, pursued by the Gordons, who threw away their spears, drew their swords, and advanced in disorder, as to an assured victory. In this tumult they encountered the resistance of Murray's firm battalion of spearmen, who received the attack in close order, and with determined resolution. The Gordons were repulsed in their turn; and those clans who had before fled, seeing they were about to lose the day, returned with sprigs of heather in their caps, which they used to

distinguish them, fell upon the Gordons, and completed Murray's victory. Huntly, a bulky man, and heavily armed, fell from horseback in the flight, and was trodden to death, or, as others say, died afterwards of a broken heart. This battle was fought 28th October 1562. The body of Huntly, a man lately esteemed one of the bravest, wisest, and most powerful in Scotland, was afterwards brought into a court of justice, meanly arrayed in a doublet of coarse canvas, that the sentence of a traitor might be pronounced over the senseless corpse.

Sir John Gordon, the son of the vanquished Earl, was beheaded at Aberdeen, three days after the battle. Murray was placed in possession of the estates belonging to his new earldom, and the Queen returned, after having struck general terror into the minds of such barons as were thought refractory, by the activity of her measures, and the success of her arms.

Thus far the reign of Mary had been eminently prosperous; but a fatal crisis approached, which was eventually to plunge her into the utmost misery. She had no children by her deceased husband, the King of France, and her subjects were desirous that she should marry a second husband, a purpose which she herself entertained and encouraged. It was necessary, or politic at least, to consult Queen Elizabeth on the subject. That princess had declared her own resolution never to marry, and if she should keep this determination, Mary of Scotland was the next heir to the English crown. In expectation of this rich and splendid inheritance, it was both prudent and natural, that in forming a new marriage, Mary should desire to have the advice and approbation of the princess to whose realm she or her children might hope to succeed, especially if she could retain her favour.

Elizabeth of England was one of the wisest and most sagacious Queens that ever wore a crown, and the English to this day cherish her memory with well-deserved respect and attachment. But her conduct towards her kinswoman Mary, from beginning to end, indicated a degree of envy and deceit totally unworthy of her general character. Determined herself not to marry, it seems to have been Elizabeth's desire to prevent Mary also from doing so, lest she should see before her a lineage, not her own, ready to occupy her throne immediately after her death. She therefore adopted a mean and shuffling policy,

recommending one match after another to her kinswoman, but throwing in obstacles whenever any of them seemed likely to take place. At first she appeared desirous that Mary should marry the Earl of Leicester, a nobleman, whom, though by no means distinguished by talents or character, she herself admired so much for his personal beauty as to say that, except for her vow never to marry, she would have chosen him for her own husband. It may be readily believed, that she had no design such a match as she hinted at should ever take place, and that if Mary had expressed any readiness to accept of Leicester, Elizabeth would have found ready means to break off the marriage.

This proposal, however, was not at all agreeable to Queen Mary. Leicester, if his personal merit had been much greater, was of too low a rank to pretend to the hand of a Queen of Scotland, and Queen Dowager of France, to whom the most powerful monarchs in Europe were at the same time paying suit.

The Archduke Charles, third son of the Emperor of Germany, was proposed on one side; the hereditary Prince of Spain was offered on another; the Duke of Anjou, who became afterwards Henry II. of France, also presented himself. But if Mary had accepted the hand of a foreign prince, she would in so doing have resigned her chance of succeeding to the English crown: nay, considering the jealousy of her Protestant subjects, she might have endangered her possession of that of Scotland. She was so much impressed by these considerations, that she went so far as to intimate that she might consent to the match with the Earl of Leicester, provided that Elizabeth would recognise her as next heir to the English crown, in case of her own decease without children. This, however, did not suit Elizabeth's policy. She did not desire Mary to be wedded to any one, far less to Leicester, her own personal favourite; and was therefore extremely unlikely to declare her sentiments upon the succession (a subject on which she always observed the most mysterious silence), in order to bring about the union of her rival with the man she herself preferred.

Meantime the views of Queen Mary turned towards a young nobleman of high birth, nearly connected both with her own family and that of Elizabeth. This was Henry Stewart Lord

Darnley, eldest son of the Earl of Lennox. You may recollect that, after the battle of Flodden, the Earl of Angus married the Queen Dowager of Scotland; and, in the tumults which followed, was compelled to retire for a season to London. While Angus resided in England, his wife bore him a daughter, called Lady Margaret Douglas, who, when her parents returned to Scotland, continued to remain at the English court, under the protection of her uncle, King Henry. Again you must remember that during the regency of the Duke of Chatelherault, the Earl of Lennox attempted to place himself at the head of the English party in Scotland; but his efforts failing through want of power or of conduct, he also was compelled to retire to England, where Henry VIII., in acknowledgment of his unavailing aid, bestowed on him the hand of his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, who, in right of her mother Margaret, had a claim of inheritance to the English crown.

The young Lord Darnley's father being of such high rank, and his parents having such pretensions, Mary imagined that in marrying him she would gratify the wishes of Elizabeth, who seemed to point out, though ambiguously, a native of Britain, and one not of royal rank, as her safest choice, and as that which would be most agreeable to herself. Elizabeth seemed to receive the proposal favourably, and suffered the young man, and his father Lennox, to visit the court of Scotland, in the hope that their presence might embroil matters further; and thinking that, in case the match should be likely to take place, she might easily break it off by recalling them as her subjects; a command which she supposed they would not dare to disobey, as enjoying all their lands and means of living in England.

Young Darnley was remarkably tall and handsome, perfect in all external and showy accomplishments, but unhappily destitute of sagacity, prudence, steadiness of character, and exhibiting only doubtful courage, though extremely violent in his passions. Had this young man possessed a very moderate portion of sense, or even of gratitude, we might have had a different story to tell of Mary's reign—as it was, you will hear a very melancholy one. Mary had the misfortune to look upon this young nobleman with partiality, and was the more willing to gratify her own inclinations in his favour, that she longed to put an end to the intrigues by which Queen Elizabeth had

endeavoured to impose upon her, and prevent her marriage. Indeed, while the two queens used towards each other the language of the most affectionate cordiality, there was betwixt them neither plain dealing nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, envy, and fear.

Darnley, in the meantime, endeavouring to strengthen the interest which he had acquired in the Queen's affections, had recourse to the friendship of a man, of low rank, indeed, but who was understood to possess particular influence over the mind of Mary. This was an Italian of humble origin, called David Rizzio, who had been promoted from being a menial in the Queen's family, to the confidential office of French secretary. His talents for music gave him frequent admission to Mary's presence, as she delighted in that art; and his address and arts of insinuation gained him a considerable influence over her mind. It was almost necessary that the Queen should have near her person some confidential officer, skilled at once in languages and in business, through whom she might communicate with foreign states, and with her friends in France in particular. No such agent was likely to be found in Scotland, unless she had chosen a Catholic priest, which would have given more offence to her Protestant subjects than even the employment of a man like Rizzio. Still the elevation of this person, a stranger, a Catholic, and a man of mean origin, to the rank of a minister of the crown—and, yet more, the personal familiarity to which the Queen condescended to admit him, and the airs of importance which this low-born foreigner pretended to assume, became the subject of offence to the proud Scottish nobles, and of vulgar scandal among the common people.

Darnley, anxious to strengthen his interest with the Queen on every hand, formed an intimacy with Rizzio, who employed all the arts of flattery and observance to gain possession of his favour, and unquestionably was serviceable to him in advancing his suit. The Queen, in the meanwhile, exerted herself to remove the obstacles to her union with Darnley, and with such success, that, with the approbation of far the greater part of her subjects, they were married at Edinburgh on the 29th July 1565.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Run-about Raid—Murder of Rizzio—Birth of James VI.—Death of Darnley.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Elizabeth. *France*: Francis IX.

1565—1567

WHEN Elizabeth received news that this union was determined upon, she gave way to all the weakness of an envious woman. She remonstrated against the match, though, in fact, Mary could scarcely have made a choice less dangerous to England. She recalled Lennox and his son Darnley from Scotland—a mandate which they refused, or delayed, to obey. She committed the Countess of Lennox, the only one of the family within her reach, a prisoner to the Tower of London. Above all, she endeavoured to disturb the peace of Scotland, and the government of Mary and her new husband, by stirring up to insurrection those among the Scottish nobility to whom the match with Darnley was distasteful.

The Queen's brother, the Earl of Murray, was by far the most able and powerful of those who were displeased by Mary's marriage. Darnley and he were personal enemies; and besides, Murray was the principal of the Lords of the Congregation, who affected to see danger to the Protestant religion in Mary's choice of Darnley for a husband, and in the disunion which it was likely to create betwixt Scotland and England. Murray even laid a plan to intercept Darnley, seize his person, and either put him to death, or send him prisoner to England. A body of horse was for this purpose stationed at a pass under the hill of Bennarty, near Kinross, called the Parrot-well, to intercept the Queen and Darnley as they returned from a Convention of Estates held at Perth; and they only escaped the danger by a hasty march, commenced early in the morning.

After the marriage, Murray and his confederates, who were the Duke of Chatelherault, Glencairn, Argyle, Rothes, and others, actually took up arms. The Queen, in this emergency, assembled her subjects around her. They came in such num-

bers as showed her popularity. Darnley rode at their head in gilded armour, accompanied by the Queen herself, having loaded pistols at her saddle-bow. Unable to stand their ground, Murray and his accomplices eluded the pursuit of the royal army, and made a sudden march on Edinburgh, where they hoped to find friends. But the citizens not adopting their cause, and the castle threatening to fire on them, the insurgents were compelled to retreat, first to Hamilton, then to Dumfries, until they finally disbanded their forces in despair, and the leaders fled into England. Thus ended an insurrection which, from the hasty and uncertain manner in which the conspirators posted from one part of the kingdom to another, obtained the popular name of the Run-about Raid (or ride).

Elizabeth, who had encouraged Murray and his associates to rise against Mary, was by no means desirous to have the discredit of having done so, when she saw their attempt was unsuccessful. She caused Murray and the Abbot of Kilwinning to appear before her in presence of the ambassadors of France and Spain, who, interfering in Mary's behalf, had accused Elizabeth of fomenting the Scottish disturbances. "How say you," she exclaimed, "my Lord of Murray, and you his companion? Have you had advice or encouragement from me in your late undertaking?" The exiles, afraid to tell the truth, were contented to say, however falsely, that they had received no advice or assistance at her hands. "There you indeed speak truth," replied Elizabeth; "for neither did I, nor any in my name, stir you up against your Queen; your abominable treason may serve for example to my own subjects to rebel against me. Therefore get out of my presence; you are but unworthy traitors!" Mortified and disgraced, Murray and his companions again retired to the Border, where Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding her pretended resentment, allowed them privately means of support, until times should permit them to return into Scotland, and renew disturbances there.

Mary had thus overcome her refractory subjects, but she soon found that she had a more formidable enemy in the foolish and passionate husband whom she had chosen. This headstrong young man behaved to his wife with great disrespect, both as a woman and as a queen, and gave himself up to intoxication, and other disgraceful vices. Although already possessed of more power than fitted his capacity or age, for he was but

nineteen, he was importunate in his demands for obtaining what was called in Scotland the Crown Matrimonial; that is, the full equality of royal right in the crown with his consort. Until he obtained this eminence he was not held to be King, though called so in courtesy. He was only the husband of the Queen.

This crown matrimonial had been bestowed on Mary's first husband, Francis, and Darnley was determined to be possessed of the same rank. But Mary, whose bounty had already far exceeded his deserts, as well as his gratitude, was resolved not to make this last concession, at least without the advice and consent of the Parliament.

The childish impatience of Darnley made him regard with mortal hatred whatever interfered with the instant execution of his wishes; and his animosity on this occasion turned against the Italian secretary, once his friend, but whom he now esteemed his deadly foe, because he supposed that Rizzio encouraged the Queen in resisting his hasty ambition. His resentment against the unhappy stranger arose to such a height, that he threatened to poniard him with his own hand; and as Rizzio had many enemies, and no friends save his mistress, Darnley easily procured instruments, and those of no mean rank, to take the execution of his revenge on themselves.

The chief of Darnley's accomplices, on this unhappy occasion, was James Douglas, Earl of Morton, chancellor of the kingdom, tutor and uncle to the Earl of Angus (who chanced then to be a minor), and administrator, therefore, of all the power of the great house of Douglas. He was a nobleman of high military talent and great political wisdom; but although a pretender to sanctity of life, his actions show him to have been a wicked and unscrupulous man. Notwithstanding he was chancellor of the kingdom, and therefore bound peculiarly to respect the laws, he did not hesitate to enter into the young King's cruel and unlawful purpose. Lord Ruthven too, whose frame was exhausted by illness, nevertheless undertook to buckle on his armour for the enterprise; and they had no difficulty in finding other agents.

It would have been easy to have seized on Rizzio, and disposed of him as the Scottish peers at the bridge of Lauder used the favourites of James III.[1] But this would not have

[1] See *ante*, p. 198.

accomplished the revenge of Darnley, who complained that the Queen showed this mean Italian more civility than she did to himself, and therefore took the barbarous resolution of seizing him in her very presence.

While this savage plot was forming, Rizzio received several hints of what was likely to happen. Sir James Melville was at pains to explain to him the danger that was incurred by a stranger in any country, who rose so high in the favour of the prince, as to excite the disgust of the natives of the land. A French priest, who was something of an astrologer, warned the secretary to beware of a bastard. To such counsels, he replied, "That the Scots were more given to threaten than to strike; and as for the bastard (by whom he supposed the Earl of Murray to be meant), he would take care that he should never possess power enough in Scotland to do him any harm." Thus securely confident, he continued at court, to abide his fate.

Those lords who engaged in the conspiracy did not agree to gratify Darnley's resentment against Rizzio for nothing. They stipulated, as the price of their assistance, that he should in turn aid them in obtaining pardon and restoration to favour for Murray, and his accomplices in the Run-about Raid; and intimation was despatched to these noblemen, apprising them of the whole undertaking, and desiring them to be at Edinburgh on the night appointed for doing the deed.

Queen Mary, like her father, James V., was fond of laying aside the state of a sovereign, and indulging in small private parties, quiet, as she termed them, and merry. On these occasions, she admitted her favourite domestics to her table, and Rizzio seems frequently to have had that honour. On the 9th of March 1566 six persons had partaken of supper in a small cabinet adjoining to the Queen's bedchamber, and having no entrance save through it. Rizzio was of the number. About seven in the evening, the gates of the palace were occupied by Morton, with a party of two hundred men; and a select band of the conspirators, headed by Darnley himself, came into the Queen's apartment by a secret staircase. Darnley first entered the cabinet, and stood for an instant in silence, gloomily eyeing his victim. Lord Ruthven followed in complete armour, looking pale and ghastly, as one scarcely recovered from long sickness. Others crowded in after them, till the little closet was full of armed men. While the Queen demanded the purpose of their

coming, Rizzio, who saw that his life was aimed at, got behind her, and clasped the folds of her gown, that the respect due to her person might protect him. The assassins threw down the table, and seized on the unfortunate object of their vengeance, while Darnley himself took hold of the Queen, and forced Rizzio and her asunder. It was their intention, doubtless, to have dragged Rizzio out of Mary's presence, and to have killed him elsewhere; but their fierce impatience hurried them into instant murder. George Douglas, called the postulate of Arbroath, a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, set the example, by snatching Darnley's dagger from his belt, and striking Rizzio with it. He received many other blows. They dragged him through the bedroom and antechamber, and despatched him at the head of the staircase, with no less than fifty-six wounds. Ruthven, after all was over, fatigued with his exertions, sat down in the Queen's presence, and, begging her pardon for the liberty, called for a drink to refresh him, as if he had been doing the most harmless thing in the world.

The witnesses, the actors, and the scene of this cruel tragedy, render it one of the most extraordinary which history records. The cabinet and the bedroom still remain in the same condition in which they were at the time; and the floor near the head of the stair bears visible marks of the blood of the unhappy Rizzio. The Queen continued to beg his life with prayers and tears; but when she learned that he was dead, she dried her tears.—"I will now," she said, "study revenge."

The conspirators, who had committed the cruel action entirely or chiefly to gratify Darnley, reckoned themselves, of course, secure of his protection. They united themselves with Murray and his associates, who were just returned from England according to appointment, and agreed upon a course of joint measures. The Queen, it was agreed, should be put under restraint in Edinburgh Castle, or elsewhere; and Murray and Morton were to rule the state under the name of Darnley, who was to obtain the crown matrimonial, which he had so anxiously desired. But all this scheme was ruined by the defection of Darnley himself. As fickle as he was vehement, and as timorous as he had shown himself cruel, Rizzio was no sooner slain than Darnley became terrified at what had been done, and seemed much disposed to deny having given any authority for the crime.

Finding her weak-minded husband in a state between remorse and fear, Mary prevailed on him to take part against the very persons whom he had instigated to the late atrocious proceeding. Darnley and Mary escaped together out of Holyrood House, and fled to Dunbar, where the Queen issued a proclamation which soon drew many faithful followers around her. It was now the turn of the conspirators to tremble. That the Queen's conquest over them might be more certain, she pardoned the Earl of Murray, and those concerned in the Runabout Raid, as guilty of more venial offences than the assassins of Rizzio; and thus Murray, Glencairn, and others, were received into favour, while Morton, Ruthven, and his comrades fled in their turn to England. No Scottish subject, whatever his crime, could take refuge there without finding secret support, if not an open welcome. Such was Elizabeth's constant policy.

Queen Mary was now once more in possession of authority, but much disturbed and vexed by the silly conduct of her husband, whose absurdities and insolences were not abated by the consequences of Rizzio's death; so that the royal pair continued to be upon the worst terms with each other, though disguised under a species of reconciliation.

On the 19th of June 1566 Mary was delivered of a son, afterwards James VI. When news of this event reached London, Queen Elizabeth was merrily engaged in dancing; but upon hearing what had happened, she left the dance, and sat down, leaning her head on her hand, and exclaiming passionately to her ladies, "Do you not hear how the Queen of Scots is mother of a fair son, while I am but a barren stock!" But next morning she had recovered herself sufficiently to maintain her usual appearance of outward civility, received the Scottish ambassador with much seeming favour, and accepted with thanks the office of godmother to the young Prince, which he proffered to her in Queen Mary's name.

After a splendid solemnity at christening the heir of Scotland, Queen Mary seems to have turned her mind towards settling the disorders of her nobility; and, sacrificing her own justifiable resentment, she yielded so far as to grant pardon to all those concerned in the murder of Rizzio. Two men of low rank, and no more, had been executed for that crime. Lord Ruthven, the principal actor, had died in England, talking and writing as composedly of "the slaughter of David," as if it

had been the most indifferent, if not meritorious, action possible. George Douglas, who struck the first blow, and Ker of Faldonside, another ruffian who offered his pistol at the Queen's bosom in the fray, were exempted from the general pardon. Morton and all the others were permitted to return, to plan new treasons and murders.

We are now come, my dear child, to a very difficult period in history. The subsequent events in the reign of Queen Mary are well known; but neither the names of the principal agents in those events, nor the motives upon which they acted, are at all agreed upon by historians. It has, in particular, been warmly disputed, and will probably long continue to be so, how far Queen Mary is to be considered as a voluntary party or actor in the tragical and criminal events of which I am about to tell you; or how far, being innocent of any foreknowledge of these violent actions, she was an innocent victim of the villainy of others. Leaving you, my dear child, when you come to a more advanced age, to study this historical point for yourself, I shall endeavour to give you an outline of the facts as they are admitted and proved on all sides.

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, a man in middle age, had for several years played a conspicuous part in these troubled times. He had sided with the Queen Regent against the Reformed party, and was in general supposed to be attached rather to the reigning Queen than to any of the factions who opposed her. He was head of the powerful family of Hepburn, and possessed great influence in East Lothian and Berwickshire, where excellent soldiers could always be obtained. In his morals Bothwell was wild and licentious, irregular and daring in his ambition; and although his history does not show many instances of personal courage, yet in his early life he had the reputation of possessing it. He had been in danger on the occasion of Rizzio's murder, being supposed, from his regard for the Queen, to have been desirous of preventing that cruel insult to her person and authority. As this nobleman displayed great zeal for Mary's cause, she was naturally led to advance him at court, until many persons, and particularly the preachers of the Reformed religion, thought that she admitted to too great intimacy a man of so fierce and profligate a character; and a numerous party among her subjects accused the Queen of being fonder of Bothwell than was becoming.

A thoughtless action of Mary's seemed to confirm this suspicion. Bothwell, among other offices of authority, held that of Lord Warden of all the Marches, and was residing at the castle of Hermitage, a royal fortress which belonged to that office, in order to suppress some disorders on the Border. In October 1566, attempting with his own hand to seize a Border freebooter called John Elliot of the Park, he was severely wounded in the hand. The Queen, who was then at Jedburgh holding a court of justice, hastened through woods, morasses, and waters, to pay a visit to the wounded warden; and though the distance was twenty English miles, she went and returned from Hermitage Castle in the same day. This excursion might arise solely from Mary's desire to learn the cause and particulars of a great outrage on her lieutenant; but all those who wished ill to her, who were a numerous body, represented it as expressive of her anxiety for the safety of her lover.

In the meantime, the dissensions between Darnley and the Queen continued to increase; and while he must have been disliked by Mary from their numerous quarrels, and the affronts he put upon her, as well as from his share in the murder of Rizzio, those who had been concerned with him in that last crime, considered him as a poor mean-spirited wretch, who, having engaged his associates in so daring an act, had afterwards betrayed and deserted them. His latter conduct showed no improvement in either sense or spirit. He pretended he would leave the kingdom, and by this and other capricious resolutions, hastily adopted and abandoned, he so far alienated the affections of the Queen, that many of the unscrupulous and plotting nobles, by whom she was surrounded, formed the idea, that it would be very agreeable to Mary if she could be freed from her union with this unreasonable and ill-tempered young man.

The first proposal made to her was, that she should be separated from Darnley by a divorce. Bothwell, Maitland, Morton, and Murray, are said to have joined in pressing such a proposal upon the Queen, who was then residing at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh; but she rejected it steadily. A conspiracy of a darker kind was then agitated, for the murder of the unhappy Darnley; and Bothwell seems to have entertained little doubt that Mary, thus rid of an unacceptable husband, would choose him for a successor. He spoke with the Earl of

Morton on the subject of despatching Darnley, and represented it as an enterprise which had the approbation of the Queen. Morton refused to stir in a matter of so great consequence, unless he received a mandate under the Queen's hand. Bothwell undertook to procure him such a warrant, but he never kept his word. This was confessed by Morton at his death. When it was asked of him by the clergyman who received his confession, why he had not prevented the conspiracy, by making it public? he replied, that there was no one to whom he could confess it with safety. "The Queen," he said, "was herself in the plot; and if I had told Darnley, his folly was so great that I am certain he would have betrayed it to his wife, and so my own destruction would have been assured." But though he did not acknowledge more than I have told you, Morton was always supposed to have been one of the active conspirators; and it was universally believed that a daring and profligate relation of his, called Archibald Douglas, parson of Glasgow, was one of the actual murderers.[1] While these suspicions hung over Morton himself, he seems to have had no reason for believing Mary's guilt, excepting what Bothwell told him. It seems probable that Maitland of Lethington also knew the fatal and guilty secret. Morton and he, however, were both men of deep sagacity. They foresaw that Bothwell would render himself, and perhaps the Queen also, odious to the nation by the dark and bloody action which he meditated; and therefore they resolved to let him run his course, in the hope that he would come to a speedy fall, and that they themselves might succeed to the supreme power.

While these schemes were in agitation against his life, Darnley fell ill at Glasgow, and his indisposition proved to be the smallpox. The Queen sent her physician, and after an interval went herself to wait upon him, and an apparent reconciliation was effected between them. They came together to Edinburgh on the 31st January 1566-67. The King was lodged in a religious house called the Kirk-of-Field, just without the walls of the city.[2] The Queen and the infant Prince

[1] Douglas was twenty years afterwards brought to trial for his alleged participation in the murder of Darnley, and acquitted.—ARNOT's *Criminal Trials*.

[2] The Kirk-of-Field stood on part of the site of the College of Edinburgh.

were accommodated in the palace of Holyrood. The reason assigned for their living separate was the danger of the child catching the smallpox. But the Queen showed much attention to her husband, visiting him frequently; and they never seemed to have been on better terms than when the conspiracy against Darnley's life was on the eve of being executed. Meanwhile Darnley and his groom of the chamber were alone during the night time, and separated from any other persons, when measures were taken for his destruction in the following horrible manner:—

On the evening of the 9th February, several persons, kinsmen, retainers, and servants of the Earl of Bothwell, came in secret to the Kirk-of-Field. They had with them a great quantity of gunpowder; and by means of false keys they obtained entrance into the cellars of the building, where they disposed the powder in the vaults under Darnley's apartment, and especially beneath the spot where his bed was placed. About two hours after midnight upon the ensuing morning, Bothwell himself came disguised in a riding cloak, to see the execution of the cruel project. Two of his ruffians went in and took means of firing the powder, by lighting a piece of slow-burning match at one end, and placing the other amongst the gunpowder. They remained for some time watching the event, and Bothwell became so impatient, that it was with difficulty he was prevented from entering the house, to see whether the light had not been extinguished by some accident. One of his accomplices, by looking through a window, ascertained that it was still burning. The explosion presently took place, blew up the Kirk-of-Field, and alarmed the whole city. The body of Darnley was found in the adjoining orchard. The bed in which he lay had preserved him from all action of the fire, which occasioned a general belief that he and his chamber-groom, who was found in the same situation, had been strangled and removed before the house was blown up. But this was a mistake. It is clearly proved, by the evidence of those who were present at the event, that there were no means employed but gunpowder—a mode of destruction sufficiently powerful to have rendered any other unnecessary.

CHAPTER XXXII

Marriage of Mary and Bothwell—Mary's Surrender to the Confederated Lords at Carberry—Her Imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, and Escape thence—Battle of Langside, and Flight to England—Regency and Murder of Murray—Civil Wars in Scotland—Regency of Morton—His Trial and Execution—Raid of Ruthven—Stewart, Earl of Arran—His Disgrace and Death

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Elizabeth.
France: Charles IX., Henry III.

1567—1586

THE horrible murder of the unhappy Darnley excited the strongest suspicions, and the greatest discontent, in the city of Edinburgh, and through the whole kingdom. Bothwell was pointed out by the general voice as the author of the murder; and as he still continued to enjoy the favour of Mary, her reputation was not spared. To have brought this powerful criminal to an open and impartial trial, would have been the only way for the Queen to recover her popularity; and Mary made a show of doing this public justice, but under circumstances which favoured the criminal.

Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, had, as was his natural duty, accused Bothwell of the murder of his son. But he received little countenance in prosecuting the accused. Everything seemed to be done as hastily as if it were determined to defeat the operations of justice. Lennox received information on the 28th of March that the 12th of April was appointed for the day of trial; and, at so short warning as fourteen days, he was summoned, as nearest relation of the murdered monarch, to appear as accuser, and to support the charge he had made against Bothwell. The Earl of Lennox complained that the time allowed him to prepare the charge and evidence necessary for convicting so powerful a criminal was greatly too short; but he could not get it extended.

It was a usual thing in Scotland for persons accused of crimes to come to the bar of a court of justice attended by all

their friends, retainers, and dependents, the number of whom was frequently so great, that the judges and accusers were overawed, and became afraid to proceed in the investigation; so that the purposes of justice were for the time frustrated. Bothwell, conscious of guilt, was desirous to use this means of protection to the utmost. He appeared in Edinburgh with full five thousand attendants. Two hundred chosen musketeers kept close by his side, and guarded the doors of the court as soon as the criminal had entered. In such circumstances, there could be no chance of a fair trial. Lennox did not appear, saving by one of his vassals, who protested against the proceedings of the day. No charge was made,—no proof of innocence, of course, was required,—and a jury, consisting of nobles and gentlemen of the first rank, acquitted Bothwell of a crime of which all the world believed him to be guilty.

The public mind remained dissatisfied with this mockery of justice; but Bothwell, without regarding the murmurs of the people, hurried forward to possess himself of the situation which he had made vacant by the murder of Darnley. He convened a number of the principal nobility, at a feast given in a tavern, and prevailed on them to sign a bond, in which they not only declared Bothwell altogether innocent of the King's death, but recommended him as the fittest person whom her Majesty could choose for a husband. Morton, Maitland, and others, who afterwards were Mary's bitter enemies and accusers, subscribed this remarkable deed, either because they were afraid of the consequences of a refusal, or that they thought it the readiest and safest course for accomplishing their own purposes, to encourage Bothwell and the Queen to run headlong to their ruin, by completing a marriage which must be disgustful to the whole kingdom. 19th April.

Murray, the most important person in Scotland, had kept aloof from all these proceedings. He was in Fife when the King was murdered, and, about three days before Bothwell's trial, he obtained leave of his sister the Queen to travel to France. Probably he did not consider that his own person would be safe, should Bothwell rise to be King.

The Earl of Bothwell, thus authorised by the apparent consent of the nobility, and, no doubt, thinking himself secure of the Queen's approbation, suddenly appeared at the bridge of Cramond, with a thousand horse, as Mary arrived there on

her return from Stirling to Edinburgh. Bothwell took the Queen's horse by the bridle, and surrounding and disarming her attendants, he led her, as if by an appearance of force, to the strong castle of Dunbar, of which he was governor. On this occasion Mary seems neither to have attempted to resist, nor to have expressed that feeling of anger and shame which would have been proper to her as a queen and as a woman. Her attendants were assured by the officers of Bothwell, that she was carried off in consequence of her own consent; and considering that such an outrage was offered to a sovereign of her high rank and bold spirit, her tame submission and silence under it seem scarce otherwise to be accounted for. They remained at Dunbar ten days, after which they again appeared in Edinburgh, apparently reconciled; the Earl carefully leading the Queen's palfrey, and conducting her up to the castle, the government of which was held by one of his adherents.

Whilst these strange proceedings took place, Bothwell had been able to procure a sentence of divorce against his wife, a sister of the Earl of Huntly. On the 12th of May the Queen made a public declaration, that she forgave Bothwell the late violence which he had committed, and that, although she was at first highly displeased with him, she was now resolved not only to grant him her pardon, but also to promote him to further honours. She was as good as her word, for she created him Duke of Orkney; and, on the 15th of the same month, did Mary, with unpardonable indiscretion, commit the great folly of marrying this ambitious and profligate man, stained as he was with the blood of her husband.

The Queen was not long in discovering that by this unhappy marriage she had gotten a more ruthless and wicked husband than she had in the flexible Darnley. Bothwell used her grossly ill, and being disappointed in his plans of getting the young Prince into his keeping, used such upbraiding language to Mary, that she prayed for a knife with which to stab herself, rather than endure his ill-treatment.

In the meantime the public discontent rose high, and Morton, Maitland, and others, who had been privy to the murder of Darnley, placed themselves, notwithstanding, at the head of a numerous party of the nobility, who resolved to revenge his death, and remove Bothwell from his usurped power. They took arms hastily, and had nearly surprised the

Queen and Bothwell, while feasting in the castle of the Lord Borthwick, from whence they fled to Dunbar, the Queen being concealed in the disguise of a page.

The confederated lords marched towards Dunbar, and the Queen and Bothwell, having assembled an army, advanced to the encounter, and met them on Carberry Hill, not far from the place where the battle of Pinkie was fought. This was on the 15th of June 1567. Mary would have acted more wisely in postponing the threatened action, for the Hamiltons, in great force, were on their way to join her. But she had been accustomed to gain advantages by rapid and ready movements, and was not at first sufficiently aware what an unfavourable impression existed against her even in her own army. Many, if not most, of those troops who had joined the Queen, had little inclination to fight in Bothwell's cause. He himself, in a bravado, offered to prove his innocence of Darnley's murder, by a duel in the lists with any of the opposite lords who should affirm his guilt. The valiant Kirkaldy of Grange, Murray of Tullibardin, and Lord Lindsay of the Byres, successively undertook the combat; but Bothwell found exceptions to each of them, and, finally, it appeared that this wicked man had not courage to fight with any one in that quarrel. In the meantime the Queen's army began to disband, and it became obvious that they would not fight in her cause, while they considered it as the same with that of Bothwell. She therefore recommended to him to fly from the field of action; an advice which he was not slow in following, riding to Dunbar as fast as he could, and from thence escaping by sea.

Mary surrendered herself, upon promise of respect and kind treatment, to the laird of Grange, and was conducted by him to the headquarters of the confederate army. When she arrived there, the lords received her with silent respect; but some of the common soldiers hooted at and insulted her, until Grange, drawing his sword, compelled them to be silent. The lords adopted the resolution of returning to the capital, and conveying Mary thither, surrounded by their troops.

As the unhappy Queen approached Edinburgh, led as it were in triumph by the victors, the most coarse and insulting behaviour was used towards her by the lower classes. There was a banner prepared for this insurrection, displaying on the one side the portrait of Darnley, as he lay murdered under a

tree in the fatal orchard, with these words embroidered, "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord!" and on the other side, the little Prince on his knees, holding up his hands, as if praying to Heaven to punish his father's murderers. As the Queen rode through the streets, with her hair loose, her garments disordered, covered with dust, and overpowered with grief, shame, and fatigue, this fatal flag was displayed before her eyes, while the voices of the rude multitude upbraided her with having been an accomplice in Darnley's murder. The same cries were repeated, and the same insulting banner displayed, before the windows of the Lord Provost's house, to which she was for a few hours committed as if a prisoner. The better class of craftsmen and citizens were at length moved by her sorrows, and showed such a desire to take her part, that the lords determined to remove her from the city, where respect to her birth and misfortunes seemed likely to create partisans, in spite of her own indiscretions, and the resentment of her enemies. Accordingly, on the next evening, being 16th June 1567, Mary, in disguised apparel, and escorted by a strong armed force, was conveyed from Holyrood to the castle of Lochleven, which stands on a little island, surrounded by the lake of the same name, and was there detained a prisoner.

The insurgent lords now formed themselves into a Secret Council, for managing the affairs of the nation. Their first attention was turned to securing Bothwell, although, perhaps, there may have been some even among their own number,—Morton, for example, and Maitland,—who had been participant with him in the murder of Darnley, who could not be very desirous that he should be produced on a public trial. But it was necessary to make a show of pursuing him, and many were sincerely desirous that he should be taken.

Kirkaldy of Grange followed Bothwell with two vessels, and had nearly surprised him in the harbour of Lerwick, the fugitive making his escape at one issue of the bay, while Grange entered at another; and Bothwell might even then have been captured, but that Grange's ship ran upon a rock, and was wrecked, though the crew escaped. Bothwell was only saved for a more melancholy fate. He took to piracy in the Northern Seas, in order to support himself and his sailors. He was in consequence assaulted and taken by some Danish ships of war. The Danes threw him into the dungeons of the castle of Mal-

may, where he died in captivity, about the end of the year 1576. It is said that this atrocious criminal confessed at his death that he had conducted the murder of Darnley, by the assistance of Murray, Maitland, and Morton, and that Mary was altogether guiltless of that crime. But there is little reliance to be placed on the declaration of so wicked a man, even if it were certain he had made it.

Meantime, poor Mary reaped the full consequences of Bothwell's guilt, and of her own infatuated attachment to him. She was imprisoned in a rude and inconvenient tower, on a small islet, where there was scarce room to walk fifty yards; and not even the intercession of Queen Elizabeth, who seems for the time to have been alarmed at the successful insurrection of subjects against their sovereign, could procure any mitigation of her captivity. There was a proposal to proceed against the Queen as an accomplice in Darnley's murder, and to take her life under that pretence. But the Lords of the Secret Council resolved to adopt somewhat of a gentler course, by compelling Mary to surrender her crown to her son, then an infant, and to make the Earl of Murray regent during the child's minority. Deeds to this purpose were drawn up, and sent to the castle of Lochleven, to be signed by the Queen. Lord Lindsay, the rudest, most bigoted, and fiercest of the confederated lords, was deputed to enforce Mary's compliance with the commands of the Council. He behaved with such peremptory brutality as had perhaps been expected, and was so unmanly as to pinch with his iron glove the arm of the poor Queen, to compel her to subscribe the deeds.

If Mary had any quarter to which, in her disastrous condition, she might look for love and favour, it was to her brother Murray. She may have been criminal—she had certainly been grossly infatuated—yet she deserved her brother's kindness and compassion. She had loaded him with favours, and pardoned him considerable offences. Unquestionably she expected more favour from him than she met with. But Murray was ambitious; and ambition breaks through the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude. He visited his imprisoned sister and benefactress in Lochleven Castle, but it was not to bring her comfort; on the contrary, he pressed all her errors on her with such hard-hearted severity, that she burst into floods of tears, and abandoned herself to despair.

Murray accepted of the regency, and in doing so broke all remaining ties of tenderness betwixt himself and his sister. He was now at the head of the ruling faction, consisting of what were called the King's Lords; while such of the nobility as desired that Mary, being now freed from the society of Bothwell, should be placed at liberty, and restored to the administration of the kingdom, were termed the Queen's Party. The strict and sagacious government of Murray imposed silence and submission for a time upon this last-named faction; but a singular incident changed the face of things for a moment, and gave a gleam of hope to the unfortunate captive.

22d Aug. 1567.

Sir William Douglas, the laird of Lochleven, owner of the castle where Mary was imprisoned, was a half-brother by the mother's side of the Regent Murray. This baron discharged with severe fidelity the task of Mary's jailor; but his youngest brother, George Douglas, became more sensible to the Queen's distress, and perhaps to her beauty, than to the interests of the Regent, or of his own family. A plot laid by him for the Queen's deliverance was discovered, and he was expelled from the island in consequence. But he kept up a correspondence with a kinsman of his own, called Little Douglas, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who had remained in the castle. On Sunday, the 2d May 1568, this Little William Douglas, contrived to steal the keys of the castle while the family were at supper. He let Mary and her attendant out of the tower when all had gone to rest—locked the gates of the castle to prevent pursuit—placed the Queen and her waiting-woman in a little skiff, and rowed them to the shore, throwing the keys of the castle into the lake in the course of their passage. Just when they were about to set out on this adventurous voyage, the youthful pilot had made a signal, by a light in a particular window visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that all was safe. Lord Seaton and a party of the Hamiltons were waiting at the landing-place. The Queen instantly mounted, and hurried off to Niddry Castle, in West Lothian; she proceeded next day to Hamilton. The news flew like lightning throughout the country, and spread enthusiasm everywhere. The people remembered Mary's gentleness, grace, and beauty,—they remembered her misfortunes also—and if they reflected on her errors, they thought they had been punished with sufficient

severity. On Sunday, Mary was a sad and helpless captive in a lonely tower. On the Saturday following, she was at the head of a powerful confederacy, by which nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of high rank, engaged to defend her person and restore her power. But this gleam of success was only temporary.

It was the Queen's purpose to place her person in security in the castle of Dumbarton, and her army, under the Earl of Argyle, proposed to carry her thither in a species of triumph. The Regent was lying at Glasgow with much inferior forces; but, with just confidence in his own military skill, as well as the talents of Morton, and the valour of Kirkaldy, and other experienced soldiers, he determined to meet the Queen's Lords in their proposed march, and to give them battle.

On 13th May 1568 Murray occupied the village of Langside, which lay full in the march of the Queen's army. The Hamiltons, and other gentlemen of Mary's troop, rushed forth with ill-considered valour to dispute the pass. They fought, however, with obstinacy, after the Scottish manner; that is, they pressed on each other front to front, each fixing his spear in his opponent's target, and then endeavouring to bear him down, as two bulls do when they encounter each other. Morton decided the battle by attacking the flank of the Hamiltons, while their column was closely engaged in the front. The measure was decisive, and the Queen's army was completely routed.

Queen Mary beheld this final and fatal defeat from a castle called Crookstane, about four miles from Paisley, where she and Darnley had spent some happy days after their marriage, and which, therefore, must have been the scene of bitter recollections. It was soon evident that there was no resource but in flight, and, escorted by Lord Herries and a few faithful followers, she rode sixty miles before she stopped at the abbey of Dundrennan, in Galloway. From this place she had the means of retreating either to France or England, as she should ultimately determine. In France she was sure to have been well received; but England afforded a nearer, and, as she thought, an equally safe place of refuge.

Forgetting, therefore, the various causes of emulation which existed betwixt Elizabeth and herself, and remembering only the smooth and flattering words which she had received from

her sister sovereign, it did not occur to the Scottish Queen that she should incur any risk by throwing herself upon the hospitality of England. It may also be supposed, that poor Mary, amongst whose faults want of generosity could not be reckoned, judged of Elizabeth according to the manner in which she would herself have treated the Queen of England in the same situation. She therefore resolved to take refuge in Elizabeth's kingdom, in spite of the opposition of her wiser attendants. They kneeled and entreated in vain. She entered the fatal boat, crossed the Solway, and delivered herself up to a gentleman named Lowther, the English deputy-warden. Much surprised, doubtless, at the incident, he sent express to inform Queen Elizabeth; and receiving the Scottish Queen with as much respect as he had the means of showing, lodged her in Carlisle Castle.

Queen Elizabeth had two courses in her power, which might be more or less generous, but were alike just and lawful. She might have received Queen Mary honourably, and afforded her the succour she petitioned for; or, if she did not think that expedient, she might have allowed her to remain in her dominions, at liberty to depart from them freely, as she had entered them voluntarily.

But Elizabeth, great as she was upon other occasions of her reign, acted on the present from mean and envious motives. She saw in the fugitive who implored her protection a princess who possessed a right of succession to the crown of England, which, by the Catholic part of her subjects at least, was held superior to her own. She remembered that Mary had been led to assume the arms and titles of the English monarchy, or rather, that the French had assumed them in her name, when she was in childhood. She recollected that Mary had been her rival in accomplishments; and certainly she did not forget that she was her superior in youth and beauty; and had the advantage, as she had expressed it herself, to be the mother of a fair son, while she remained a barren stock. Elizabeth, therefore, considered the Scottish Queen not as a sister and friend in distress, but as an enemy, over whom circumstances had given her power, and determined upon reducing her to the condition of a captive.

In pursuance of the line of conduct to which this mean train of reasoning led, the unfortunate Mary was surrounded by

English guards; and, as Elizabeth reasonably doubted that if she were left upon the Border, the fugitive Queen might obtain aid from her adherents in Scotland, she was removed to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire. But some pretext was wanting for a conduct so violent, so ungenerous, and so unjust, and Elizabeth contrived to find one.

The Regent Murray, upon Mary's flight to England, had endeavoured to vindicate his conduct in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, by alleging that his sister had been accessory to the murder of her husband Darnley, in order that she might marry her paramour Bothwell. Now, although this, supposing it to be true, was very criminal conduct, yet Elizabeth had not the least title to constitute herself judge in the matter. Mary was no subject of hers, nor, according to the law of nations, had the English Queen any right to act as umpire in the quarrel between the Scottish sovereign and her subjects. But she extorted, in the following manner, a sort of acquiescence in her right to decide, from the Scottish Queen.

The messengers of Queen Elizabeth informed Mary, that their mistress regretted extremely that she could not at once admit her to her presence, nor give her the affectionate reception which she longed to afford her, until her visitor stood clear, in the eyes of the world, of the scandalous accusations of her Scottish subjects. Mary at once undertook to make her innocence evident to Elizabeth's satisfaction; and this the Queen of England pretended to consider as a call upon herself to act as umpire in the quarrel betwixt Mary and the party by which she had been deposed and exiled. It was in vain that Mary remonstrated, that, in agreeing to remove Elizabeth's scruples, she acted merely out of respect to her opinion, and a desire to conciliate her favour, but not with the purpose of constituting the English Queen her judge in a formal trial. Elizabeth was determined to keep the advantage which she had attained, and to act as if Mary had, of her full free will, rendered her rival the sole arbiter of her fate.

The Queen of England accordingly appointed commissioners to hear the parties, and consider the evidence which was to be laid before them by both sides. The Regent Murray appeared in person before these commissioners, in the odious character of the accuser of his sister, benefactress, and sovereign. Queen Mary also sent the most able of her adherents, the

Bishop of Ross, Lord Herries, and others, to plead the case on her side.

The Commission met at York in October 1568. The proceedings commenced with a singular attempt to establish the obsolete question of the alleged supremacy of England over Scotland. "You come hither," said the English commissioners to the Regent and his assistants, "to submit the differences which divide the kingdom of Scotland to the Queen of England, and therefore I first require of you to pay her Grace the homage due to her." The Earl of Murray blushed and was silent. But Maitland of Lethington answered with spirit—"When Elizabeth restores to Scotland the earldom of Huntingdon, with Cumberland, Northumberland, and such other lands as Scotland did of old possess in England, we will do such homage for these territories as was done by the ancient sovereigns of Scotland who enjoyed them. As to the crown and kingdom of Scotland, they are more free than those of England, which lately paid Peter-pence to Rome."

This question being waived, they entered on the proper business of the Commission. It was not without hesitation that Murray was induced to state his accusation in explicit terms, and there was still greater difficulty in obtaining from him any evidence in support of the odious charges of matrimonial infidelity, and accession to the murder of her husband, with which that accusation charged Mary. It is true, the Queen's conduct had been unguarded and imprudent, but there was no arguing from thence that she was guilty of the foul crime charged. Something like proof was wanted, and at length a box of letters and papers was produced, stated to have been taken from a servant of Bothwell, called Dalgleish. These letters, if genuine, certainly proved that Mary was a paramour of Bothwell while Darnley was yet alive, and that she knew and approved of the murder of that ill-fated young man. But the letters were alleged by the Queen's commissioners to be gross forgeries, devised for the purpose of slandering their mistress. It is most remarkable that Dalgleish had been condemned and executed without a word being asked him about these letters, even if it had been only to prove that they had been found in his possession. Lord Herries and the Bishop of Ross did not rest satisfied with defending the Queen; they charged Murray himself with having confederated with Bothwell for the destruction of Darnley.

At the end of five months' investigation, the Queen of England informed both parties that she had, on the one hand, seen nothing which induced her to doubt the worth and honour of the Earl of Murray, while, on the other hand, he had, in her opinion, proved nothing of the criminal charges which he had brought against his sovereign. She was therefore, she said, determined to leave the affairs of Scotland as she had found them.

To have treated both parties impartially, as her sentence seemed intended to imply her desire to do, the Queen ought to have restored Mary to liberty. But while Murray was sent down with the loan of a large sum of money, Mary was retained in that captivity which was only to end with her life.

Murray returned to Scotland, having had all the advantage of the conference at York. His coffers were replenished, and his power confirmed, by the favour of Queen Elizabeth; and he had little difficulty in scattering the remains of the Queen's Lords, who, in fact, had never been able to make head since the battle of Langside, and the flight of their mistress.

In the meantime some extraordinary events took place in England. The Duke of Norfolk had formed a plan to restore Queen Mary to liberty, and was in recompense to be rewarded with her hand in marriage. The Regent Murray had been admitted into the secret of this plot, although it may be supposed the object was not very acceptable to him. Many of the great nobles had agreed to join in the undertaking, particularly the powerful Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. The plot of Norfolk was discovered and proved against him chiefly by the declarations of Murray, who meanly betrayed the secret entrusted to him; Norfolk was in consequence seized upon, committed to confinement, and, a few months afterwards, upon the discovery of some new intrigues, was tried and executed.

But before this catastrophe, Northumberland and Westmoreland rushed into a hasty rebellion, which they were unable to conduct with sufficient vigour. Their troops dispersed without a battle before the army which Queen Elizabeth sent against them. Westmoreland found a secure refuge among the Scottish Borderers, who were favourable to the cause of Mary. They assisted him in his escape to the sea-coast, and he finally made his way to Flanders, and died in exile. Northumberland

was less fortunate. A Borderer, named Hector Armstrong of Harlaw, treacherously betrayed him to the Regent Murray, who refused indeed to deliver him up to Queen Elizabeth, but detained him prisoner in that same lonely castle of Lochleven, which had been lately the scene of Mary's captivity.

All these successive events tended to establish the power of Murray, and to diminish the courage of such lords as remained attached to the opposite party. But it happens frequently, that when men appear most secure of the object they have been toiling for, their views are suddenly and strangely disappointed. A blow was impending over Murray from a quarter which, if named to the haughty Regent, he would probably have despised, since it originated in the resentment of a private man.

After the battle of Langside, six of the Hamiltons, who had been most active on that occasion, were sentenced to die, as being guilty of treason against James VI., in having espoused his mother's cause. In this doom there was little justice, considering how the country was divided between the claims of the mother and the son. But the decree was not acted upon, and the persons condemned received their pardon through the mediation of John Knox with the Regent.

One of the individuals thus pardoned was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, a man of a fierce and vindictive character. Like others in his condition, he was punished by the forfeiture of his property, although his life was spared. His wife had brought him, as her portion, the lands of Woodhouselee, near Roslin, and these were bestowed by Murray upon one of his favourites. This person exercised the right so rudely, as to turn Hamilton's wife out of her own house undressed, and unprotected from the fury of the weather. In consequence of this brutal treatment, she became insane, and died. Her husband vowed revenge, not on the actual author of his misfortune, but upon the Regent Murray, whom he considered as the original cause of it, and whom his family prejudices induced him to regard as the usurper of the sovereign power, and the oppressor of the name and house of Hamilton. There is little doubt that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and some others of his name, encouraged Bothwellhaugh in this desperate resolution.

The assassin took his measures with every mark of deliberation. Having learnt that the Regent was to pass through

Linlithgow on a certain day, he secretly introduced himself into an empty house belonging to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, which had in front a wooden balcony looking upon the street. Bothwellhaugh hung a black cloth on the wall of the apartment where he lay, that his shadow might not be seen from without, and spread a mattrass on the floor, that the sound of his feet might not be heard from beneath. To secure his escape he fastened a fleet horse in the garden behind the house, and pulled down the lintel stones from the posts of the garden door, so that he might be able to pass through it on horseback. He also strongly barricaded the front door of the house, which opened to the street of the town. Having thus prepared all for concealment until the deed was done, and for escape afterwards, he armed himself with a loaded carabine, shut himself up in the lonely chamber, and waited the arrival of his victim. 23d Jan. 1570.

Some friend of Murray transmitted to him a hint of the danger which he might incur, in passing through the street of a place in which he was known to have enemies, and advised that he should avoid it by going round on the outside of the town; or, at least, by riding hastily past the lodging which was more particularly suspected, as belonging to the Hamiltons. But the Regent, thinking that the step recommended would have an appearance of timidity, held on his way through the crowded street. As he came opposite the fatal balcony, his horse being somewhat retarded by the number of spectators, Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim. He fired the carabine, and the Regent fell, mortally wounded. The ball, after passing through his body, killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his right hand. His attendants rushed furiously at the door of the house from which the shot had issued; but Bothwellhaugh's precautions had been so securely taken that they were unable to force their entrance till he had mounted his good horse, and escaped through the garden gate. He was notwithstanding pursued so closely, that he had very nearly been taken; but after spur and whip had both failed, he pricked his horse with his dagger, compelled him to take a desperate leap over a ditch, which his pursuers were unable to cross, and thus made his escape.

The Regent died in the course of the night, leaving a character which has been, perhaps, too highly extolled by one

class of authors, and too much depreciated by another, according as his conduct to his sister was approved or condemned.

The murderer escaped to France. In the civil wars of that country an attempt was made to engage him, as a known desperado, in the assassination of the Admiral Coligni; but he resented it as a deadly insult. He had slain a man in Scotland, he said, from whom he had sustained a mortal injury; but the world could not engage him to attempt the life of one against whom he had no personal cause of quarrel.

The death of Murray had been an event expected by many of Queen Mary's adherents. The very night after it happened, Scott of Buccleuch and Ker of Fairniehirst broke into England, and ravaged the frontier with more than their wonted severity. When it was remarked by one of the sufferers under this foray, that the Regent would punish the party concerned in such illegal violence, the Borderer replied contemptuously, that the Regent was as cold as his bridle-bit. This served to show that their leaders had been privy to Bothwellhaugh's action, and now desired to take advantage of it, in order to give grounds for war between the countries. But Queen Elizabeth was contented to send a small army to the frontier, to burn the castles and ravage the estates of the two clans which had been engaged in the hostile inroad; a service which they executed with much severity on the clans of Scott and Ker, without doing injury to those other Borderers against whom their mistress had no complaint.

Upon the death of Murray, Lennox was chosen Regent. He was the father of the murdered Darnley, yet showed no excessive thirst of vengeance. He endeavoured to procure a union of parties, for the purpose of domestic peace. But men's minds on both sides had become too much exasperated against each other. The Queen's party was strengthened by Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange joining that faction, after having been long the boast of that of the King. Lethington we have often mentioned as one of the ablest men in Scotland, and Kirkaldy was certainly one of the bravest. He was, besides, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and his declaring that he held that important place for the Queen gave great spirit to Mary's adherents. At the same time,

April 1571. they were deprived of a stronghold scarcely inferior consequence, by the loss of Dumbarton Castle in the following extraordinary manner.

This fortress is one of the strongest places in the world. It is situated on a rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from a level plain to the height of several hundred feet. On the summit of this rock the buildings are situated, and as there is only one access from below, which rises by steps, and is strongly guarded and fortified, the fort might be almost held to be impregnable, that is, impossible to be taken. One Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, a distinguished adherent of the King's party, resolved, nevertheless, to make an attempt on this formidable castle.

He took advantage of a misty and moonless night to bring to the foot of the castle-rock the scaling-ladders which he had provided, choosing for his terrible experiment the place where the rock was highest, and where less pains were taken to keep a regular guard. This choice was fortunate; for the first ladder broke with the weight of the men who attempted to mount, and the noise of the fall must have betrayed them had there been any sentinel within hearing. Crawford, assisted by a soldier who had deserted from the castle, and was acting as his guide, renewed the attempt in person, and having scrambled up to a projecting ledge of rock where there was some footing, contrived to make fast the ladder, by tying it to the roots of a tree, which grew about midway up the rock. Here they found a small flat surface, sufficient, however, to afford footing to the whole party, which was, of course, very few in number. In scaling the second precipice, another accident took place:— One of the party, subject to epileptic fits, was seized by one of these attacks, brought on perhaps by terror, while he was in the act of climbing up the ladder. His illness made it impossible for him either to ascend or descend. To have slain the man would have been a cruel expedient, besides that the fall of his body might have alarmed the garrison. Crawford caused him, therefore, to be tied to the ladder, which they turned, and thus mounted with ease. When the party gained the summit, they slew the sentinel ere he had time to give the alarm, and easily surprised the slumbering garrison, who had trusted too much to the security of their castle to keep good watch. This exploit of Crawford may compare with anything of the kind which we read of in history.

Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, was made prisoner in Dumbarton, where he had taken refuge, as he was par-

ticularly hated by the King's party. He was now in their hands, and, as they had formerly proclaimed him a traitor, they now without scruple put him to death as such. This cruel deed occasioned other violences, by way of retaliation, which, in turn, led to fresh acts of bloodshed. All natural ties were forgotten in the distinction of Kingsmen and Queensmen; and, as neither party gave quarter to their opponents, the civil war assumed a most horrible aspect. Fathers, and sons, and brothers, took opposite sides, and fought against each other. The very children of the towns and villages formed themselves into bands for King James or Queen Mary, and fought inveterately with stones, sticks, and knives.

In the midst of this confusion, each party called a parliament, which was attended only by the lords of their own side. The Queen's Parliament met at Edinburgh, under protection of the castle, and its governor Kirkaldy. The King's faction had a much more numerous assembly, assuming the same denomination, at Stirling, where they produced the young King, to give authority to their proceedings. The boy, with natural childishness, taking notice of a rent in the carpet which covered the table at which the clerks sat, observed, "there was a hole in the Parliament." These words were remarked afterwards, as if they had contained a sort of prophecy of the following singular event:—

Kirkaldy devised an enterprise, by which, if successful, he would have put a complete stop to the proceedings of the King's Parliament, nay, to the civil war itself. He sent for Buccleuch and Fairniehirst, already noticed as zealous partisans of Mary, desiring them to bring a large party of their best horsemen, and joined with them the Lord Claud Hamilton, with a detachment of infantry. The whole were guided by a man of the name of Bell, who knew the town of Stirling, being a native of that place. On the 4th of September 1571 he introduced the party, consisting of about five hundred men, into the middle of the town, at four in the morning, without even a dog barking at them. They then raised the alarm, crying out, "God and the Queen! think on the Archbishop of Saint Andrews! all is our own!" According to the directions they had received, they sent parties to the different houses of which the King's Lords had taken possession, and made them prisoners without resistance, except on the part of Morton, whose obsti-

nate valour obliged them to set fire to his lodgings. He then reluctantly surrendered himself to Buccleuch, who was his near connection. But his resistance had gained some time, and the assailants had scattered themselves in quest of plunder. At this moment, Mar brought a party of musketeers out of the castle, and placing them behind the walls of a house which he had commenced building on the castle-hill, he opened a heavy and unexpected fire upon the Queensmen. These being already in disorder, were struck with panic in the moment of victory, and began to fly. The scene was now completely changed, and they who had been triumphant the moment before, were glad to surrender to their own captives. Lennox the Regent had been mounted behind Spens of Wormeston, who had made him captive. He was a particular object of vengeance to the Hamiltons, who longed to requite the death of the Archbishop of St. Andrews. He was killed, as was believed, by Lord Claud Hamilton's orders, and Spens, who most honourably endeavoured to protect his prisoner, was slain at the same time. The Queen's party retreated out of Stirling without much loss, for the Borderers carried off all the horses, upon which the opposite party might have followed them. Kirkaldy received the news of the Regent's death with much dissatisfaction, abusing those who commanded the party as disorderly beasts, who neither knew how to gain a victory, nor how to use it. Had he placed himself at the head of the detachment, as he had earnestly desired to do, it is probable that the Raid of Stirling might have ended the war. As it fell out, the quarrel was only embittered, if possible, by the death of Lennox.

The Earl of Mar was named Regent on the King's side. He was a man of fair and moderate views, and so honourably desirous of restoring the blessing of peace to his country, that the impossibility of attaining his object is said to have shortened his life. He died 29th October 1572, having been Regent little more than one year.

The Earl of Morton was next made Regent. We have seen that this nobleman, however respectable for courage and talents, was nevertheless of a fierce, treacherous, and cruel disposition. He had been concerned in Rizzio's murder, and was at least acquainted with that of Darnley. It was to be expected that he would continue the war with the same ferocious cruelty by which it had been distinguished, instead of labouring, like Mar,

to diminish its violence. This fell out accordingly. Each party continued to execute their prisoners; and as skirmishes were daily fought, the number of persons who fell by the sword, or died upon the gibbet, was fearfully great. From the family name of Morton, these were called the Douglases' wars.

After these hostilities had existed for about five years, the Duke of Chatelherault, and the Earl of Huntly, the two principal nobles who had supported the Queen's cause, submitted themselves to the King's authority, and to the sway of the Regent. Kirkaldy of Grange, assisted by the counsels of Maitland of Lethington, continued to maintain the castle of Edinburgh against Morton. But Queen Elizabeth, who became now desirous of ending the Scottish dissensions, sent Sir William Drury from Berwick with a considerable number [1500] of regular forces, and, what was still more needful, a large train of artillery, which formed a close siege around the castle of Edinburgh. The garrison were, however, much more distressed for provisions than by the shot of the English batteries. It was not till after a valiant defence, in the course of which one of the springs which supplied the fortress with water was dried up, and the other became choked with ruins, that the gallant Kirkaldy was compelled to capitulate.

After a siege of thirty-three days he surrendered to the English general, who promised that his mistress should intercede with the Regent for favourable treatment to the governor and his adherents. This might the rather have been expected, because Morton and Kirkaldy had been at one time great friends. But the Regent was earnest in demanding the life of his valorous opponent; and Elizabeth, with little regard to her general's honour or her own, abandoned the prisoners to Morton's vengeance. Kirkaldy and his brother were publicly executed, to the great regret even of many of the King's party themselves. Maitland of Lethington, more famed for talents than integrity, despaired of obtaining mercy where none had been extended to Kirkaldy, and put a period to his existence by taking poison. Thus ended the civil wars of Queen Mary's reign, with the death of the bravest soldier, and of the ablest statesman, in Scotland; for such were Kirkaldy and Maitland.

From the time of the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, 29th May 1573, the Regent Morton was in complete possession of the supreme power in Scotland. As Queen Elizabeth had

been his constant friend during the civil wars, he paid devoted attention to her wishes when he became the undisputed ruler of the kingdom.

Morton even went so far as to yield up to the justice, or the revenge, of the English Queen, that unfortunate Earl of Northumberland, who, as I formerly mentioned, had raised a rebellion in England, and flying into Scotland, had been confined by the Regent Murray in Lochleven Castle. 1569. The surrender of this unfortunate nobleman to England was a great stain, not only on the character of Morton, but on that of Scotland in general, which had hitherto been accounted a safe and hospitable place of refuge for those whom misfortune or political faction had exiled from their own country. It was the more particularly noticed, because when Morton himself had been forced to fly to England, on account of his share in Rizzio's murder, he had been courteously received and protected by the unhappy nobleman whom he had now delivered up to his fate. It was an additional and aggravating circumstance, that it was a Douglas who betrayed a Percy; and when the annals of their ancestors were considered, it was found that while they presented many acts of open hostility, many instances of close and firm alliance, they never till now had afforded an example of any act of treachery exercised by the one family against the other. To complete the infamy of the transaction, a sum of money was paid to the Regent on this occasion, which he divided with Douglas of Lochleven. Northumberland was beheaded at York, 1572.

In other respects, Scotland derived great advantage from the peace with England, as some degree of repose was highly necessary to this distracted country. The peace now made continued, with little interruption, for thirty years and upwards.

On one occasion, however, a smart action took place betwixt the Scots and English, which, though of little consequence, I may here tell you of, chiefly because it was the last considerable skirmish—with the exception of a deed of bold daring, of which I shall speak by and by—which the two nations had, or, it is to be hoped, ever will have, with each other.

It was the course adopted for preserving peace upon the Border, that the wardens on each side used to meet on days appointed, and deliver up to each other the malefactors who had committed aggressions upon either country, or else make

pecuniary reparation for the trespasses which they had done. On the 7th July 1575, Carmichael, as warden for the Scottish Middle Marches, met Sir John Foster, the English officer on the opposite frontier, each being, as usual, accompanied by the guards belonging to their office, as well as by the armed clans inhabiting their jurisdiction. Foster was attended by the men of Tynedale, in greater numbers than those of the Scottish Borderers, all well armed with jack and spear, as well as bows and arrows. The meeting was at first peaceful. The wardens commenced their usual business of settling delinquencies; and their attendants began to traffic with each other, and to engage in sports and gaming. For, notwithstanding their habitual incursions, a sort of acquaintance was always kept up between the Borderers on both sides, like that which takes place betwixt the outposts of two contending armies.

During this mutual friendly intercourse, a dispute arose between the two wardens, Carmichael desiring delivery of an English depredator, for whom Foster, on the other hand, refused to be responsible. They both arose from their seats as the debate grew warm, and Sir John Foster told Carmichael, contemptuously, he ought to match himself with his equals. The English Borderers immediately raised their war-cry of "To it, Tynedale!" and without further ceremony shot a flight of arrows among the Scots, who, few in number, and surprised, were with difficulty able to keep their ground. A band of the citizens of Jedburgh arrived just in time to support their countrymen, and turn the fate of the day; for most of them having firearms, the old English long-bow no more possessed its ancient superiority. After a smart action, the English were driven from the field; Sir John Foster, with many of the English gentlemen, being made prisoners, were sent to the Regent Morton to be at his disposal. Sir George Heron of Chipchase, and other persons of condition, were slain on the English side. The Scots lost but one gentleman of name.

Morton, afraid of Queen Elizabeth's displeasure, though the offence had been given by the English, treated the prisoners with distinction, and dismissed them, not only without ransom, but with presents of falcons, and other tokens of respect. "Are you not well treated?" said a Scotsman to one of these liberated prisoners, "since we give you live hawks for dead herons?"

This skirmish, called the Raid of the Redswair, took place on the mountainous ridge of the Carter. It produced no interruption of concord between the two countries, being passed over as a casual affray. Scotland, therefore, enjoyed the blessings of peace and tranquillity during the greater part of Morton's regency.

But the advantages which the kingdom derived from peace, were in some measure destroyed by the corrupt and oppressive government of the Regent, who turned his thoughts almost entirely to amassing treasure, by every means in his power. The extensive property, which formerly belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, was a mine out of which Morton and the other great nobles contrived to work for themselves a great deal of wealth. This they did chiefly by dealing with those who were placed in the room of the abbots and priors as commendators, by which word the Scots distinguished a layman who obtained possession of an ecclesiastical benefice. To these commendators the nobles applied, and, by fair means or force, compelled them to make over and transfer to them the property of the abbacies, or at least to grant it to them in long leases for a trifling rent. That you may understand how this sort of business was managed, I will give you a curious instance of it:—

In August 1570 Allan Stewart, commendator of the abbacy of Crossraguel, in Ayrshire, was prevailed on to visit the Earl of Cassilis, who conveyed him, partly against his will, to a lonely tower, which overhangs the sea, called the Black Vault of Denure, the ruins of which are yet visible. He was treated for some time kindly; but as his arms and servants were removed from him, he soon saw reason to consider himself less as a friendly guest than as a prisoner, to whom some foul play was intended. At length the Earl conveyed his guest into a private chamber, in which there was no furniture of any kind excepting a huge clumsy iron grate or gridiron, beneath which was a fire of charcoal. "And now, my lord abbot," said the Earl of Cassilis, "will you be pleased to sign these deeds?" And so saying, he laid before him leases and other papers, transferring the whole lands of the abbacy of Crossraguel to the Earl himself. The commendator refused to yield up the property or to subscribe the deeds. A party of ruffians then entered, and seizing the unhappy man, stripped

him of his clothes, and forcibly stretched him on the iron bars, where he lay, scorched by the fire beneath, while they basted him with oil, as a cook bastes the joint of meat which she roasts upon a spit. The agony of such torture was not to be endured. The poor man cried pitifully, begging they would put him to instant death, rather than subject him to this lingering misery, and offered his purse, with the money it contained, to any who would in mercy shoot him through the head. At length he was obliged to promise to subscribe whatever the Earl wished, rather than endure the excessive torture any longer. The letters and leases being then presented to him, he signed them with his half-roasted hand, while the Earl all the while exclaimed, with the most impudent hypocrisy, "Benedicite! you are the most obstinate man I ever saw, to oblige me to use you thus: I never thought to have treated any one as your stubbornness has made me treat you." The commendator was afterwards delivered by a party commanded by Hamilton of Bargany, who attacked the Black Vault of Denure for the purpose of his liberation. But the wild, savage, and ferocious conduct of the Earl shows in what manner the nobles obtained grants of the church lands from those who had possession of them for the time.

The Earl of Morton, however, set the example of another and less violent mode of appropriating Church revenues to his own purposes. This was by reviving the order of bishops, which had been discarded from the Presbyterian form of Church government. For example, on the execution of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, he caused Douglas, Rector of St. Andrews, to be made archbishop in his place; but then he allowed this nominal prelate only a small pension out of the large revenues of the bishopric, and retained possession of all the rest of the income for his own advantage, though the rents were levied in the bishop's name.

These and other innovations gave great distress to John Knox, the bold and inflexible father of the Scottish Reformation. He saw with pain that the Protestant nobles were likely to diminish even the scanty subsistence which had hitherto been supplied to the Scottish clergy, out of the ample funds belonging originally to the Church of Rome. He was also jealous of the republican equality of the clergy, when he beheld the Church of Scotland innovated upon by this new

introduction of bishops, though with limited incomes and diminished power. For these and other reasons he had more than once bitterly rebuked the Regent Morton; but when this remarkable man died, the Regent, who attended his funeral, pronounced over his coffin an eulogium never to be forgotten.—"There lies he," said Morton, "who never feared the face of man." 24th Nov. 1572.

In the State as in the Church, the Regent displayed symptoms of a vindictive, avaricious, and corrupt disposition. Although the civil wars were ended, he resolved to avenge upon the Hamiltons the continued support which that powerful family had given to the Queen's party, and the obstacles which they had thrown in the way of his own exaltation. He proceeded to act against them as public enemies, drove them out of Scotland, and seized upon their estates. The Earl of Arran, eldest brother of the family, to whom the estates actually belonged, was insane, and in a state of confinement; but this did not prevent Morton from declaring that the earldom and the lands belonging to it were forfeited,—an abuse of law which scandalised all honest men.

It was not only by confiscation that Morton endeavoured to amass wealth. He took money for the offices which he had it in his power to bestow. Even in administering justice, his hands were not pure from bribes; to dispense the behests of law from favour or love of gain is one of the greatest crimes of which a public man can be guilty.

It is told of Morton, in a history of the family of Somerville, that a nobleman of that house having a great and important cause to be decided, in which the influence of the Regent might assuredly occasion it to be determined as he himself should think fit, he followed, by the advice of an ancient and experienced acquaintance of the Regent, the following singular course:—Lord Somerville waited on the Earl of Morton, and recommended his case to his favourable opinion,—a kind of personal solicitation which was then much in use. Having spoken with the Regent for a short time, he turned to depart, and, opening his purse, as if to take out some money to give to the ushers and attendants, as was the custom upon such occasions, he left the purse on the table as though he had forgot it. Morton called after him,—"My lord, your purse—you have forgotten your purse!"—but Lord Somerville hastened away

without turning back. He heard nothing more of the purse, which he had taken care should be pretty full of gold; but Lord Morton that day decided the cause in his favour.

18th Dec. 1577.

Instances of such base profligacy by degrees alienated from Morton even the affections of his best friends, and his government at length became so unpopular, that a universal wish was entertained that the King would put an end to the Regency by taking the government into his own hands.

These opinions prevailed so generally, that Morton, on the 12th March 1578, resigned his office of Regent, and retired to reside in his castle of Dalkeith, as a private man, leaving the affairs of state to be administered by a council of nobles, twelve in number. But accustomed to be at the head of the government, he could not long remain inactive. He burst from his seclusion in the gloomy fortress, which the people called the Lion's Den, and using a mixture of craft and force, expelled the new counsellors; and once more, after the old Douglas's fashion, obtained the supreme management of public affairs. But the sovereign was no longer a child. He was now beginning to think and act for himself; and it is necessary you should know something of his character.

James VI. was but an infant when he was placed on the throne of his mother. He was now only a boy of fourteen, very good-natured, and with as much learning as two excellent schoolmasters could cram him with. In fact, he had more learning than wisdom; and yet, in the course of his future life, it did not appear that he was without good sense so much, as that he was destitute of the power to form manly purposes, and the firmness necessary to maintain them. A certain childishness and meanness of mind rendered his good sense useless, and his learning ridiculous. Even from his infancy he was passionately addicted to favourites, and already, in his thirteenth or fourteenth year, there were two persons so high in his good graces that they could bring him to do anything they pleased.

The first was Esme Stewart of Aubigny, a nephew of the late Earl of Lennox, and his heir. The King not only restored this young man to the honours of his family, but created him Duke of Lennox, and raised him with too prodigal generosity to a high situation in the state. There was nothing in the character of this favourite either to deserve such extreme

preferment or to make him unworthy of it. He was a gallant young gentleman, who was deeply grateful to the King for his bounty, and appears to have been disposed to enjoy it without injuring any one.

Very different was the character of the other favourite of James VI. This was Captain James Stewart, a second son of the family of Ochiltree. He was an unprincipled, abandoned man, without any wisdom except cunning, and only distinguished by the audacity of his ambition and the boldness of his character.

The counsels of these two favourites increased the King's natural desire to put an end to the sway of Morton, and Stewart resolved that the pretext for his removal should also be one which should bring him to the block. The grounds of accusation were artfully chosen. The Earl of Morton, when he resigned the regency, had obtained a pardon under the great seal for all crimes and offences which he had or might have committed against the King; but there was no mention, in that pardon, of the murder of Henry Darnley, the King's father; and in counselling, if not in committing that murder, the Earl of Morton had certainly participated. The favourite Stewart took the office of accuser upon himself; and entering the King's chamber suddenly when the Privy Council were assembled, he dropped on his knees before James, and accused the Earl of Morton of having been concerned in the murder of the King's father. To this Morton, with a haughty smile, replied, that he had prosecuted the perpetrators of that offence too severely to make it probable that he himself was one of them. All he demanded was a fair inquiry.

Upon this public accusation, the Earl, so lately the most powerful man in Scotland, was made prisoner, and appointed to abide a trial. The friends he had left earnestly exhorted him to fly. His nephew, the Earl of Angus, offered to raise his men, and protect him by force. Morton refused both offers, alleging he would wait the event of a fair investigation. The Queen of England interfered in Morton's behalf with such partial eagerness, as perhaps prejudiced James still more against the prisoner, whom he was led to believe to be more attached to Elizabeth's service than to his own.

Meantime the accuser, Stewart, was promoted to the earldom of Arran, vacant by the forfeiture of the Hamiltons. Morton,

who had no knowledge of this preferment, was astonished when he heard that the charge ran against him in the name of James, Earl of Arran. When it was explained to him who it was that now enjoyed the title, he observed, "Is it even so? then I know what I have to expect." It was supposed that he recollected an old prophecy, which foretold "that the Bloody Heart" (the cognisance of the Douglases) "should fall by the mouth of Arran;" and it was conjectured that the fear of some one of the Hamiltons accomplishing that prophecy had made him the more actively violent in destroying that family. If so, his own tyrannical oppression only opened the way for the creation of an Arran different from those whom he had thought of.

The trial of Morton appears to have been conducted with no attention to the rules of impartial justice; for the servants of the accused person were apprehended, and put to the torture, in order to extort from them confessions which might be fatal to their master. Morton protested against two or three persons who were placed upon his jury, as being his mortal enemies; but they were nevertheless retained. They brought in a verdict, finding that he was guilty, art and part, of the murder of Henry Darnley. A man is said to be art and part of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. Morton heard the verdict with indignation, and struck his staff against the ground as he repeated the words, "Art and part! art and part! God knoweth the contrary." On the morning after his sentence he awoke from a profound sleep—"On former nights," he said, "I used to lie awake, thinking how I might defend myself; but now my mind is relieved of its burden." Being conjured by the clergyman who attended him to confess all he knew of Henry Darnley's murder, he told them, as we have noticed elsewhere, that a proposal had been made to him by Bothwell to be accessory to the deed, but that he had refused to assent to it without an order under the Queen's hand, which Bothwell promised to procure, but could not, or at least did not, do so. Morton admitted that he had kept the secret, not knowing, he said, to whom to discover it: for if he had told it Queen Mary, she was herself one of the conspirators; if to Darnley, he was of a disposition so fickle that the Queen would work it out of him, and then he, Morton,

was equally undone. He also admitted, that he knew that his friend, dependent, and kinsman, Archibald Douglas, was present at the murder, whom, notwithstanding, he never brought to justice, but, on the contrary, continued to favour. Upon the whole, he seems to allow, that he suffered justly for concealing the crime, though he denied having given counsel or assistance to its actual execution. "But it is all the same," he said; "I should have had the same doom, whether I were as innocent as St. Stephen, or as guilty as Judas."

As they were about to lead the Earl to execution, Captain Stewart, his accuser, now Earl of Arran, came to urge his subscribing a paper containing the purport of his confession. Morton replied, "I pray you trouble me not; I am now to prepare for death, and cannot write in the state in which I am." Arran then desired to be reconciled to him, pretending he had only acted from public and conscientious motives. "It is no time to count quarrels now;" said the Earl—"I forgive you and all others."

This celebrated man died by a machine called the *Maiden*, which he himself had introduced into Scotland from Halifax, in Yorkshire. The criminal who suffered by this engine, was adjusted upon planks, in a prostrate state, his neck being placed beneath a sharp axe, heavily loaded with lead, which was suspended by a rope brought over a pulley. When the signal was given, the rope was cast loose, and the axe, descending on the neck of the condemned person, severed, of course, the head from the body. Morton submitted to his fate with the most Christian fortitude; and in him died the last of those terrible Douglases, whose talents and courage rendered them the pride of their country, but whose ambition was often its scourge. No one could tell what became of the treasures he had amassed, and for the sake of which he sacrificed his popularity as a liberal, and his conscience as an honest, man. He was, or seemed to be, so poor, that when going to the scaffold, he borrowed money from a friend, that he might bestow a parting alms upon the mendicants who solicited his charity. Some have thought that his mass of wealth lies still concealed among the secret vaults of his castle of Dalkeith, now belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. But Hume of Godscroft, who writes the history of the Douglas family, says that large sums were expended by the Earl of

2d June 1581.

Angus, the nephew of Morton, in maintaining a number of exiles, who, like the Earl himself, were banished from Scotland, and at length, when paying away some money for this purpose, he was heard to say, "The last of it is now gone, and I never looked that it should have done so much good." This Godscroft believed to allude to the final expenditure of the treasures of the Regent Morton.

After the death of Morton, his faults and crimes were in a great measure forgotten, when it was observed that Arran (that is, Captain Stewart) possessed all the late Regent's vices of corruption and oppression, without his wisdom or his talents. Lennox, the King's other favourite, was also unpopular, chiefly because he was unacceptable to the clergy, who, although he avowedly professed the Protestant religion, were jealous of his retaining an attachment to the Catholic faith. This suspicion arose from his having been educated in France. They publicly preached against him as "a great Champion called his Grace, who, if he continued to oppose himself to religion, should have little grace in the end."

A plot was formed among the discontented nobles to remove the King's favourites from the court; and this was to be accomplished by forcibly seizing on the person of the King himself, which, during the minority of the prince, was the ordinary mode of changing an administration in the kingdom of Scotland.

On the 23d August 1582 the Earl of Gowrie invited the King to his castle at Ruthven, under pretext of hunting; he was joined by the Earl of Mar, Lord Lindsay, the Tutor of Glamis, and other noblemen, chiefly such as had been friendly to the Regent Morton, and who were, like him, attached to Queen Elizabeth's faction. When the King saw so many persons gather round him whom he knew to be of one way of thinking, and that hostile to his present measures, he became apprehensive of their intentions, and expressed himself desirous of leaving the castle.

The nobles gave him to understand that he would not be permitted to do so; and when James rose and went towards the door of the apartment, the Tutor of Glamis, a rude stern man, placed his back against it, and compelled him to return. Affronted at this act of personal restraint and violence, the King burst into tears. "Let him weep on," said the Tutor

of Glamis fiercely; "better that bairns (children) weep, than bearded men." These words sank deep into the King's heart, nor did he ever forget or forgive them.

The insurgent lords took possession of the government, and banished the Duke of Lennox to France, where he died broken-hearted at the fall of his fortunes. James afterwards recalled his son to Scotland, and invested him with his father's fortune and dignities. Arran, the King's much less worthy favourite, was thrown into prison, and closely guarded. The King himself, reduced to a state of captivity, like his grandfather, James V., when in the hands of the Douglases, temporised, and watched an opportunity of escape. His guards consisted of a hundred gentlemen, and their commander, Colonel Stewart, a relation of the disgraced and imprisoned Arran, was easily engaged to do what the King wished.

James, with the purpose of recovering his freedom, made a visit to St. Andrews, and, when there, affected some curiosity to see the castle. But no sooner had he entered it than he caused the gates to be shut, and excluded from his presence the nobles who had been accessary to what was called the Raid of Ruthven. 25th June 1583.

The Earl of Gowrie and his accomplices, being thus thrust out of office, and deprived of the custody of the King's person, united in a fresh plot for regaining the power they had lost, by a new insurrection. In this, however, they were unsuccessful. The King advanced against them with considerable forces; Gowrie was made prisoner, tried and executed at Stirling, 4th May 1584. Angus and the other insurgents fled to England, the ordinary refuge of Scottish exiles. The execution of Gowrie gave rise long afterwards to that extraordinary event in Scottish history called the Gowrie Conspiracy, of which I shall give you an account by and by.

The upstart Earl of Arran was now restored to power, and indeed raised higher than ever, by that indiscriminate affection which on this and other occasions induced James to heap wealth and rank without bounds upon his favourites. This worthless minister governed everything at court and throughout the kingdom; and, though ignorant as well as venal and profligate, he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, the highest law-office in the state, and that in which sagacity, learning, and integrity were chiefly required.

One day when the favourite was bustling into the Court of Justice, at the head of his numerous retinue, an old man, rather meanly dressed, chanced to stand in his way. As Arran pushed rudely past him, the man stopped him, and said, "Look at me, my lord,—I am Oliver Sinclair!" Oliver Sinclair, you remember, was the favourite of James V., and had exercised during his reign as absolute a sway in Scotland as Arran now enjoyed under his grandson, James VI. In presenting himself before the present favourite in his neglected condition, he gave Arran an example of the changeful character of court favour. The lesson was a striking one; but Arran did not profit by it.

The favourite's government became so utterly intolerable that, in the year 1585, the banished lords found a welcome reception in Scotland, and marching to Stirling at the head of ten thousand men, compelled James to receive them into his counsels; and, by using their victory with moderation, were enabled to maintain the power which they had thus gained. Arran, stripped of his earldom and ill-gotten gains, and banished from the court, was fain to live privately and miserably among the wilds of the north-west of Ayrshire, afraid of the vengeance of his numerous enemies.

The fate which he apprehended from their enmity befell him at length; for, in 1596, seeing, or thinking he saw, some chance of regaining the King's favour, and listening, as is said, to the words of some idle soothsayer, who pretended that his head was about to be raised higher than ever, Stewart (for he was an earl no longer) ventured into the southern country of Dumfries. Here he received a hint to take care of his safety, since he was now in the neighbourhood of the Douglases, whose great leader, the Earl of Morton, he had been the means of destroying; and in particular, he was advised to beware of James Douglas of Torthorwald, the Earl's near kinsman [nephew]. Stewart replied haughtily, he would not go out of his road for him or all of the name of Douglas. This was reported to Torthorwald, who, considering the expression as a defiance, immediately mounted, with three servants, and pursued the disgraced favourite. When they overtook him, they thrust a spear through his body, and killed him[1] on the spot without

[1] Sir James Douglas was killed on the High Street of Edinburgh, 1608, by Captain William Stewart, a nephew of the chancellor, who ran him through the body to revenge his uncle's death.

resistance. His head was cut off, placed on the point of a lance, and exposed from the battlements of the tower of Torthorwald; and thus, in some sense, the soothsayer's prophecy was made good, as his head was raised higher than before, though not in the way he had been made to hope. His body was left for several days on the place where he was killed, and was mangled by dogs and swine. So ended this worthless minion, by a death at once bloody and obscure.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Severity of Mary's Captivity—Babington's Conspiracy—Trial of Mary—Her Sentence and Execution—Reign of James VI.—Feuds of the Nobles, and Bloodthirsty Spirit of the Times—Kinmont Willie and Buccleuch—Gowrie Conspiracy—James's Accession to the Throne of England

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*England*: Elizabeth. *France*: Henry III., Henry IV.

1586—1603

I DARESAY you are wondering all this time what became of Queen Mary. We left her, you know, in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, who had refused to decide anything on the question of her guilt or innocence. This was in 1568-69; and undoubtedly, by every rule of law or justice, Mary ought then to have been set at liberty. She had been accused of matters which Elizabeth herself had admitted were not brought home to her by proof, and of which, even if they had been proved, the Queen of England had no right to take cognisance. Nevertheless, Elizabeth continued to treat Mary as guilty, though she declined to pronounce her so, and to use her as her subject, though she was an independent sovereign, who had chosen England for a retreat, in the hope of experiencing that hospitable protection which would have been given to the meanest Scottish subject, who, flying from the laws of his own country, sought refuge in the sister kingdom. When you read English history, you will see that Elizabeth was a great and glorious Queen, and well deserved the title of the Mother of her country; but her conduct towards

Queen Mary casts a deep shade over her virtues, and leads us to reflect what poor frail creatures even the wisest of mortals are, and of what imperfect materials that which we call human virtue is found to consist.

Always demanding her liberty, and always having her demand evaded or refused, Mary was transported from castle to castle,[1] and placed under the charge of various keepers, who incurred Elizabeth's most severe resentment when they manifested any of that attention to soften the rigours of the poor Queen's captivity, which mere courtesy, and compassion for fallen greatness, sometimes prompted. The very furniture and accommodations of her apartments were miserably neglected, and the expenses of her household were supplied as grudgingly as if she had been an unwelcome guest, who could depart at pleasure, and whom, therefore, the entertainer endeavours to get rid of by the coldness and discomfort of the reception afforded. It was, upon one occasion, with difficulty that the Queen Dowager of France, and actual Queen of Scotland, obtained the accommodation of a down bed, which a complaint in her limbs, the consequence of damp and confinement, rendered a matter of needful accommodation rather than of luxury. When she was permitted to take exercise, she was always strongly guarded, as if she had been a criminal; and if any one offered her a compliment, or token of respect, or any word of comfort, Queen Elizabeth, who had her spies everywhere, was sure to reproach those who were Mary's guardians for the time, with great neglect of their duty, in permitting such intercourse.

During this severe captivity on the one part, and the greatest anxiety, doubt, and jealousy on the other, the two Queens still kept up a sort of correspondence. In the commencement of this intercourse, Mary endeavoured, by the force of argument, by the seductions of flattery, and by appeals to the feelings of humanity, to soften towards her the heart of Elizabeth. She tried also to bribe her rival into a more humane conduct towards

[1] On her own solicitations, for the recovery of health, Mary was allowed visits to Buxton; but all the while a prisoner; the waters there were of little avail when air, exercise, and amusement were denied. Her forced removals were, in 1568, from Carlisle to Bolton,—1569, to Tutbury, Wingfield, Tutbury, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Coventry, - 1570, to Tutbury, Chatsworth, Sheffield,--1577, to Chatsworth, -1578, to Sheffield,—1584, to Wingfield,—1585, to Tutbury, Chartley, Tixhall, Chartley, -1586 (25th September), to Fotheringay.

her, by offering to surrender her crown and reside abroad if she could but be restored to her personal freedom. But Elizabeth had injured the Queen of Scotland too deeply to venture the consequences of her resentment, and thought herself, perhaps, compelled to continue the course she had commenced, from the fear that, once at liberty, Mary might have pursued measures of revenge, and that she herself would find it impossible to devise any mode of binding the Scottish Queen to perform, when at large, such articles as she might consent to when in bondage.

Despairing at length of making any favourable impression, upon Elizabeth, Mary, with more wit than prudence, used her means of communicating with the Queen of England to irritate and provoke her; yielding to the not unnatural, though certainly the rash and impolitic purpose, of retaliating some part of the pain to which she was herself subjected upon the person whom she justly considered as the authoress of her calamities.

Being for a long time under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose lady was a woman of a shrewish disposition, Mary used to report to Elizabeth that the countess had called her old and ugly; had said she was grown as crooked in her temper as in her body, with many other scandalous and abusive expressions, which must have given exquisite pain to any woman, and more especially to a Queen so proud as Elizabeth, and desirous, even in old age, of being still esteemed beautiful. Unquestionably these reproaches added poignancy to the hatred with which the English sovereign regarded Queen Mary.

But, besides these female reasons for detesting her prisoner, Elizabeth had cause to regard the Queen of Scots with fear as well as envy and hatred. The Catholic party in England were still very strong, and they considered the claim of Mary to the throne of England as descended from the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to be preferable to that of the existing Queen, who was, in their judgment, illegitimate, as being the heir of an illegal marriage betwixt Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The Popes also, by whom Elizabeth was justly regarded as the great prop of the Reformed religion, endeavoured to excite against her such of her subjects as still owned obedience to the see of Rome. At length, in 1570-71, Pius V., then the reigning Pope, published a bull, or sentence of

excommunication, by which he deprived Queen Elizabeth (as far as his sentence could) of her hopes of heaven, and of her kingdom upon earth, excluded her from the privileges of Christians, and delivered her over as a criminal to whomsoever should step forth to vindicate the Church, by putting to death its greatest enemy. The zeal of the English Catholics was kindled by this warrant from the head of their Church. One of them [named Felton] was found bold enough to fix a copy of the sentence of excommunication upon the door of the Bishop of London, and various plots were entered into among the Papists for dethroning Elizabeth, and transferring the kingdom of England to Mary, a sovereign of their own religion, and in their eyes the lawful successor to the crown.

As fast as one of these conspiracies was discovered, another seemed to form itself; and as the Catholics were promised powerful assistance from the King of Spain, and were urged forward by the impulse of enthusiasm, the danger appeared every day more and more imminent. It cannot be doubted that several of these plots were communicated to Mary in her imprisonment; and, considering what grounds she had to complain of Elizabeth, it would have been wonderful if she had betrayed to her jailer the schemes which were formed to set her at liberty. But these conspiracies coming so closely the one after the other, produced one of the most extraordinary laws that was ever passed in England; declaring that if any rebellion, or any attempt against Queen Elizabeth's person, should be meditated by, or for, any person pretending a right to the crown, the Queen might grant a commission to twenty-five persons, who should have power to examine into, and pass sentence upon, such offences; and, after judgment given, a proclamation was to be issued, depriving the persons in whose behalf the plots or rebellion had been made of all right to the throne; and it was enacted that they might be prosecuted to the death. The hardship of this enactment consisted in its rendering Mary, against whom it was levelled, responsible for the deeds of others, as well as for her own actions; so that if the Catholics arose in rebellion, although without warrant from Mary, or even against her inclination, she was nevertheless rendered liable to lose her right of succession to the crown, and indeed to forfeit her life. Nothing short of the zeal of the English Government for the Reformed religion, and for the

personal safety of Elizabeth, could have induced them to consent to a law so unjust and so oppressive.

This act was passed in 1585, and in the following year a pretext was found for making it the ground of proceedings against Mary. Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of fortune and of talents, but a zealous Catholic, and a fanatical enthusiast for the cause of the Scottish Queen, had associated with himself five resolute friends and adherents, all men of condition, in the desperate enterprise of assassinating Queen Elizabeth, and setting Mary at liberty. But their schemes were secretly betrayed to Walsingham, the celebrated minister of the Queen of England. They were suffered to proceed as far as was thought safe, then seized, tried, and executed.

It was next resolved upon, that Mary should be brought to trial for her life, under pretence of her having encouraged Babington and his companions in their desperate purpose. She was removed to the castle of Fotheringay, and placed under two keepers, Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, whose well-known hatred of the Catholic religion was supposed to render them inclined to treat their unfortunate captive with the utmost rigour. Her private cabinet was broken open and stripped of its contents, her most secret papers were seized upon and examined, her principal domestics were removed from her person, her money and her jewels were taken from her. Queen Elizabeth then proceeded to name Commissioners, in terms of the Act of Parliament which I have told you of. They were forty in number, of the most distinguished of her statesmen and nobility, and were directed to proceed to the trial of Mary for her alleged accession to Babington's conspiracy. 25th Sept. 1586.

On the 14th October 1586 these Commissioners held their court in the great hall of Fotheringay Castle. Mary, left to herself, and having counsel of no friend, advocate, or lawyer, made, nevertheless, a defence becoming her high birth and distinguished talents. She refused to plead before a court composed of persons who were of a degree inferior to her own; and when at length she agreed to hear and answer the accusation brought against her, she made her protest that she did so, not as owning the authority of the court, but purely in vindication of her own character.

The attorney and solicitor for Queen Elizabeth stated the

conspiracy of Babington, as it unquestionably existed, and produced copies of letters which Mary was alleged to have written, approving the insurrection, and even the assassination of Elizabeth. The declarations of Naue and Curle, two of Mary's secretaries, went to confirm the fact of her having had correspondence with Babington, by intervention of a priest called Ballard. The confessions of Babington and his associates were then read, avowing Mary's share in their criminal undertaking.

To these charges Mary answered, by denying that she ever had any correspondence with Ballard, or that she had ever written such letters as those produced against her. She insisted that she could only be affected by such writings as bore her own hand and seal, and not by copies. She urged that the declarations of her secretaries were given in private, and probably under the influence of fear of torture, or hope of reward, of which, indeed, there is every probability. Lastly, she pleaded that the confessions of the conspirators could not affect her, since they were infamous persons, dying for an infamous crime. If their evidence was designed to be used, they ought to have been pardoned, and brought forward in person, to bear witness against her. Mary admitted that, having for many years despaired of relief or favour from Queen Elizabeth, she had, in her distress, applied to other sovereigns, and that she had also endeavoured to procure some favour for the persecuted Catholics of England; but she denied that she had endeavoured to purchase liberty for herself, or advantage for the Catholics, at the expense of shedding the blood of any one; and declared, that if she had given consent in word, or even in thought, to the murder of Elizabeth, she was willing, not only to submit to the doom of men, but even to renounce the mercy of God.

The evidence which was brought to convict the Queen of Scotland was such as would not now affect the life of the meanest criminal; yet the Commission had the cruelty and meanness to declare Mary guilty of having been accessary to Babington's conspiracy, and of having contrived and endeavoured the death of Queen Elizabeth, contrary to the statute made for security of the Queen's life. And the Parliament of England approved of and ratified this iniquitous sentence.

It was not perhaps to be expected that James VI. should have had much natural affection for his mother, whom he had never seen since his infancy, and who had, doubtless, been re-

presented to him as a very bad woman, and as one desirous, if she could have obtained her liberty, of dispossessing him of the crown which he wore, and resuming it herself. He had, therefore, seen Mary's captivity with little of the sympathy which a child ought to feel for a parent. But, upon learning these proceedings against her life, he must have been destitute of the most ordinary feelings of human nature, and would have made himself a reproach and scandal throughout all Europe, if he had not interfered in her behalf. He therefore sent ambassadors, first, Sir William Keith, and after him the Master of Gray, to intercede with Queen Elizabeth, and to use both persuasion and threats to preserve the life of his mother. The friendship of Scotland was at this moment of much greater importance to England than at any previous period of her history. The King of Spain was in the act of assembling a vast navy and army (boastingly called the Invincible Armada), by which he proposed to invade and conquer England; and if James VI. had been disposed to open the ports and harbours of Scotland to the Spanish fleets and armies, he might have greatly facilitated this formidable invasion, by diminishing the risk which the Armada might incur from the English fleet.

It therefore seems probable, that had James himself been very serious in his interposition, or had his ambassador been disposed to urge the interference committed to his charge with due firmness and vigour, it could scarce have failed in being successful, at least for a time. But the Master of Gray, as is now admitted, privately encouraged Elizabeth and her ministers to proceed in the cruel path they had chosen, and treacherously gave them reason to believe, that though, for the sake of decency, James found it necessary to interfere in his mother's behalf, yet, in his secret mind, he would not be very sorry that Mary, who, in the eyes of a part of his subjects, was still regarded as sovereign of Scotland, should be quietly removed out of the way. From the intrigues of this treacherous ambassador, Elizabeth was led to trust that the resentment of the King for his mother's death would neither be long nor violent; and, knowing her own influence with a great part of the Scottish nobility, and the zeal of the Scots in general for the Reformed religion, she concluded that the motives arising out of these circumstances would prevent

James from making common cause against England with the King of Spain.

At any other period in the English history, it is probable that a sovereign attempting such an action as Elizabeth meditated, might have been interrupted by the generous and manly sense of justice and humanity peculiar to a free and high-minded people like those of England. But the despotic reign of Henry VIII. had too much familiarised the English with the sight of the blood of great persons, and even of queens, poured forth by the blow of the executioner, upon the slightest pretexts; and the idea that Elizabeth's life could not be in safety while Mary existed, was, in the deep sentiment of loyalty and affection which they entertained for their Queen (and which the general tenour of her reign well deserved), strong enough to render them blind to the gross injustice exercised upon a stranger and a Catholic.

Yet with all the prejudices of her subjects in her own favour, Elizabeth would fain have had Mary's death take place in such a way as that she herself should not appear to have any hand in it. Her ministers were employed to write letters to Mary's keepers, insinuating what a good service they would do to Elizabeth and the Protestant religion, if Mary could be privately assassinated. But these stern guardians, though strict and severe in their conduct towards the Queen, would not listen to such persuasions; and well was it for them that they did not, for Elizabeth would certainly have thrown the whole blame of the deed upon their shoulders, and left them to answer it with their lives and fortunes. She was angry with them, nevertheless, for their refusal, and called Paulet a precise fellow, loud in boasting of his fidelity, but slack in giving proof of it.

As, however, it was necessary, from the scruples of Paulet and Drury, to proceed in all form, Elizabeth signed a warrant for the execution of the sentence pronounced on Queen Mary, and gave it to Davison, her secretary of state, commanding that it should be sealed with the great seal of England. Davison laid the warrant, signed by Elizabeth, before the Privy Council, and next day the great seal was placed upon it. Elizabeth, upon hearing this, affected some displeasure that the warrant had been so speedily prepared, and told the secretary that it was the opinion of wise men that some other course might be taken with Queen Mary. Davison, in this pretended change

of mind, saw some danger that his mistress might throw the fault of the execution upon him after it had taken place. He therefore informed the Keeper of the Seals what the Queen had said, protesting he would not venture farther in the matter. The Privy Council, having met together, and conceiving themselves certain what were the Queen's real wishes, determined to save her the pain of expressing them more broadly, and resolving that the blame, if any might arise, should be common to them all, sent off the warrant for execution with their clerk Beale. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the High Sheriff of the county, were empowered and commanded to see the fatal mandate carried into effect without delay.

Mary received the melancholy intelligence with the utmost firmness. "The soul," she said, "was undeserving of the joys of Heaven, which would shrink from the blow of an executioner. She had not," she added, "expected that her kinswoman would have consented to her death, but submitted not the less willingly to her fate." She earnestly requested the assistance of a priest; but this favour, which is granted to the worst criminals, and upon which Catholics lay particular weight, was cruelly refused. The Queen then wrote her last will, and short and affectionate letters of farewell to her relations in France. She distributed among her attendants such valuables as had been left her, and desired them to keep them for her sake. This occupied the evening before the day appointed for the fatal execution.

On the 8th February 1587 the Queen, still maintaining the same calm and undisturbed appearance which she had displayed at her pretended trial, was brought down to the great hall of the castle, where a scaffold was erected, on which were placed a block and a chair, the whole being covered with black cloth. The Master of her Household, Sir Andrew Melville, was permitted to take a last leave of the mistress whom he had served long and faithfully. He burst into loud lamentations, bewailing her fate, and deploring his own in being destined to carry such news to Scotland. "Weep not, my good Melville," said the Queen, "but rather rejoice; for thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart relieved from all her sorrows." She obtained permission, with some difficulty, that her maids should be allowed to attend her on the scaffold. It was objected to, that the extravagance of their grief might disturb the proceedings; she engaged for them that they would be silent.

When the Queen was seated in the fatal chair, she heard the death warrant read by Beale, the Clerk to the Privy Council, with an appearance of indifference; nor did she seem more attentive to the devotional exercises of the Dean of Peterborough, in which, as a Catholic, she could not conscientiously join. She implored the mercy of Heaven, after the form prescribed by her own Church. She then prepared herself for execution, taking off such parts of her dress as might interfere with the deadly blow. The executioners offered their assistance, but she modestly refused it, saying, she had neither been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such grooms of the chamber. She quietly chid her maids, who were unable to withhold their cries of lamentation, and reminded them that she had engaged for their silence. Last of all Mary laid her head on the block, and the executioner severed it from her body with two strokes of his axe. The headsman held it up in his hand, and the Dean of Peterborough cried out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" No voice, save that of the Earl of Kent, could answer *Amen!* the rest were choked with sobs and tears.

Thus died Queen Mary, aged a little above forty-four years. She was eminent for beauty, for talents, and accomplishments, nor is there reason to doubt her natural goodness of heart, and courageous manliness of disposition. Yet she was, in every sense, one of the most unhappy princesses that ever lived, from the moment when she came into the world, in an hour of defeat and danger, to that in which a bloody and violent death closed a weary captivity of eighteen years.

Queen Elizabeth, in the same spirit of hypocrisy which had characterised all her proceedings towards Mary, no sooner knew that the deed was done, than she hastened to deny her own share in it. She pretended, that Davison had acted positively against her command in laying the warrant before the Privy Council; and that she might seem the more serious in her charge, she caused him to be fined in a large sum of money, and deprived him of his offices, and of her favour for ever. She sent a special ambassador to King James, to apologise for "this unhappy accident," as she chose to term the execution of Queen Mary.

James at first testified high indignation, with which the Scottish nation was well disposed to sympathise. He refused

to admit the English envoy to his presence, and uttered menaces of revenge. When a general mourning was ordered for the departed Queen, the Earl of Argyle appeared at the court in armour, as if that were the proper way of showing the national sense of the treatment which Mary had received. But James's hopes and fears were now fixed upon the succession to the English crown, which would have been forfeited by engaging in a war with Elizabeth. Most of his ancestors, indeed, would have set that objection at defiance, and have broken into the English frontier at the head of as large an army as Scotland could raise; but James was by nature timorous and unwarlike. He was conscious that the poor and divided country of Scotland was not fit, in its own strength, to encounter a kingdom so wealthy and so unanimous as England. On the other hand, if James formed an alliance with the Spanish monarch, he considered that he would probably have been deserted by the Reformed part of his subjects; and, besides, he was aware that Philip of Spain himself laid claim to the Crown of England; so that to assist that prince in his meditated invasion would have been to rear up an important obstacle to the accomplishment of his own hopes of the English succession. James, therefore, gradually softening towards Queen Elizabeth, affected to believe the excuses which she offered; and in a short time they were upon as friendly a footing as they had been before the death of the unfortunate Mary.

James was now in full possession of the Scottish kingdom, and showed himself to as much, or greater advantage, than at any subsequent period of his life. After the removal of the vile James Stewart from his counsels, he acted chiefly by the advice of Sir John Maitland, the Chancellor, a brother of that Maitland of Lethington whom we have so often mentioned. He was a prudent and good minister; and as it was James's nature, in which there was a strange mixture of wisdom and of weakness, to act with sagacity, or otherwise, according to the counsels which he received, there now arose in Britain, and even in Europe, a more general respect for his character, than was afterwards entertained when it became better known.

Besides, James's reign in Scotland was marked with so many circumstances of difficulty, and even of danger, that he was placed upon his guard, and compelled to conduct himself with the strictest attention to the rules of prudence; for he had

little chance of overawing his turbulent nobility, but by maintaining the dignity of the royal character. If the King had possessed the ability of distributing largesses among his powerful subjects, his influence would have been greater; but this was so far from being the case, that his means of supporting his royal state, excepting an annuity allowed to him by Elizabeth of five thousand pounds yearly, were in the last degree precarious. This was owing in a great measure to the plundering of the revenue of the crown during the civil wars of his minority, and the regency of the Earl of Morton. The King was so dependent that he could not even give an entertainment without begging poultry and venison from some of his more wealthy subjects; and his wardrobe was so ill-furnished that he was obliged to request the loan of a pair of silk hose from the Earl of Mar, that he might be suitably apparelled to receive the Spanish ambassador.

There were also peculiarities in James's situation which rendered it embarrassing. He had extreme difficulty in his necessary intercourse with the Scottish clergy, who possessed a strong influence over the minds of the people, and sometimes used it in interference with public affairs. Although they had not, like the bishops of England and other countries, a seat in Parliament, yet they did not the less intermeddle with politics, and often preached from the pulpit against the King and his measures. They used this freedom the more boldly, because they asserted that they were not answerable to any civil court for what they might say in their sermons, but only to the spiritual courts, as they were called; that is, the Synods and General Assemblies of the Church, composed chiefly of clergymen like themselves, and who, therefore, were not likely to put a check upon the freedom of speech used by their brethren.

Upon one occasion, which occurred 17th December 1596, disputes of this kind between the King and the Church came to such a height that the rabble of the city, inflamed by the violence of some of the sermons which they heard, broke out into tumult, and besieged the door of the Tolbooth, where James was sitting in the administration of justice, and threatened to break it open. The King was saved by the interven tion of the better disposed part of the inhabitants, who rose in arms for his protection. Nevertheless he left Edinburgh the next day in great anger, and prepared to take away the privi-

leges of the city, as a punishment for the insolence of the rioters. He was appeased with much difficulty, and, as it seemed, was by no means entirely satisfied; for he caused the High Street to be occupied by a great number of the Border and Highland clans. The citizens, terrified by the appearance of these formidable and lawless men, concluded that the town was to be plundered, and the alarm was very great. But the King, who only desired to frighten them, made the magistrates a long harangue upon the excesses of which he complained, and admitted them to pardon, upon their submission.

Another great plague of James the Sixth's reign was the repeated insurrections of a turbulent nobleman, called Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell,—a different person, of course, from James Hepburn, who bore that title in the reign of Queen Mary. This second Earl of Bothwell was a relation of the King's, and made several violent attempts to get possession of his person, with the purpose of governing the state, as the Douglases did of old, by keeping the King prisoner. But although he nearly succeeded on one or two occasions, yet James was always rescued from his hands, and was finally powerful enough to banish Bothwell altogether from the country. He died in contempt and exile.

But by far the greatest pest of Scotland at that time was the deadly feuds among the nobility and gentry, which eventually led to the most bloody consequences, and were perpetuated from father to son; while the King's good nature, which rendered him very ready to grant pardons to those who had committed such inhuman outrages, made the evil still more frequent. The following is a remarkable instance:—

The Earl of Huntly, head of the powerful family of Gordon, and the man of greatest consequence in the north of Scotland, had chanced to have some feudal differences with the Earl of Murray, son-in-law of the Regent-earl of the same name, in the course of which, John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, was killed by a shot from Murray's castle of Darnaway. This was enough to make the two families irreconcilable enemies, even if they had been otherwise on friendly terms. Murray was so handsome and personable a man, that he was generally known by the name of the Bonnie Earl of Murray. About 1591-92 an accusation was brought against Murray, for having given some countenance or assistance to Stewart, Earl of Both-

well, in a recent treasonable exploit. James, without recollecting, perhaps, the hostility between the two earls, sent Huntly with a commission to bring the Earl of Murray to his presence. Huntly probably rejoiced in the errand, as giving him an opportunity of avenging himself on his feudal enemy. He beset the house of Donibristle, on the northern side of the Forth, and summoned Murray to surrender. In reply, a gun was fired, which mortally wounded one of the Gordons. The assailants proceeded to set fire to the house; when Dunbar, Sheriff of the county of Moray, said to the Earl, "Let us not stay to be burned in the flaming house; I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion." They rushed out among their enemies accordingly, and Dunbar was slain. But his death did not save his friend, as he had generously intended. Murray indeed escaped for the moment, but as he fled towards the rocks by the seashore, he was traced by the silken tassels attached to his headpiece, which had taken fire as he broke out from among the flames. By this means the pursuers followed him down amongst the cliffs near the sea, and Gordon of Buckie, who is said to have been the first that overtook him, wounded him mortally. As Murray was gasping in the last agony, Huntly came up; and it is alleged by tradition, that Gordon pointed his dirk against the person of his chief, saying, "By Heaven, my lord, you shall be as deep in as I," and so compelled him to wound Murray whilst he was dying. Huntly, with a wavering hand, struck the expiring earl on the face. Thinking of his superior beauty, even in that moment of parting life, Murray stammered out the dying words, "You have spoiled a better face than your own."

After this deed of violence, Huntly did not choose to return to Edinburgh, but departed for the North. He took refuge for the moment in the castle of Ravenscraig, belonging to the Lord Sinclair, who told him, with a mixture of Scottish caution and Scottish hospitality, that he was welcome to come in, but would have been twice as welcome to have passed by. Gordon of Buckie, when a long period had elapsed, avowed his contrition for the guilt he had incurred.

Soon afterwards, three lords, the Earls of Huntly and Errol, who had always professed the Catholic religion, and the young Earl of Angus, who had become a convert to that faith, were

accused of corresponding with the King of Spain, and of designing to introduce Spanish troops into Scotland for the restoration of the Catholic religion. The story which was told of this conspiracy does not seem very probable. However, the King ordered the Earl of Argyle to march against the Popish lords, with the northern forces of Lord Forbes and others, who were chiefly Protestants, and entered into the war with the religious emulation which divided the Reformers from the Catholics. Argyle likewise levied great bands of the Western Highlanders, who cared but little about religion, but were extremely desirous of plunder.

The army of Argyle, about ten thousand strong, encountered the forces of Huntly and Errol at Glenlivat, on the 3d of October 1594. The shock was very smart. But the Gordons and Hays, though far inferior in numbers, were gentlemen, well mounted, and completely armed, and the followers of Argyle had only their plaids and bonnets. Besides, the two earls had two or three pieces of cannon, of which the Highlanders, unaccustomed to anything of the kind, were very apprehensive. The consequence of the encounter was, that though the cavalry had to charge up a hill, encumbered with rocks and stones, and although the Highlanders fought with great courage, the small body of Huntly and Errol, not amounting to above fifteen hundred horse, broke, and dispersed with great loss the numerous host opposed to them. On the side of Argyle there was some treachery; the Grants, it is said, near neighbours, and some of them dependents, of the Gordons, joined their old friends in the midst of the fray. The Chief of MacLean and his followers defended themselves with great courage, but were at length completely routed. This was one of the occasions on which the Highland irregular infantry were found inferior to the compact charge of the cavaliers of the Lowland counties, with their long lances, who beat them down, and scattered them in every direction.

Upon learning Argyle's defeat, the King himself advanced into the north with a small army, and restored tranquillity by punishing the insurgent earls.

We have before mentioned, that in those wild days the very children had their deadly feuds, carried weapons, and followed the bloody example of their fathers. The following instance of their early ferocity occurred in September 1595. The

scholars of the High School of Edinburgh, having a dispute with their masters about the length of their holidays, resolved to stand out for a longer vacation. Accordingly, they took possession of the school in that sort of mutinous manner, which in England is called *Barring-out*, and resisted the admission of the masters. Such foolish things have often occurred in public schools elsewhere; but what was peculiar to the High School boys of Edinburgh was, that they defended the school with sword and pistol, and when Bailie MacMorran, one of the magistrates, gave directions to force the entrance, three of the boys fired, and killed him on the spot. There were none of them punished, because it was alleged that it could not be known which of them did the deed; but rather because two of them were gentlemen's sons. So you see the bloodthirsty spirit of the times descended even to children.

To do justice to James VI., he adopted every measure in his power to put an end to these fatal scenes of strife and bloodshed. Wise laws were made for preventing the outrages which had been so general; and in order to compose the feuds amongst the nobles, James invited the principal lords, who had quarrels, to a great banquet, where he endeavoured to make them agree together, and caused them to take each other's hands and become friends on the spot. They obeyed him; and proceeding himself at their head, he made them walk in procession to the cross of Edinburgh,[1] still hand in hand, in token of perfect reconciliation, whilst the provost and magistrates danced before them for joy, to see such a prospect of peace and concord. Perhaps this reconciliation was too hasty to last long in every instance; but upon the whole, the authority of the law gradually gained strength, and the passions of men grew less fierce as it became more unsafe to indulge them.

13th May 1587.

I must now fulfil my promise, and in this place, tell you of another exploit on the Borders, the last that was performed there, but certainly not the least remarkable for valour and conduct.

April 1596.

The English and Scottish Wardens, or their deputies, had held a day of truce for settling Border disputes, and, having

[1] "A collation of wine and sweetmeats was prepared at the public Cross, and there they, King and nobles, drank to each other with all the signs of reciprocal forgiveness and of future friendship." —ROBERTSON.

parted friends, both, with their followers, were returning home. At every such meeting it was the general rule on the Borders that there should be an absolute truce for twenty-four hours, and that all men who attended the Warden on either side to the field should have permission to ride home again undisturbed.

Now, there had come to the meeting, with other Border men, a notorious depredator, called William Armstrong, but more commonly known by the name of Kinmont Willie. This man was riding home on the north or Scottish side of the Liddell, where that stream divides England and Scotland, when some of the English who had enmity against him, or had suffered by his incursions, were unable to resist the temptation to attack him. They accordingly dashed across the river, pursued Kinmont Willie more than a mile within Scotland, made him prisoner, and brought him to Carlisle Castle.

As the man talked boldly and resolutely about the breach of truce in his person, and demanded peremptorily to be set at liberty, Lord Scrope told him scoffingly, that before he left the castle he should bid him "Farewell," meaning, that he should not go without his leave. The prisoner boldly answered, "That he would not go without bidding him good-night."

The Lord of Buccleuch, who was Warden, or Keeper, of Liddesdale, demanded the restoration of Kinmont Willie to liberty, and complained of his being taken and imprisoned as a breach of the Border laws, and an insult done to himself. Lord Scrope refused, or at least evaded, giving up his prisoner. Buccleuch then sent him a challenge, which Lord Scrope declined to accept on the ground of his employment in the public service. The Scottish chief, therefore, resolved to redress by force the insult which his country as well as himself had sustained on the occasion. He collected about three hundred of his best men, and made a night march to Carlisle Castle. A small party of chosen men dismounted, while the rest remained on horseback, to repel any attack from the town. The night being misty and rainy, the party to whom that duty was committed approached the foot of the walls, and tried to scale them by means of ladders which they had brought with them for the purpose. But the ladders were found too short. They then, with mining instruments which they had provided, burst open a postern, or wicket-door, and entered the castle. Their chief had given them strict orders to do no harm save to those

who opposed them, so that the few guards, whom the alarm brought together, were driven back without much injury. Being masters of the castle, the trumpets of the Scottish Warden were then blown, to the no small terror of the inhabitants of Carlisle, surprised out of their quiet sleep by the sounds of invasion at so early an hour. The bells of the castle rang out; those of the Cathedral and Moot-hall answered; drums beat to arms; and beacons were lighted, to alarm the warlike country around.

In the meanwhile, the Scottish party had done the errand they came for. They had freed Kinmont Willie from his dungeon. The first thing Armstrong did was to shout a good-night to Lord Scrope, asking him, at the same time, if he had any news for Scotland. The Borderers strictly obeyed the commands of their chief, in forbearing to take any booty. They returned from the castle, bringing with them their rescued countryman, and a gentleman named Spenser, an attendant on the constable of the castle. Buccleuch dismissed him, with his commendations to Salkeld the constable, whom he esteemed, he said, a better gentleman than Lord Scrope, bidding him say it was the Warden of Liddesdale who had done the exploit, and praying the constable, if he desired the name of a man of honour, to issue forth and seek a revenge. Buccleuch then ordered the retreat, which he performed with great leisure, and re-entered Scotland at sunrise in honour and safety. "There had never been a more gallant deed of vassalage done in Scotland," says an old historian, "no, not in Wallace's days."

Queen Elizabeth, as you may imagine, was dreadfully angry at this insult, and demanded that Buccleuch should be delivered up to the English, as he had committed so great an aggression upon their frontier during the time of peace. The matter was laid before the Scottish Parliament. King James himself pleaded the question on the part of Elizabeth, willing, it may be supposed, to recommend himself to that princess by his tameness and docility. The Secretary of State replied in defence of Buccleuch; and the Scottish Parliament finally voted that they would refer the question to commissioners, to be chosen for both nations, and would abide by their decision. But concerning the proposed surrender of Buccleuch to England, the President declared, with a loud voice, that it would be time

enough for Buccleuch to go to England when the King should pass there in person.

Buccleuch finally ended the discussion by going to England at the King's personal request, and on the understanding that no evil was to be done to him. Queen Elizabeth desired to see him personally, and demanded of him how he dared commit such aggression on her territory. He answered undauntedly, that he knew not that thing which a man dared NOT do. Elizabeth admired the answer, and treated this powerful Border chief with distinction during the time he remained in England, which was not long.

But the strangest adventure of James's reign was the event called the Gowrie Conspiracy, over which there hangs a sort of mystery, which time has not even yet completely dispelled. You must recollect that there was an Earl of Gowrie condemned and executed when James was but a boy. This nobleman left two sons, bearing the family name of Ruthven, who were well educated abroad, and accounted hopeful young men. The King restored to the eldest the title and estate of Gowrie, and favoured them both very much.

Now, it chanced in the month of August 1600 that Alexander Ruthven, the younger of the two brothers, came early one morning to the King, who was then hunting in the Park of Falkland, and told him a story of his having seized a suspicious-looking man, a Jesuit, as he supposed, with a large pot of gold under his cloak. This man Ruthven said he had detained prisoner at his brother's house, in Perth, till the King should examine him, and take possession of the treasure. With this story he decoyed James from the hunting-field, and persuaded him to ride with him to Perth, without any other company than a few noblemen and attendants, who followed the King without orders.

When they arrived at Perth, they entered Gowrie House, the mansion of the Earl, a large massive building, having gardens which stretched down to the river Tay. The Earl of Gowrie was, or seemed, surprised, to see the King arrive so unexpectedly, and caused some entertainment to be hastily prepared for his Majesty's refreshment. After the King had dined, Alexander Ruthven pressed him to come with him to see the prisoner in private; and James, curious by nature, and sufficiently indigent to be inquisitive after money, followed him

from one apartment to another, until Ruthven led him into a little turret, where there stood—not a prisoner with a pot of gold—but an armed man, prepared, as it seemed, for some violent enterprise.

The King started back, but Ruthven snatched the dagger which the man wore, and, pointing it to James's breast, reminded him of his father the Earl of Gowrie's death, and commanded him, upon pain of death, to submit to his pleasure. The King replied that he was but a boy when the Earl of Gowrie suffered, and upbraided Ruthven with ingratitude. The conspirator, moved by remorse or some other reason, assured the King that his life should be safe, and left him in the turret with the armed man, who, not very well selected to aid in a purpose so desperate, stood shaking in his armour, without assisting either his master or the King.

Let us now see what was passing below, during this strange scene betwixt the King and Ruthven. The attendants of James had begun to wonder at his absence, when they were suddenly informed by a servant of the Earl of Gowrie, that the King had mounted his horse, and had set out on his return to Falkland. The noblemen and attendants rushed into the courtyard of the mansion, and called for their horses, the Earl of Gowrie at the same time hurrying them away. Here the porter interfered, and said the King could not have left the house, since he had not passed the gate, of which he had the keys. Gowrie, on the other hand, called the man a liar, and insisted that the King had departed.

While the attendants of James knew not what to think, a half smothered, yet terrified voice, was heard to scream from the window of a turret above their heads,—"Help! Treason! Help! my Lord of Mar!" They looked upwards, and beheld James's face in great agitation pushed through the window, while a hand was seen grasping his throat, as if some one behind endeavoured by violence to draw him back.

The explanation was as follows:—The King when left alone with the armed man, had, it seems, prevailed upon him to open the lattice window. This was just done when Alexander Ruthven again entered the turret, and, swearing that there was no remedy, but the King must needs die, he seized on him, and endeavoured by main force to tie his hands with a garter. James resisted, in the extremity of despair, and

dragging Ruthven to the window, now open, called out to his attendants in the manner we have described. His retinue hastened to his assistance. The greater part ran to the principal staircase, of which they found the doors shut, and immediately endeavoured to force them open. Meantime a page of the King's, called Sir John Ramsay, discovered a back stair which led him to the turret, where Ruthven and the King were still struggling. Ramsay stabbed Ruthven twice with his dagger, James calling to him to strike high, as he had a doublet of proof on him. Ramsay then thrust Ruthven, now mortally wounded, towards the private staircase, where he was met by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, two of the royal attendants, who despatched him with their swords. His last words were,—"Alas! I am not to blame for this action."

This danger was scarcely over, when the Earl of Gowrie entered the outer chamber, with a drawn sword in each hand, followed by seven attendants, demanding vengeance for the death of his brother. The King's followers, only four in number, thrust James, for the safety of his person, back into the turret-closet, and shut the door; and then engaged in a conflict, which was the more desperate, that they fought four to eight, and Herries was a lame and disabled man. But Sir John Ramsay having run the Earl of Gowrie through the heart, he dropped dead without speaking a word, and his servants fled. The doors of the great staircase were now opened to the nobles, who were endeavouring to force their way to the King's assistance.

In the meantime a new peril threatened the King and his few attendants. The slain Earl of Gowrie was provost of the town of Perth, and much beloved by the citizens. On hearing what had happened, they ran to arms, and surrounded the mansion-house, where this tragedy had been acted, threatening, that if their provost were not delivered to them safe and sound, the King's green coat should pay for it. Their violence was at last quieted by the magistrates of the town, and the mob were prevailed on to disperse.

The object of this strange conspiracy is one of the darkest in history, and what made it stranger, the armed man who was stationed in the turret could throw no light upon it. He proved to be one Henderson, steward to the Earl of Gowrie, who had been ordered to arm himself for the purpose of taking a Highland thief, and was posted in the turret by Alexander Ruthven,

without any intimation what he was to do; so that the whole scene came upon him by surprise. The mystery seemed so impenetrable, and so much of the narrative rested upon James's own testimony, that many persons of that period, and even some historians of our own day, have thought that it was not a conspiracy of the brothers against the King, but of the King against the brothers; and that James, having taken a dislike to them, had contrived the bloody scene, and then thrown the blame on the Ruthvens, who suffered in it. But, besides the placability and gentleness of James's disposition, and besides the consideration that no adequate motive can be assigned, or even conjectured, for his perpetrating such an inhospitable murder, it ought to be remembered that the King was naturally timorous, and could not even look at a drawn sword without shuddering; so that it is contrary to all reason and probability to suppose that he could be the deviser of a scheme, in which his life was repeatedly exposed to the most imminent danger. However, many of the clergy refused to obey James's order to keep a day of solemn thanksgiving for the King's deliverance, intimating, without hesitation, that they greatly doubted the truth of his story. One of them being pressed by the King very hard, said—"That doubtless he must believe it, since his Majesty said he had seen it; but that, had he seen it himself, he would not have believed his own eyes." James was much vexed with this incredulity, for it was hard not to obtain credit after having been in so much danger.

Nine years after the affair, some light was thrown upon the transaction by one Sprot, a notary-public, who, out of mere curiosity, had possessed himself of certain letters, said to have been written to the Earl of Gowrie by Robert Logan of Restalrig, a scheming, turbulent, and profligate man. In these papers, allusion was repeatedly made to the death of Gowrie's father, to the revenge which was meditated, and to the execution of some great and perilous enterprise. Lastly, there was intimation that the Ruthvens were to bring a prisoner by sea to Logan's fortress of Fast Castle, a very strong and inaccessible tower, overhanging the sea, on the coast of Berwickshire. This place he recommends as suitable for keeping some important prisoner in safety and concealment, and adds, he had kept Bothwell there in his utmost distresses, let the King and his council say what they would.

All these expressions seemed to point at a plot, not affecting the King's life, but his personal liberty, and make it probable, that when Alexander Ruthven had frightened the King into silence and compliance, the brothers intended to carry him through the gardens, and put him on board of a boat, and so conveying him down the Firth of Tay, and round the north-east coast of Fife, might, after making a private signal, which Logan alludes to, place their royal prisoner in security in Fast Castle. The seizing upon the person of the King was a common enterprise among the Scottish nobles, and the father of the Ruthvens had lost his life for such an attempt. Adopting this as their intention, it is probable that Queen Elizabeth was privy to the scheme; and perhaps having found it suit her policy to detain the person of Mary in captivity, she might have formed some similar plan for obtaining the custody of her son.

I must not conclude this story without observing, that Logan's bones were brought into a court of justice, for the purpose of being tried after death, and that he was declared guilty, and a sentence of forfeiture pronounced against him. But it has not been noticed that Logan, a dissolute and extravagant man, was deprived of great part of his estate before his death, and that the King, therefore, could have no lucrative object in following out this ancient and barbarous form of process. The fate of Sprot, the notary, was singular enough. He was condemned to be hanged for keeping these treasonable letters in his possession, without communicating them to the Government; and he suffered death accordingly, asserting to the last that the letters were genuine, and that he had only preserved them from curiosity. This fact he testified even in the agonies of death; for, being desired to give a sign of the truth and sincerity of his confession, after he was thrown off from the ladder, he is said to have clapped his hands three times. Yet some persons continue to think, that what Sprot told was untrue, and that the letters were forgeries; but it seems great incredulity to doubt the truth of a confession which brought to the gallows the man who made it; and, of late years, the letters produced by Sprot are regarded as genuine by the best judges of these matters. When so admitted, they render it evident that the purpose of the Gowrie Conspiracy was to make King James a prisoner in the remote and in-

accessible tower of Fast Castle, and perhaps ultimately to deliver him up to Queen Elizabeth.

We now approach the end of this collection of Tales. King James VI. of Scotland married the daughter of the King of Denmark, called Ann of Denmark. They had a family, which recommended them very much to the English people, who were tired of seeing their crown pass from one female to another, without any prospect of male succession. They began, therefore, to turn their eyes towards James as the nearest heir of King Henry VIII., and the rightful successor, when Queen Elizabeth should fail. She was now old, her health broken, and her feelings painfully agitated by the death of Essex, her principal favourite. After his execution, she could scarcely be said ever to enjoy either health or reason. She sat on a pile of cushions, with her finger in her mouth, attending, as it seemed, to nothing, saving to the prayers which were from time to time read in her chamber.

While the Queen of England was thus struggling out the last moments of life, her subjects were making interest with her successor James, with whom even Cecil himself, the Prime Minister of England, had long kept up a secret correspondence. The breath had no sooner left Elizabeth's body than the near relation and godson of the late Queen, Sir Robert Carey, got on horseback, and, travelling with a rapidity which almost equalled that of the modern mail-coach, carried to the Palace of Holyrood the news, that James was King of England, France, and Ireland, as well as of his native dominions of Scotland.

James arrived in London on the 7th of May 1603, and took possession of his new realms without the slightest opposition; and thus the island of Great Britain, so long divided into the separate kingdoms of England and Scotland, became subject to the same prince. Here, therefore, must end the TALES of your GRANDFATHER, so far as they relate to the History of Scotland, considered as a distinct and separate kingdom.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Progress of Civilisation in Society

The kind reception which the former Tales, written for your amusement and edification, have met with, induces me, my dear little boy, to make an attempt to bring down my historical narrative to a period, when the union of England and Scotland became as complete, in the intimacy of feelings and interests, as law had declared and intended them to be, and as the mutual advantage of both countries had long, though in vain, required. The importance of events, however, and the desire to state them clearly, have induced me for the present to stop short at the period of the Union of the Kingdoms.

We left off, you may recollect, when James, the sixth of that name who reigned in Scotland, succeeded, by the death of Queen Elizabeth, to the throne of England, and thus became sovereign of the whole island of Britain. Ireland also belonged to his dominions, having been partly subdued by the arms of the English, and partly surrendered to them by the submission of the natives. There had been, during Elizabeth's time, many wars with the native lords and chiefs of the country; but the English finally obtained the undisturbed and undisputed possession of that rich and beautiful island. Thus the three kingdoms, formed by the Britannic Islands, came into the possession of one sovereign, who was thus fixed in a situation of strength and security, which was at that time the lot of few monarchs in Europe.

King James's power was the greater, that the progress of human society had greatly augmented the wisdom of statesmen and counsellors, and given strength and stability to those laws which preserve the poor and helpless against the encroachments of the wealthy and the powerful.

But Master Littlejohn may ask me what I mean by the Progress of Human Society; and it is my duty to explain it as intelligibly as I can.

If you consider the lower order of animals, such as birds, dogs, cattle, or any class of the brute creation, you will find that they are, to every useful purpose, deprived of the means of

communicating their ideas to each other. They have cries, indeed, by which they express pleasure or pain—fear or hope —but they have no formed speech, by which, like men, they can converse together. God Almighty, who called all creatures into existence in such manner as best pleased him, has imparted to those inferior animals no power of improving their situation, or of communicating with each other. There is, no doubt, a difference in the capacity of these inferior classes of creation. But though one bird may build her nest more neatly than one of a different class, or one dog may be more clever and more capable of learning tricks than another, yet, as it wants language to explain to its comrades the advantages which it may possess, its knowledge dies with it; thus birds and dogs continue to use the same general habits proper to the species, which they have done since the creation of the world. In other words, animals have a certain limited degree of sense termed instinct, which teaches the present race to seek their food, and provide for their safety and comfort, in nearly the same manner as their parents did before them since the beginning of time, but does not enable them to communicate to their successors any improvements, or to derive any increase of knowledge from the practice of their predecessors. Thus you may remark, that the example of the swallow, the wren, and other birds, which cover their nests with a roof to protect them against the rain, is never imitated by other classes, who continue to construct theirs in the same exposed and imperfect manner since the beginning of the world.

Another circumstance, which is calculated to prevent the inferior animals from rising above the rank in nature which they are destined to hold, is the short time during which they remain under the care of their parents. A few weeks gives the young nestlings of every season strength and inclination to leave the protection of the parents; the tender attachment which has subsisted while the young bird was unable to provide for itself without assistance is entirely broken off, and in a week or two more they probably do not know each other. The young of the sheep, the cow, and the horse, attend and feed by the mother's side for a certain short period, during which they are protected by her care, and supported by her milk; but they have no sooner attained the strength necessary to defend themselves, and the sense to provide for their wants, than they

separate from the mother, and all intercourse between the parent and her offspring is closed for ever.

Thus each separate tribe of animals retains exactly the same station in the general order of the universe which was occupied by its predecessors; and no existing generation either is, or can be, much better instructed, or more ignorant than that which preceded or that which is to come after it.

It is widely different with mankind. God, as we are told in Scripture, was pleased to make man after his own image. By this you are not to understand that the Creator of heaven and earth has any visible form or shape, to which the human body bears a resemblance; but the meaning is, that as the God who created the world is a spirit invisible and incomprehensible, so he joined to the human frame some portion of an essence resembling his own, which is called the human soul, and which, while the body lives, continues to animate and direct its motions, and on the dissolution of the bodily form which it has occupied, returns to the spiritual world, to be answerable for the good and evil of its works upon earth. It is therefore impossible that man, possessing this knowledge of right and wrong, proper to a spiritual essence resembling those higher orders of creation whom we call angels, and having some affinity, though at an incalculable distance, to the essence of the Deity himself, should have been placed under the same limitations in point of progressive improvement with the inferior tribes, who are neither responsible for the actions which they perform under directions of their instinct, nor capable, by any exertion of their own, of altering or improving their condition in the scale of creation. So far is this from being the case with man, that the bodily organs of the human frame bear such a correspondence with the properties of his soul, as to give him the means, when they are properly used, of enlarging his powers, and becoming wiser and more skilful from hour to hour, as long as his life permits; and not only is this the case, but tribes and nations of men assembled together for the purpose of mutual protection and defence, have the same power of alteration and improvement, and may, if circumstances are favourable, go on by gradual steps from being a wild horde of naked barbarians, till they become a powerful and civilised people.

The capacity of amending our condition by increase of know-

ledge, which, in fact, affords the means by which man rises to be the lord of creation, is grounded on the peculiar advantages possessed by the human race. Let us look somewhat closely into this, my dear boy, for it involves some truths equally curious and important.

If man, though possessed of the same immortal essence or soul, which enables him to choose and refuse, to judge and condemn, to reason and conclude, were to be without the power of communicating to his fellow-men the conclusions to which his reasoning had conducted him, it is clear that the progress of each individual in knowledge could be only in proportion to his own observation and his own powers of reasoning. But the gift of speech enables any one to communicate to others whatever idea of improvement occurs to him, and thus, instead of dying in the bosom of the individual by whom it was first thought of, it becomes a part of the stock of knowledge proper to the whole community, which is increased and rendered generally and effectually useful by the accession of further information, as opportunities occur, or men of reflecting and inventive minds arise in the state. This use of spoken language, therefore, which so gloriously distinguishes man from the beasts that perish, is the primary means of introducing and increasing knowledge in infant communities.

Another early cause of the improvement in human society is the incapacity of children to act for themselves, rendering the attention and protection of parents to their offspring necessary for so long a period. Even where the food which the earth affords without cultivation, such as fruits and herbs, is most plentifully supplied, children remain too helpless for many years to be capable of gathering it, and providing for their own support. This is still more the case where food must be procured by hunting, fishing, or cultivating the soil, occupations requiring a degree of skill and personal strength which children cannot possess until they are twelve or fourteen years old. It follows, as a law of nature, that instead of leaving their parents at an early age, like the young of birds or quadrupeds, the youth of the human species necessarily remain under the protection of their father and mother for many years, during which they have time to acquire all the knowledge the parents are capable of teaching. It arises also from this wise arrangement, that the love and affection between the offspring and the

parents, which among the brute creation is the produce of mere instinct, and continues for a very short time, becomes in the human race a deep and permanent feeling, founded on the attachment of the parents, the gratitude of the children, and the effect of long habit on both.

For these reasons, it usually happens, that children feel no desire to desert their parents, but remain inhabitants of the same huts in which they were born, and take up the task of labouring for subsistence in their turn, when their fathers and mothers are disabled by age. One or two such families gradually unite together, and avail themselves of each other's company for mutual defence and assistance. This is the earliest stage of human society; and some savages have been found in this condition so very rude and ignorant, that they may be said to be little wiser or better than a herd of animals. The natives of New South Wales, for example, are, even at present, in the very lowest scale of humanity, and ignorant of every art which can add comfort or decency to human life. These unfortunate savages wear no clothes, construct no cabins or huts, and are ignorant even of the manner of chasing animals or catching fish, unless such of the latter as are left by the tide, or which are found on the rocks; they feed upon the most disgusting substances, snakes, worms, maggots, and whatever trash falls in their way. They know indeed how to kindle a fire—in that respect only they have stepped beyond the deepest ignorance to which man can be subjected—but they have not learned how to boil water; and when they see Europeans perform this ordinary operation, they have been known to run away in great terror. Voyagers tell us of other savages who are even ignorant of the use of fire, and who maintain a miserable existence by subsisting on shell-fish eaten raw.

And yet, my dear boy, out of this miserable and degraded state, which seems worse than that of the animals, man has the means and power to rise into the high place for which Providence hath destined him. In proportion as opportunities occur, these savage tribes acquire the arts of civilised life; they construct huts to shelter them against the weather; they invent arms for destroying the wild beasts by which they are annoyed, and for killing those whose flesh is adapted for food; they domesticate others, and use at pleasure their milk, flesh, and skins; and they plant fruit-trees and sow grain as soon

as they discover that the productions of nature most necessary for their comfort may be increased by labour and industry. Thus the progress of human society, unless it is interrupted by some unfortunate circumstances, continues to advance, and every new generation, without losing any of the advantages already attained, goes on to acquire others which were unknown to the preceding one.

For instance, when three or four wandering families of savages have settled in one place, and begun to cultivate the ground, and collect their huts into a hamlet or village, they usually agree in choosing some chief to be their judge, and the arbiter of their disputes in time of peace, their leader and captain when they go to war with other tribes. This is the foundation of a monarchical government. Or, perhaps, their public affairs are directed by a council, or senate, of the oldest and wisest of the tribe—this is the origin of a republican state. At all events, in one way or other, they put themselves under something resembling a regular government, and obtain the protection of such laws as may prevent them from quarrelling with one another.

Other important alterations are introduced by time. At first, no doubt, the members of the community store their fruits and the produce of the chase in common. But shortly after, reason teaches them that the individual who has bestowed labour and trouble upon anything so as to render it productive, acquires a right of property, as it is called, in the produce, which his efforts have in a manner called into existence. Thus it is soon acknowledged, that he who has planted a tree has the sole right of consuming its fruit; and that he who has sown a field of corn has the exclusive title to gather in the grain. Without the labour of the planter and husbandman, there would have been no apples or wheat, and therefore, these are justly entitled to the fruit of their labour. In like manner, the state itself is conceived to acquire a right of property in the fields cultivated by its members, and in the forests and waters where they have of old practised the rights of hunting and fishing. If men of a different tribe enter on the territory of a neighbouring nation, war ensues between them and peace is made by agreeing on both sides to reasonable conditions. Thus a young state extends its possessions; and by its communications with other tribes lays the foundation of public

laws for the regulation of their behaviour to each other in peace and in war.

Other arrangements arise not less important, tending to increase the difference between mankind in their wild and original state, and that which they assume in the progress of civilisation. One of the most remarkable is the separation of the citizens into different classes of society, and the introduction of the use of money. I will try to render these great changes intelligible to you.

In the earlier stages of society, every member of the community may be said to supply all his wants by his own personal labour. He acquires his food by the chase—he sows and reaps his own grain—he gathers his own fruit—he cuts the skin which forms his dress so as to fit his own person—he makes the sandals or buskins which protect his feet. He is, therefore, better or worse accommodated exactly in proportion to the personal skill and industry which he can apply to that purpose. But it is discovered in process of time, that one man has particular dexterity in hunting, being, we shall suppose, young, active, and enterprising; another, older and of a more staid character, has peculiar skill in tilling the ground, or in managing cattle and flocks; a third, lame perhaps, or infirm, has a happy talent for cutting out and stitching together garments, or for shaping and sewing shoes. It becomes, therefore, for the advantage of all, that the first man shall attend to nothing but hunting, the second confine himself to the cultivation of the land, and the third remain at home to make clothes and shoes. But then it follows as a necessary consequence, that the huntsman must give to the man who cultivates the land a part of his venison and skins, if he desires to have grain of which to make bread, or a cow to furnish his family with milk; and that both the hunter and the agriculturist must give a share of the produce of the chase, and a proportion of the grain to the third man, to obtain from him clothes and shoes. Each is thus accommodated with what he wants a great deal better, and more easily, by every one following a separate occupation, than they could possibly have been, had each of the three been hunter, farmer, and tailor, in his own person, practising two of the trades awkwardly and unwillingly, instead of confining himself to that which he perfectly understands, and pursues with success. This mode of accommodation is called

barter, and is the earliest kind of traffic by which men exchange their property with each other and satisfy their wants by parting with their superfluities.

But in process of time, barter is found inconvenient. The husbandman, perhaps, has no use for shoes when the shoemaker is in need of corn, or the shoemaker may not want furs or venison when the hunter desires to have shoes. To remedy this, almost all nations have introduced the use of what is called *money;* that is to say, they have fixed on some particular substance capable of being divided into small portions, which, having itself little intrinsic value applicable to human use, is nevertheless received as a representative of the value of all commodities. Particular kinds of shells are used as money in some countries; in others, leather, cloth, or iron, are employed; but gold and silver, divided into small portions, are used for this important purpose almost all over the world.

That you may understand the use of this circulating representative of the value of commodities, and comprehend the convenience which it affords, let us suppose that the hunter, as we formerly said, wanted a pair of shoes, and the shoemaker had no occasion for venison, but wanted some corn, while the husbandman, not desiring to have shoes, stood in need of some other commodity. Here are three men, each desirous of some article of necessity, or convenience, which he cannot obtain by barter, because the party whom he has to deal with does not want the commodity which he has to offer in exchange. But supposing the use of money introduced, and its value acknowledged, these three persons are accommodated by means of it in the amplest manner possible. The shoemaker does not want the venison which the hunter offers for sale, but some other man in the village is willing to purchase it for five pieces of silver—the hunter sells his commodity, and goes to the shoemaker, who, though he would not barter the shoes for the venison which he did not want, readily sells them for the money, and, going with it to the farmer, buys from him the quantity of corn he needs; while the farmer, in his turn, purchases whatever he is in want of, or if he requires nothing at the time, lays the pieces of money aside, to use when he has occasion.

The invention of money is followed by the gradual rise of trade. There are men who make it their business to buy

various articles, and sell them again for profit; that is, they sell them somewhat dearer than they bought them. This is convenient for all parties; since the original proprietors are willing to sell their commodities to those store-keepers, or shop-keepers, at a low rate, to be saved the trouble of hawking them about in search of a customer; while the public in general are equally willing to buy from such intermediate dealers, because they are sure to be immediately supplied with what they want.

The numerous transactions occasioned by the introduction of money, together with other circumstances, soon destroy the equality of ranks which prevails in an early stage of society. Some men hoard up quantities of gold and silver, become rich, and hire the assistance of others to do their work; some waste or spend their earnings, become poor, and sink into the capacity of servants. Some men are wise and skilful, and, distinguishing themselves by their exploits in battle and their counsels in peace, rise to the management of public affairs. Others, and much greater numbers, have no more valour than to follow where they are led, and no more talent than to act as they are commanded. These last sink, as a matter of course, into obscurity, while the others become generals and statesmen. The attainment of learning tends also to increase the difference of ranks. Those who receive a good education by the care of their parents, or possess so much strength of mind and readiness of talent as to educate themselves, become separated from the more ignorant of the community, and form a distinct class and condition of their own; holding no more communication with the others than is absolutely necessary.

In this way the whole order of society is changed, and instead of presenting the uniform appearance of one large family, each member of which has nearly the same rights, it seems to resemble a confederacy or association of different ranks, classes, and conditions of men, each rank filling up a certain department in society, and discharging a class of duties totally distinct from those of the others. The steps by which a nation advances from the natural and simple state which we have just described, into the more complicated system in which ranks are distinguished from each other, are called the progress of society, or of civilisation. It is attended, like all things human, with much of evil as well as good; but it seems to be

a law of our moral nature, that, faster or slower, such alterations must take place, in consequence of the inventions and improvements of succeeding generations of mankind.

Another alteration, productive of consequences not less important, arises out of the gradual progress towards civilisation. In the early state of society, every man in the tribe is a warrior, and liable to serve as such when the country requires his assistance; but in progress of time the pursuit of the military art is, at least on all ordinary occasions, confined to bands of professional soldiers, whose business it is to fight the battles of the state, when required, in consideration of which they are paid by the community, the other members of which are thus left to the uninterrupted pursuit of their own peaceful occupations. This alteration is attended with more important consequences than we can at present pause to enumerate.

We have said that those mighty changes which bring men to dwell in castles and cities instead of huts and caves, and enable them to cultivate the sciences and subdue the elements, instead of being plunged in ignorance and superstition, are owing primarily to the reason with which God has graciously endowed the human race; and in a second degree to the power of speech, by which we enjoy the faculty of communicating to each other the result of our own reflections.

But it is evident that society, when its advance is dependent upon oral tradition alone, must be liable to many interruptions. The imagination of the speaker, and the dulness or want of comprehension of the hearer, may lead to many errors: and it is generally found that knowledge makes but very slow progress until the art of writing is discovered, by which a fixed, accurate, and substantial form can be given to the wisdom of past ages. When this noble art is attained, there is a sure foundation laid for the preservation and increase of knowledge. The record is removed from the inaccurate recollection of the aged, and placed in a safe, tangible, and imperishable form, which may be subjected to the inspection of various persons, until the sense is completely explained and comprehended, with the least possible chance of doubt or uncertainty.

By the art of writing, a barrier is fixed against those violent changes so apt to take place in the early stages of society, by which all the fruits of knowledge are frequently destroyed, as those of the earth are by a hurricane. Suppose, for example,

a case, which frequently happens in the early history of mankind, that some nation which has made considerable progress in the arts, is invaded and subdued by another which is more powerful and numerous, though more ignorant than themselves. It is clear, that in this case, as the rude and ignorant victors would set no value on the knowledge of the vanquished, it would, if entrusted only to the memory of the individuals of the conquered people, be gradually lost and forgotten. But if the useful discoveries made by the ancestors of the vanquished people were recorded in writing, the manuscripts in which they were described, though they might be neglected for a season, would, if preserved at all, probably attract attention at some more fortunate period. It was thus, when the empire of Rome, having reached the utmost height of its grandeur, was broken down and conquered by numerous tribes of ignorant though brave barbarians, that those admirable works of classical learning, on which such value is justly placed in the present day, were rescued from total destruction and oblivion by manuscript copies preserved by chance in the old libraries of churches and convents. It may indeed be taken as an almost infallible maxim, that no nation can make any great progress in useful knowledge or civilisation until their improvement can be rendered stable and permanent by the invention of writing.

Another discovery, however, almost as important as that of writing, was made during the fifteenth century. I mean the invention of printing. Writing with the hand must be always a slow, difficult, and expensive operation; and when the manuscript is finished, it is perhaps laid aside among the stores of some great library, where it may be neglected by students, and must, at any rate, be accessible to very few persons, and subject to be destroyed by numerous accidents. But the admirable invention of printing enables the artist to make a thousand copies from the original manuscript, by having them stamped upon paper, in far less time and with less expense than it would cost to make half a dozen such copies with the pen. From the period of this glorious discovery, knowledge of every kind may be said to have been brought out of the darkness of cloisters and universities, where it was known only to a few scholars, into the broad light of day, where its treasures were accessible to all men.

The Bible itself, in which we find the rules of eternal life,

as well as a thousand invaluable lessons for our conduct in this world, was, before the invention of printing, totally inaccessible to all, save the priests of Rome, who found it their interest to discourage the perusal of the Scriptures by any except their own order, and thus screened from discovery those alterations and corruptions, which the inventions of ignorant and designing men had introduced into the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel. But when, by means of printing, the copies of the Bible became so numerous, that every one above the most wretched poverty could, at a cheap price, possess himself of a copy of the blessed rule of life, there was a general appeal from the errors and encroachments of the Church of Rome, to the Divine Word on which they professed to be founded; a treasure formerly concealed from the public, but now placed within the reach of every man, whether of the clergy or laity. The consequence of these inquiries, which printing alone could have rendered practicable, was the rise of the happy Reformation of the Christian Church.

The same noble art made knowledge of a temporal kind as accessible as that which concerned religion. Whatever works of history, science, morality, or entertainment, seemed likely to instruct or amuse the reader, were printed and distributed among the people at large by printers and booksellers, who had a profit by doing so. Thus the possibility of important discoveries being forgotten in the course of years, or of the destruction of useful arts, or elegant literature, by the loss of the records in which they are preserved, was in a great measure removed.

In a word, the printing-press is a contrivance which empowers any one individual to address his countrymen on any topic which he thinks important, and which enables a whole nation to listen to the voice of such individual, however obscure he may be, with the same ease, and greater certainty of understanding what he says, than if a chief of Indians were haranguing the tribe at his council-fire. Nor is the important difference to be forgotten, that the orator can only speak to the persons present, while the author of a book addresses himself, not only to the race now in existence, but to all succeeding generations, while his work shall be held in estimation.

I have thus endeavoured to trace the steps by which a general civilisation is found to take place in nations with more or less rapidity, as laws and institutions, or external circum-

stances, favourable or otherwise, advance or retard the increase of knowledge, and by the course of which man, endowed with reason, and destined for immortality, gradually improves the condition in which Providence has placed him; while the inferior animals continue to live by means of the same, or nearly the same, instincts of self-preservation, which have directed their species in all its descents since the creation.

I have called your attention at some length to this matter, because you will now have to remark that a material change had gradually and slowly taken place, both in the kingdom of England, and in that of Scotland, when their long quarrels were at length, in appearance, ended by the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the English crown, which he held under the title of James the First of that powerful kingdom.

CHAPTER XXXV

Infirmities of Elizabeth in her latter years—James VI. acceptable on that account to the English—Resort of Scotchmen to the Court at London—Quarrels between them and the English

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.—*France*: Henry IV., Louis XIII.

1603—1612

THE whole island of Great Britain was now united under one king, though it remained in effect two separate kingdoms, governed by their own separate constitutions, and their own distinct codes of laws, and liable again to be separated, as, by the death of King James without issue, the kingdoms might have been claimed by different heirs. For although James had two sons, yet there was a possibility that they might have both died before their father, in which case the sceptres of England and Scotland must have passed once more into different hands. The Hamilton family would, in that case, have succeeded to the kingdom of Scotland, and the next heir of Elizabeth to that of England. Who that heir was, it might have been found difficult to determine.

It was in these circumstances to be apprehended, that James, the sovereign of a poor and barren kingdom, which had

for so many ages maintained an almost perpetual war with England, would have met with a prejudiced and unpleasant reception from a nation long accustomed to despise the Scotch for their poverty, and to regard them with enmity on account of their constant hostility to the English blood and name. It might have been supposed also, that a people so proud as the English, and having so many justifiable reasons for their pride, would have regarded with an evil eye the transference of the sceptre from the hand of the Tudors, who had swayed it during five successive reigns, to those of a Stewart, descended from the ancient and determined enemies of the English nation. But it was the wise and gracious pleasure of Providence, that while so many reasons existed to render the accession of James, and, in consequence, the union of the two crowns, obnoxious to the English people, others should occur, which not only balanced, but for a time completely overpowered those objections, as well in the minds of men of sense and education, as in the judgment of the populace, who are usually averse to foreign rulers, for no other reason than that they are such.

Queen Elizabeth, after a long and glorious reign, had, in her latter days, become much more cross and uncertain in her temper than had been the case in her youth, more wilful also, and more inclined to exert her arbitrary power on slight occasions. One peculiar cause of offence given to her people was her obstinate refusal to gratify their anxiety, by making, as the nation earnestly desired, some arrangement for the succession to the throne after her own death. On this subject, indeed, she nursed so much suspicion and jealousy, as gave rise to more than one extraordinary scene. The following is a whimsical instance, among others, of her unwillingness to hear of anything respecting old age and its consequences.

The Bishop of St. David's, preaching in her Majesty's presence, took occasion from his text, which was Psalm xc. v. 12, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," to allude to the Queen's advanced period of life, she being then sixty-three, and to the consequent infirmities attending upon old age; as, for example, when the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark who look out at windows—when the daughters of singing shall be abased, and more to the like purpose. With the tone of these admonitions the Queen was so ill satisfied, that she flung open the

window of the closet in which she sat, and told the preacher to keep his admonitions to himself, since she plainly saw the greatest clerks (meaning scholars) were not the wisest men. Nor did her displeasure end here. The Bishop was commanded to confine himself to his house for a time, and the Queen, referring to the circumstance some time afterwards, told her courtiers how much the prelate was mistaken in supposing her to be as much decayed as perhaps he might feel himself to be. As for her, she thanked God, neither her stomach nor her strength—her voice for singing, nor her art of fingering instruments, were any whit decayed. And to prove the goodness of her eyes, she produced a little jewel, with an inscription in very small letters, which she offered to Lord Worcester and Sir James Crofts to read. They had too much tact to be sharp-sighted on the occasion; she, therefore, read it herself with apparent ease, and laughed at the error of the good Bishop.

The faults of Elizabeth, though arising chiefly from age and ill-temper, were noticed and resented by her subjects, who began openly to show themselves weary of a female reign, forgetting how glorious it had been, and manifested a general desire to have a king to rule over them. With this almost universal feeling, all eyes, even those of Elizabeth's most confidential statesman and counsellor, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, were turned to the King of Scotland as next heir to the crown. He was a Protestant prince, which assured him the favour of the Church of England, and of the numerous and strong adherents to the Protestant religion. As such, Cecil entered into a secret correspondence with him, in which he pointed out the line of conduct proper on James's part to secure his interest in England. On the other hand, the English Catholics, on whom Queen Elizabeth's government had imposed many severe penal laws, were equally friendly to the succession of King James, since from that prince, whose mother had been a strict Catholic, they might hope for favour, to the extent at least of some release from the various hardships which the laws of England imposed on them. The Earl of Northumberland conducted a correspondence with James on the part of the Catholics, in which he held high language, and offered to assert the Scottish King's right of succession by force of arms.

These intrigues were kept by James as secret as was in his power. If Elizabeth had discovered either the one or the other,

neither the services of Cecil, nor the high birth and power of the great Earl of Northumberland, could have saved them, from experiencing the extremity of her indignation. Cecil, in particular, was at one time on the point of ruin. A post from Scotland delivered into his hands a private packet from the Scottish King, when the secretary was in attendance on Elizabeth. "Open your despatches," said Elizabeth, "and let us hear the news from Scotland." A man of less presence of mind would have been ruined; for if the Queen had seen the least hesitation in her minister's manner, her suspicions would have been instantly awakened, and detection must have followed. But Cecil recollected the Queen's sensitive aversion to any disagreeable smell, which was strengthened by the belief of the time, that infectious diseases and subtile poisons could be communicated by means of scent alone. The artful secretary availed himself of this, and while he seemed to be cutting the strings which held the packet, he observed it had a singular and unpleasant odour; on which Elizabeth desired it might be taken from her presence, and opened elsewhere with due precaution. Thus Cecil got an opportunity to withdraw from the packet whatever could have betrayed his correspondence with King James. Cecil's policy and inclinations were very generally followed in the English court; indeed, there appeared no heir to the crown, male or female, whose right could be placed in competition with that of James.

It may be added to this general inclination in James's favour, that the defects of his character were of a kind which did not attract much attention while he occupied the throne of Scotland. The delicacy of his situation was then so great, and he was exposed to so many dangers from the dislike of the clergy, the feuds of the nobles, and the tumultuous disposition of the common people, that he dared not indulge in any of those childish freaks of which he was found capable when his motions were more completely at his own disposal. On the contrary, he was compelled to seek out the sagest counsellors, to listen to the wisest advice, and to put a restraint on his own natural disposition for encouraging idle favourites, parasites, and flatterers, as well as to suppress his inward desire to extend the limits of his authority farther than the constitution of the country permitted.

At this period James governed by the advice of such

ministers as the Chancellor Maitland, and afterwards of Home, Earl of Dunbar, men of thought and action, of whose steady measures and prudent laws the King naturally obtained the credit. Neither was James himself deficient in a certain degree of sagacity. He possessed all that could be derived from learning alloyed by pedantry, and from a natural shrewdness of wit, which enabled him to play the part of a man of sense, when either acting under the influence of constraint and fear, or where no temptation occurred to induce him to be guilty of some folly. It was by these specious accomplishments that he acquired in his youth the character of an able and wise monarch, although when he was afterwards brought on a more conspicuous stage, and his character better understood, he was found entitled to no better epithet than that conferred on him by an able French politician, who called him, "The wisest fool in Christendom."

Such, however, as King James was, England now received him with more universal acclamation than had attended any of her princes on their ascent to the throne. Multitudes, of every description, hastened to accompany him on his journey through England to the capital city. The wealthy placed their gold at his disposal, the powerful opened their halls for the most magnificent entertainments, the clergy hailed him as the head of the Church, and the poor, who had nothing to offer but their lives, seemed ready to devote them to his service. Some of the Scottish retinue, who were acquainted with James's character, saw and feared the unfavourable effect which such a change of circumstances was likely to work on him. "A plague of these people!" said one of his oldest domestics; "they will spoil a good king."

Another Scot made an equally shrewd answer to an Englishman, who desired to know from him the King's real character. "Did you ever see a jackanapes?" said the Scotchman, meaning a tame monkey; "if you have, you must be aware that if you hold the creature in your hands you can make him bite me, and if I hold him in my hands, I can make him bite you."

Both these sayings were shown to be true in course of time. King James, brought from poverty to wealth, became thoughtless and prodigal, indolent, and addicted to idle pleasures. From hearing the smooth flatteries of the clergy of England, who recognised him as head of the Church, instead of the rude

attacks of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, who had hardly admitted his claim to be one of its inferior members, he entertained new and more lofty pretensions to divine right. Finally, brought from a country where his personal liberty and the freedom of his government were frequently placed under restraint, and his life sometimes in danger, he was overjoyed to find himself in a condition where his own will was not only unfettered, as far as he himself was concerned, but appeared to be the model by which all loyal subjects were desirous to accommodate theirs; and he seemed readily enough disposed to stretch to its utmost limits the power thus presented to him. Thus, from being a just and equitable monarch, he was inspired with a love of arbitrary power; and from attending, as had been his custom, to state business, he now minded little save hunting and festivals.

In this manner James, though possessing a large stock of pedantic wisdom, came to place himself under the management of a succession of unworthy favourites, and although particularly good-natured, and naturally a lover of justice, was often hurried into actions and measures, which, if they could not be termed absolutely tyrannical, were nevertheless illegal and unjust. It is, however, of his Scottish government that we are now to treat, and therefore I am to explain to you, as well as I can, the consequences of the union with England to the people and country of Scotland.

If the English nation were at first delighted to receive King James as their sovereign, the Scottish people were no less enchanted by the prospect of their monarch's ascent to this wealthy and pre-eminent situation. They considered the promotion of their countrymen and prince as an omen of good fortune to their nation; each individual Scotchman expected to secure some part of the good things with which England was supposed to abound, and multitudes hurried to court, to put themselves in the way of obtaining their share.

James was shocked at the greediness and importunity of his hungry countrymen, and scandalised besides at the poor and miserable appearance which many of them made among the rich Englishmen, which brought discredit on the country to which he himself, as well as they, belonged. He sent instructions to the Scottish Privy Council to prevent such intruders from leaving their country, complaining of their

manners and appearance, as calculated to bring disgrace upon all the natives of Scotland. A proclamation was accordingly issued at Edinburgh, setting forth that great numbers of men and women of base sort and condition, and without any certain trade, calling, or dependence, repaired from Scotland to court, which was almost filled with them, to the great annoyance of his Majesty, and to the heavy disgrace of the Scottish nation; for these suitors being, in the judgment of all who saw them, but "idle rascals, and poor miserable bodies," their importunity and numbers raised an opinion that there were no persons of good rank, comeliness, or credit in the country which sent forth such a flight of locusts. Further, it was complained that these unseemly supplicants usually alleged that the cause of their repairing to court was to desire payment of old debts due by the King, "which, of all kinds of importunity," says the proclamation, with great simplicity, "is the most unpleasing to his Majesty." Therefore, general proclamation was directed to be made at all the market crosses in Scotland, that no Scottish person should be permitted to travel to England without leave of the Privy Council; and that vessels transporting individuals, who had not obtained due license, should be liable to confiscation.

But although the King did all that was in his power to prevent these uncouth suitors from repairing to his court, yet there were many other natives of Scotland of a higher description, the sons of men of rank and quality, who, by birth and condition, had the right of attending his court, and approaching his presence, whom he could not prohibit from doing so, without positively disowning all former affections, national feeling, and sympathy or gratitude for past services. The benefits which he conferred on these were ill construed by the English, who seem to have accounted everything as taken from themselves which was bestowed on a Scotchman. The King, though it does not appear that he acted with any unjust purpose, was severely judged, both by his own countrymen and the English. The Scots, who had been his friends in his inferior situation, and, as it might be called, his adversity, naturally expected a share of his bounty, when he was advanced to such high prosperity; while the English, with a jealousy for which much allowance is also to be made, regarded these northern suitors with an evil eye. In short, the Scottish courtiers thought

that their claims of ancient services, of allegiance tried under difficult circumstances, of favour due to countrymen, and perhaps even to kindred, which no people carry so far, entitled them to all the advantages which the King might have to bestow; while the English, on the other hand, considered everything given to the Scots as conferred at their expense, and used many rhymes and satirical expressions to that purpose, such as occur in the old song:

> Bonny Scot, all witness can,
> England has made thee a gentleman.
> Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,
> Would scarcely keep out the wind or weather;
> But now it is turn'd to a hat and a feather—
> The bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.
> The sword at thy haunch was a huge black blade,
> With a great basket-hilt, of iron made;
> But now a long rapier doth hang by his side,
> And huffingly doth this bonny Scot ride.

Another rhyme, to the same purpose, described a Scottish courtier thus:

> In Scotland he was born and bred,
> And, though a beggar, must be fed.

It is said, that when the Scots complained to the King of this last aspersion, James replied, "Hold your peace, for I will soon make the English as poor as yourselves, and so end that controversy." But as it was not in the power of wit to appease the feud betwixt the nobility and gentry of two proud nations, so lately enemies, all the efforts of the King were unequal to prevent bloody and desperate quarrels between his countrymen and his new subjects, to the great disquiet of the court, and the distress of the good-natured monarch, who, averse to war in all its shapes, and even to the sight of a drawn sword, suffered grievously on such occasions.

There was one of those incidents which assumed a character so formidable, that it threatened the destruction of all the Scots at the court and in the capital, and, in consequence, a breach between the kingdoms so lately and happily brought into alliance. At a public horse-race at Croydon, Philip Herbert, an Englishman of high birth, though, as it fortunately chanced, of no degree of corresponding spirit, received, in a

quarrel, a blow in the face by a switch or horse-whip, from one Ramsay, a Scottish gentleman, in attendance on the court. The rashness and violence of Ramsay was construed into a national point of quarrel by the English present, who proposed revenging themselves on the spot by a general attack upon all the Scots on the race-ground. One gentleman, named Pinchbeck, although ill-fitted for such a strife, for he had but the use of two fingers on his right hand, rode furiously through the multitude, with his dagger ready drawn, exhorting all the English to imitate him in an immediate attack on the Scots, exclaiming, "Let us breakfast with those that are here, and dine with the rest in London." But as Herbert did not return the blow, no scuffle or assault actually took place; otherwise, it is probable, a dreadful scene must have ensued. James, with whom Herbert was a particular favourite, rewarded his moderation or timidity by raising him to the rank of Knight, Baron, Viscount, and Earl of Montgomery, all in one day. Ramsay was banished the court for a season; and thus the immediate affront was in some degree alleviated. But the new Earl of Montgomery remained, in the opinion of his countrymen, a dishonoured man; and it is said his mother, the sister of Sir Philip Sydney, wept and tore her hair when she heard of his having endured with patience the insult offered by Ramsay. This is the lady whom, in a beautiful epitaph, Ben Jonson has described as

> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Wise, and good, and learned as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Yet the patience of Herbert under the insult was the fortunate prevention of a great national misfortune, for which, if his after conduct had not given tokens of an abject spirit, he might have been praised as a patriot, who had preferred the good of his country to the gratification of his own immediate resentment.

Another offence given by the haughty and irascible temper of a Scotchman, was also likely to have produced disastrous consequences. The Inns of Court are the places of resort and study appointed for those young men who are destined to the profession of the law in England, and they are filled with

students, men often of high family and accomplishments, and who, living together in the sort of colleges set apart for their residence, have always kept up the ideas of privilege and distinction, to which their destination to a highly honourable profession, as well as their own birth and condition, entitles them. One of these gentlemen, by name Edward Hawley, appeared at court on a public occasion, and probably intruded farther than his rank authorised; so that Maxwell, a Scotchman, much favoured by James, and an usher of his chamber, not only thrust him back, but actually pulled him out of the presence-chamber by a black ribband, which, like other gallants of the time, Hawley wore at his ear. Hawley, who was a man of spirit, instantly challenged Maxwell to fight; and his second, who carried the challenge, informed him, that if he declined such meeting, Hawley would assault him wherever they should meet, and either kill him or be killed on the spot. James, by his royal interference, was able to solder up this quarrel also. He compelled Maxwell to make an apology to Hawley; and for the more full accommodation of the dispute, accepted of a splendid masque and entertainment offered on the occasion by the students of Gray's Inn Lane, the society to which the injured gentleman belonged.

We may here remark a great change in the manners of the gallants of the time, which had taken place in the progress of civilisation, to which I formerly alluded. The ancient practice of trial by combat, which made a principal part of the feudal law, and which was resorted to in so many cases, had now fallen into disuse. The progress of reason, and the principles of justice, concurred to prove that a combat in the lists might indeed show which of two knights was the best rider and the stoutest swordsman, but that such an encounter could afford no evidence which of the two was innocent or guilty; since it can only be believed in a very ignorant age that Providence is to work a miracle in case of every chance combat, and award success to the party whose virtue best deserves it. The trial by combat, therefore, though it was not actually removed from the statute-book, was in fact only once appealed to after the accession of James, and even then the combat, as a mode of trial unsuited to enlightened times, did not take place.

For the same reason the other sovereigns of Europe discountenanced these challenges and combats, undertaken for pure

honour or in revenge of some injury, which it used to be their custom to encourage, and to sanction with their own presence. Such rencounters were now generally looked upon by all sensible persons as an inexcusable waste of gallant men's lives for matters of mere punctilio; and were strictly forbidden, under the highest penalties, by the Kings both of England and France, and, generally speaking, throughout the civilised world. But the royal command could not change the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, nor could the penalties annexed to the breach of the law intimidate men, whom a sense of honour, though a false one, had already induced to hold life cheap. Men fought as many, perhaps even more, single combats than formerly; and although such meetings took place without the publicity and formal show of lists, armour, horses, and the attendance of heralds and judges of the field, yet they were not less bloody than those which had been formerly fought with the observance of every point of chivalry.[1]

According to the more modern practice, combatants met in some solitary place, alone, or each accompanied by a single friend called a second, who were supposed to see fair play. The combat was generally fought with the rapier or small sword, a peculiarly deadly weapon, and the combatants, to show they wore no defensive armour under their clothes, threw off their coats and waistcoats, and fought in their shirts. The duty of the seconds, properly interpreted, was only to see fair play; but as these hot-spirited young men felt it difficult to remain cool and inactive when they saw their friends engaged, it was very common for them, though without even

[1] "Lady Mary Wortley Montague has said, with equal truth and taste, that the most romantic region of every country is that where the mountains unite themselves with the plains or lowlands. For similar reasons, it may be in like manner said, that the most picturesque period of history is that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon, and contrasted by, the illumination of increased or revived learning, and the instructions of renewed or reformed religion. The reign of James I. of England possessed this advantage in a peculiar degree. Some beams of chivalry, although its planet had been for some time set, continued to animate and gild the horizon; and although probably no one acted precisely on its Quixotic dictates, men and women still talked the chivalrous language of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia; and the ceremonial of the tilt-yard was yet exhibited, though it now only flourished as a *Place de Carrousel*."—*Introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel.* (*Waverley Novels.*)

the shadow of a quarrel, to fight also; and, in that case, whoever first despatched his antagonist, or rendered him incapable of further resistance, came without hesitation to the assistance of his comrade, and thus the decisive superiority was brought on by odds of numbers, which contradicts all our modern ideas of honour or of gallantry.

Such were the rules of the duel, as these single combats were called. The fashion came from France to England, and was adopted by the Scots and English as the readiest way of settling their national quarrels, which became very numerous.

One of the most noted of these was the bloody and fatal conflict between Sir James Stewart, eldest son of the first Lord Blantyre, a Scottish Knight of the Bath, and Sir George Wharton, an Englishman, eldest son of Lord Wharton, a Knight of the same order. These gentlemen were friends; and, if family report speaks truth, Sir James Stewart was one of the most accomplished young men of his time. A trifling dispute at play led to uncivil expressions on the part of Wharton, to which Stewart answered by a blow. A defiance was exchanged on the spot, and they resolved to fight next day at an appointed place near Waltham. This fatal appointment made, they carried their resentment with a show of friendship, and drank some wine together; after finishing which, Wharton observed to his opponent, "Our next meeting will not part so easily." The fatal rencounter took place; both gentlemen fought with the most determined courage, and both fell with many wounds, and died on the field of battle.

Sometimes the rage and passion of the gallants of the day did not take the fairest, but the shortest, road to revenge; and the courtiers of James I., men of honourable birth and title, were, in some instances, known to attack an enemy by surprise, without regard to the previous appointment of a place of meeting, or any regulation as to the number of the combatants. Nay, it seems as if, on occasions of special provocation, the English did not disdain to use the swords of hired assassins in aid of their revenge, and all punctilios of equality of arms or numbers were set aside as idle ceremonies.

Sir John Ayres, a man of rank and fortune, entertained jealousy of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, celebrated as a soldier and philosopher, from having discovered that his wife, Lady Ayres, wore around her neck the picture of that high-spirited

and accomplished nobleman. Incensed by the suspicions thus excited, Sir John watched Lord Herbert, and, meeting him on his return from court, attended by only two servants, he attacked him furiously, backed by four of his followers with drawn weapons, and accompanied by many others, who, though they did not directly unsheath their swords, yet served to lend countenance to the assault. Lord Herbert was thrown down under his horse; his sword, with which he endeavoured to defend himself, was broken in his hand; and the weight of the horse prevented him from rising. One of his lacqueys ran away on seeing his master attacked by such odds; the other stood by him, and released his foot, which was entangled in the stirrup. At this moment Sir John Ayres was standing over him, and in the act of attempting to plunge his sword into his body; but Lord Herbert, catching him by the legs, brought him also to the ground; and, although the young lord had but a fragment of his sword remaining, he struck his unmanly antagonist on the stomach with such force as deprived him of the power to prosecute his bloody purpose; and some of Lord Herbert's friends coming up, the assassin thought it prudent to withdraw, vomiting blood in consequence of the blow he had received.

This scuffle lasted for some time in the streets of London, without any person feeling himself called upon to interfere in behalf of the weaker party; and Sir John Ayres seems to have entertained no shame for the enterprise, but only regret that it had not succeeded. Lord Herbert sent him a challenge as soon as his wounds were in the way of being cured; and the gentleman who bore it, placed the letter on the point of his sword, and in that manner delivered it publicly to the person whom he addressed. Sir John Ayres replied, that the injury he had received from Lord Herbert was of such a nature, that he would not consent to any terms of fair play, but would shoot him from a window with a musket, if he could find an opportunity. Lord Herbert protests, in his Memoirs, that there was no cause given on his part for the jealousy which drove Sir John Ayres to such desperate measures of revenge.

A still more noted case of cruel vengeance, and which served to embitter the general hatred against the Scots, was a crime committed by Lord Sanquhar, a nobleman of that country, the representative of the ancient family of Creichton. This

young lord, in fencing with a man called Turner, a teacher of the science of defence, had the misfortune to be deprived of an eye by the accidental thrust of a foil. The mishap was doubtless both distressing and provoking; but there was no room to blame Turner, by whom no injury had been intended, and who greatly regretted the accident. One or two years after this, Lord Sanquhar being at the court of France, Henry IV., then King, asked him how he had lost his eye. Lord Sanquhar, not wishing to dwell on the subject, answered in general terms, that it was by the thrust of a sword. "Does the man who did the injury still live?" asked the King; and the unhappy question impressed it indelibly upon the heart of the infatuated Lord Sanquhar that his honour required the death of the poor fencing-master. Accordingly, he despatched his page, and another of his followers, who pistolled Turner in his own school. The murderers were taken, and acknowledged they had been employed to do the deed by their lord, whose commands, they said, they had been bred up to hold as indisputable warrants for the execution of whatever he might enjoin. All the culprits being brought to trial and condemned, much interest was made for Lord Sanquhar, who was a young man, it is said, of eminent parts. But to have pardoned him would have argued too gross a partiality in James towards his countrymen and original subjects. He was hanged, therefore, along with his two associates; which Lord Bacon termed the most exemplary piece of justice in any king's reign.

To sum up the account of these acts of violence, they gave occasion to a severe law, called the statute of stabbing. Hitherto, in the mild spirit of English jurisprudence, the crime of a person slaying another without premeditation only amounted to the lesser denomination of murder which the law calls manslaughter, and which had been only punishable by fine and imprisonment. But, to check the use of short swords and poniards, weapons easily concealed, and capable of being suddenly produced, it was provided, that if any one, though without forethought or premeditation, with sword or dagger, attacked and wounded another whose weapon was not drawn, of which wound the party should die within six months after receiving it, the crime should not be accounted homicide, but rise into the higher class of murder, and be as such punished with death accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Attempt of James to reduce the Institutions of Scotland to a state of Uniformity with those of England—Introduction of Episcopacy into the Scottish Church—Five Articles of Perth—Dissatisfaction of the People

SOVEREIGN OF FRANCE.—Louis XIII.

1612—1618

WHILE the quarrels of the English and Scottish nobility disturbed the comfort of James the First's reign, it must be admitted that the monarch applied himself with some diligence to cement as much as possible the union of the two kingdoms, and to impart to each such advantages as they might be found capable of borrowing from the other. The love of power, natural to him as a sovereign, combined with a sincere wish for what would be most advantageous to both countries—for James, when not carried off by his love of idle pleasures, and the influence of unworthy favourites, possessed the power of seeing, and the disposition to advance, the interests of his subjects—alike induced him to accelerate, by every means, the uniting the two separate portions of Britain into one solid and inseparable state, for which nature designed the inhabitants of the same island. He was not negligent in adopting measures to attain so desirable an object, though circumstances deferred the accomplishment of his wishes till the lapse of a century. To explain the nature of his attempt, and the causes of its failure, we must consider the respective condition of England and Scotland as regarded their political institutions.

The long and bloody wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, who, for more than thirty years, contended for the throne of England, had, by slaughter in numerous battles, by repeated proscriptions, public executions, and forfeitures, reduced to a comparatively inconsiderable number, and to a much greater state of disability and weakness, the nobility and great gentry of the kingdom, by whom the crown had been alternately bestowed on one or other of the contending parties. Henry the Seventh, a wise and subtle prince, had, by his success in

the decisive battle of Bosworth, attained a secure seat upon the English throne. He availed himself of the weak state of the peers and barons, and the rising power of the cities and boroughs, to undermine and destroy the influence which the feudal system had formerly given to the aristocracy over their vassals; and they submitted to this diminution of their authority, as men who felt that the stormy independence possessed by their ancestors had cost them very dear, and that it was better to live at ease under the King, as a common head of the state, than to possess, each on his own domains, the ruinous power of petty sovereigns, making war upon, and ruining others, and incurring destruction themselves. They therefore relinquished, without much open discontent, most of their oppressive rights of sovereignty over their vassals, and were satisfied to be honoured and respected masters of their own lands, without retaining the power of princes over those who cultivated them. They exacted rents from their tenants instead of service in battle, and attendance in peace, and became peaceful and wealthy, instead of being great and turbulent.

As the nobles sunk in political consideration, the citizens of the towns and seaports, and the smaller gentry and cultivators of the soil, increased in importance as well as in prosperity and happiness. These commoners felt, indeed, and sometimes murmured against, the ascendance acquired by the King, but were conscious, at the same time, that it was the power of the crown which had relieved them from the far more vexatious and frequent exactions of their late feudal lords; and as the burden fell equally on all, they were better contented to live under the sway of one king, who imposed the national burdens on the people at large, than under that of a number of proud lords. Henry VII. availed himself of these favourable dispositions, to raise large taxes, which he partly hoarded up for occasions of emergency, and partly expended on levying bands of soldiers, both foreign and domestic, by whom he carried on such wars as he engaged in, without finding any necessity to call out the feudal array of the kingdom. In this manner he avoided rendering himself dependent on his nobles.

Henry VIII. was a prince of a very different temper, and yet his reign contributed greatly to extend and confirm the power of the English crown. He expended, indeed, lavishly, the treasures of his father; but he replenished them, in a

great measure, by the spoils of the Roman Catholic Church, and he confirmed the usurpation of arbitrary authority, by the vigour with which he wielded it. The tyranny which he exercised in his family and court, was unfelt by the citizens and common people, with whom he continued to be rather popular from his splendour, than dreaded for his violence. His power wrested from them, in the shape of compulsory loans and benevolences, large sums of money which he was not entitled to by the grant of Parliament; but though he could not directly compel them to pay such exactions, yet he could exert, as in the case of Alderman Read,[1] the power of sending the refusing party to undergo the dangers and hardships of foreign service, which most wealthy citizens thought still harder than the alternative of paying a sum of money.

The reign of the English Queen Mary was short and inglorious, but she pursued the arbitrary steps of her father, and in no degree relaxed the power which the crown had acquired since the accession of Henry VII. That of Elizabeth tended considerably to increase it. The success of the wise measures which she adopted for maintaining the Protestant religion, and making the power of England respected by foreign states, flattered the vanity, and conciliated the affection, of her subjects. The wisdom and economy with which she distributed the treasures of the state, added to the general disposition of her subjects to place them at her command; and the arbitrary authority which her grandfather acquired by subtlety, which her father maintained by violence, and which her sister preserved by bigotry, was readily conceded to Elizabeth by the love and esteem of her people. It was, moreover, to be considered, that, like the rest of the Tudor family, the Queen nourished high ideas of royal prerogative; and, when thwarted in her wishes by any opposition, not unfrequently called to lively recollection, both by expression and action, whose daughter she was.

In a word, the almost absolute authority of the House of Tudor may be understood from the single circumstance, that although religion is the point on which men do, and ought to think their individual feelings and sentiments especially at liberty, yet, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign, the Church of England was disjoined from that of Rome by Henry the

[1] See *ante*, p. 275.

Eighth, was restored to the Roman Catholic faith by Queen Mary, and again declared Protestant by Elizabeth; and on each occasion the change was effected without any commotion or resistance, beyond such temporary tumults as were soon put down by the power of the crown.

Thus, on succeeding to the English throne, James found himself at the head of a nobility who had lost both the habit and power of contesting the pleasure of the sovereign, and of a wealthy body of commons, who, satisfied with being liberated from the power of the aristocracy, were little disposed to resist the exactions of the crown.

His ancient kingdom of Scotland was quite differently situated. The feudal nobility had retained their territorial jurisdictions, and their signorial privileges, in as full extent as their ancestors had possessed them, and therefore had at once the power and the inclination to resist the arbitrary will of the sovereign, as James himself had felt on more occasions than one. Thus, though the body of the Scottish people had not the same protection from just and equal laws, as was the happy lot of the inhabitants of England, and were much less wealthy and independent, yet the spirit of the constitution possessed all the freedom which was inherent in the ancient feudal institutions, and it was impossible for the monarch of Scotland so to influence the parliament of the country, as to accomplish any considerable encroachment on the privileges of the nation.

It was therefore obvious, that besides the numerous reasons of a public nature for uniting South and North Britain under a similar system of government, James saw a strong personal interest for reducing the turbulent nobles and people of Scotland to the same submissive and quiet state in which he found England, but in which it was not his good fortune to leave it. With this view he proposed, that the Legislature of each nation should appoint Commissioners, to consider of the terms on which it might be possible to unite both under the same constitution. With some difficulty on both sides, the Parliament of England was prevailed on to name forty-four Commissioners, while the Scottish Parliament appointed thirty-six, to consider this important subject.

The very first conferences showed how impossible it was to accomplish the desired object, until time should have removed or softened those prejudices, which had existed during the long

state of separation and hostility betwixt the two nations. The English Commissioners demanded, as a preliminary stipulation, that the whole system of English law should be at once extended to Scotland. The Scots rejected the proposal with disdain, justly alleging, that nothing less than absolute conquest by force of arms could authorise the subjection of an independent nation to the customs and laws of a foreign country. The treaty, therefore, was in a great degree shipwrecked at the very commencement—the proposal for the union was suffered to fall asleep, and the King only reaped from his attempt the disadvantage of having excited the suspicions and fears of the Scottish lawyers, who had been threatened with the total destruction of their national system of Jurisprudence. This impression was the deeper, as the profession of the law, which must be influential in every government, was particularly so in Scotland, it being chiefly practised in that kingdom by the sons of the higher class of gentry.

Though in a great measure disappointed in his efforts for effecting a general union and correspondence of laws between the two nations, James remained extremely desirous to obtain at least an ecclesiastical conformity of opinion, by bringing the form and constitution of the Scottish Church as near as possible to that of England. What he attempted and accomplished in this respect, constitutes an important part of the history of his reign, and gave occasion to some of the most remarkable and calamitous events in that of his successor.

I must remind you, my dear child, that the Reformation was effected by very different agency in England, from that which produced a similar change in Scotland. The new plans of Church government adopted in the two nations did not in the least resemble each other, although the doctrines which they teach are so nearly alike, that little distinction can be traced, save what is of a very subtle and metaphysical character. But the outward forms of the two churches are totally different.

You must remember that the Reformation of the Church of England was originally brought about by Henry VIII., whose principal object was to destroy the dependence of the clergy upon the Pope, and transfer to himself, whom he declared Head of the Church in his own regal right, all the authority and influence which had formerly been enjoyed by the Papal See. When, therefore, Henry had destroyed the monastic

establishments, and confiscated their possessions, and had reformed such doctrines of the Church as he judged to require amendment, it became his object to preserve the general constitution and hierarchy, that is the gradation of superior and inferior clergy, by whom her functions were administered. The chief difference therefore was, that the patronage exercised by the Pope was, in a great measure, transferred to the crown, and distributed by the hands of the King himself, to whom, therefore, the inferior clergy must naturally be attached by hope of preferment, and the superior orders by gratitude for past favours, and the expectation of further advancement. The order of bishops, in particular, raised to that rank by the crown, and enjoying seats in the House of Lords, must be supposed, on most occasions, willing to espouse the cause, and forward the views of the King, in such debates as might occur in that assembly.

The Reformation in Scotland had taken place by a sudden popular impulse, and the form of Church government adopted by Knox, and the other preachers under whose influence it had been accomplished, was studiously rendered as different as possible from the Roman hierarchy. The Presbyterian system, as I said in a former chapter, was upon the model of the purest republican simplicity; the brethren who served the altar claimed and allowed of no superiority of ranks, and of no influence but what individuals might attach to themselves by superior worth or superior talent. The representatives who formed their church courts, were selected by plurality of votes, and no other Head of the Church, visible or invisible, was acknowledged, save the blessed Founder of the Christian Religion, in whose name the Church courts of Scotland were and still are convoked and dismissed.

Over a body so constituted, the King could have little influence or power; nor did James acquire any by his personal conduct. It was, indeed, partly by the influence of the clergy that he had been in infancy placed upon the throne; but, as their conduct in this was regarded by James, in his secret soul, as an act of rebellion against his mother's authority, he gave the Kirk of Scotland little thanks for what they had done. It must be owned the preachers made no attempt to conciliate his favour; for, although they had no legal call to speak their sentiments upon public and political affairs, they yet entered into them without ceremony, whenever they could show that

the interest of the Church gave a specious apology for interference. The Scottish pulpits rang with invectives against the King's ministers, and sometimes against the King himself; and the more hot-headed among the clergy were disposed not only to thwart James's inclinations, and put the worst construction upon his intentions, but even publicly to insult him in their sermons, and favour the insurrections attempted by Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, and others, against his authority. They often entertained him with violent invectives against his mother's memory; and, it is said, that on one occasion, when the King, losing patience, commanded one of these zealots either to speak sense or come down from the pulpit, the preacher replied to this request, which one would have thought a very reasonable one, "I tell thee, man, I will neither speak sense nor come down."

James did not see that these acts of petulance and contumacy arose, in a great measure, from the suspicions which the Scottish clergy justly entertained of his desiring to innovate upon the Presbyterian model; and hastily concluded that their refractory conduct, which was the result of mutual jealousies, was essential to the character of the peculiar form of Church government, and that the spirit of Presbytery was in itself inimical to a monarchical establishment.

As soon, therefore, as the King obtained the high increase of power which arose from his accession to the English throne, he set himself gradually to new-model the Scottish Church, so as to bring it nearer to that of England, and to obtain for the crown some preponderating influence in its councils. But the suspicions of the Presbyterian clergy were constantly alive to their sovereign's intentions. It was in vain he endeavoured to avail himself of the institution of an order of men called Superintendents, to whom the Book of Discipline, drawn up by Knox himself, had assigned a sort of presidency in certain cases, with power of inspecting the merits of the clergy. By re-establishing superior offices among the clergy, James endeavoured to introduce a sort of permanent presidents into the several presbyteries. But the ministers clearly saw his ultimate object. "Busk (dress), busk him as bonnily as you can," cried Mr. John Davidson, "bring him in as fairly as you will, we see the horns of his mitre weel enough;" and the horns of the mitre were, to their apprehension, as odious as the horns

of the Pope's tiara, or those of Satan himself. At last the King ventured on a decisive stroke. He named thirteen bishops, and obtained the consent of Parliament for restoring them to the small remains of their dilapidated bishoprics. The other bishoprics, seventeen in number, were converted into temporal lordships.

It cannot be denied that the leaders of the Presbyterian clergy showed the utmost skill and courage in the defence of the immunities of their Church. They were endeared to the people by the purity of their lives, by the depth of learning possessed by some, and the powerful talents exhibited by others; above all, perhaps, by the willingness with which they submitted to deprivation of office, accompanied by poverty, penalties, and banishment, rather than betray the cause which they considered as sacred. The King had in 1605 openly asserted his right to call and to dissolve the General Assemblies of the Church. Several of the clergy, however, in contempt of the monarch, summoned and attended a General Assembly at Aberdeen independent of his authority. This opportunity was taken to chastise the refractory clergymen. Five of their number were punished with banishment. In 1606 the two celebrated preachers named Melville were summoned before the Council, and upbraided by the King with their resistance to his will. They defended themselves with courage, and claimed the right of being tried by the laws of Scotland, a free kingdom, having laws and privileges of its own. But the elder Melville furnished a handle against them by his own imprudence.

In a debate before the Privy Council, concerning a Latin copy of verses, which Andrew Melville had written in derision of the ceremonies of the Church of England, the old man gave way to indecent violence, seized the Archbishop of Canterbury by the lawn sleeves, which he shook, calling them Romish rags, and charged the prelate as a breaker of the Sabbath, the maintainer of an anti-Christian hierarchy, the persecutor of true preachers, the enemy of reformed churches, and proclaimed himself his mortal enemy to the last drop of his blood. This indiscretion and violence afforded a pretext for committing the hot old Presbyterian divine to the Tower; and he was afterwards exiled, and died at Sedan. The younger Melville was confined to Berwick, several other clergymen were banished

from their parishes to remote parts, and the Kirk of Scotland was for the time reduced to reluctant submission to the King's will. Thus the order of bishops was once more introduced into the Scottish Church.

James's projects of innovation were not entirely accomplished by the introduction of prelacy. The Church of England, at the Reformation, had retained some particular rites in observance, which had decency at least to recommend them, but which the headlong opposition of the Presbyterians to everything approaching to the Popish ritual induced them to reject with horror. Five of these were introduced into Scotland, by an enactment passed by a parliament held at Perth [1618], and thence distinguished as the Five Articles of Perth. In modern times, when the mere ceremonial part of divine worship is supposed to be of little consequence, compared with the temper and spirit in which we approach the Deity, the Five Articles of Perth seem to involve matters which might be dispensed or complied with, without being considered as essential to salvation. They were as follows:—I. It was ordained that the communion should be received in a kneeling posture, and not sitting, as hitherto practised in the Scottish churches. II. That, in extreme cases, the communion might be administered in private. III. That baptism also might, when necessary, be administered in private. IV. That youth, as they grew up, should be confirmed, as it is termed, by the bishop; being a kind of personal avowal of the engagements entered into by godfathers and godmothers at the time of baptism. V. That four days, distinguished by events of the utmost importance to the Christian religion, should be observed as holidays. These were—Christmas, on which day our Saviour was born; Good Friday, when he suffered death; Easter, when he arose from the dead; and Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended on the apostles.

But, notwithstanding the moderate character of these innovations, the utmost difficulty was found in persuading even those of the Scottish clergy who were most favourable to the King to receive them into the Church, and they only did so on the assurance that they should not be required to adopt any additional changes. The main body of the churchmen, though terrified into sullen acquiescence, were unanimous in opinion that the new regulations indicated a manifest return towards

Popery. The common people held the same opinion; and a thunderstorm of unusual violence, which took place at the time the Parliament was sitting in debate upon the adoption of these obnoxious articles, was considered as a declaration of the wrath of Heaven against those who were again introducing the rites and festivals of the Roman Church into the pure and reformed Kirk of Scotland. In short, this attempt to infuse into the Presbyterian model something of the principles of a moderate prelacy, and to bring it, in a few particulars, into conformity with that of the sister kingdom, was generally unacceptable to the Church and to the nation; and it will be hereafter shown, that an endeavour to extend and heighten the edifice which his father had commenced, led the way to those acts of violence which cost Charles I. his throne and life.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Disorderly State of the Borders—Battle of Dryfe Sands—Severe Prosecution of Offenders—The Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed

We are next to examine the effect which James's accession to the throne of England had upon those lawless parts of his kingdom, the Borders and the Highlands, as well as on the more civilised provinces of Scotland—of which I shall take notice in their order.

The consequences of the union of the crowns were more immediately felt on the Borders, which, from being the extremity of both countries, were now converted into the centre of the kingdom. But it was not easy to see how the restless and violent inhabitants, who had been for so many centuries accustomed to a lawless and military life, were to conduct themselves, when the general peace around left them no enemies either to fight with or plunder.

These Borderers were, as I have elsewhere told you, divided into families, or clans, who followed a leader supposed to be descended from the original father of the tribe. They lived in a great measure by the rapine which they exercised indiscriminately on the English, or their own countrymen, the inhabitants of the more inland districts, or by the protection money which they exacted for leaving them undisturbed. This kind

of plundering was esteemed by them in the highest degree honourable and praiseworthy; and the following, as well as many other curious stories, is an example of this :—

A young gentleman,[1] of a distinguished family belonging to one of these Border tribes, or clans, made, either from the desire of plunder, or from revenge, a raid, or incursion, upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of James VI. The Laird of Elibank, having got his people under arms, engaged the invaders, and, encountering them when they were encumbered with spoil, defeated them, and made the leader of the band prisoner. He was brought to the castle of his conqueror, when the lady inquired of her victorious husband, "What he intended to do with his captive?"—"I design," said the fierce baron, "to hang him instantly, dame, as a man taken red-hand in the act of robbery and violence."—"That is not like your wisdom, Sir Gideon," answered his more considerate lady. "If you put to death this young gentleman, you will enter into deadly feud with his numerous and powerful clan. You must therefore do a wiser thing, and, instead of hanging him, we will cause him to marry our youngest daughter, Meg with the meikle mouth, without any tocher" (that is, without any portion). The laird joyfully consented; for this Meg with the large mouth was so ugly, that there was very little chance of her getting a husband in any other circumstances; and, in fact, when the alternative of such a marriage, or death by the gallows, was proposed to the poor prisoner, he was for some time disposed to choose the latter; nor was it without difficulty that he could be persuaded to save his life at the expense of marrying Meg Murray. He did so at last, however; and it is said, that Meg, thus forced upon him, made an excellent and affectionate wife; but the unusual size of mouth was supposed to remain discernible in their descendants for several generations.[2] I mention this anecdote, because it oc-

[1] "William (afterwards Sir William) Scott, eldest son of Walter Scott of Harden, and of his lady, the celebrated Mary Scott, 'the Flower of Yarrow,' of whose way of living it is mentioned that when the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal."—Note, *Border Minstrelsy*, New Edit. vol. i. p. 211.

[2] The union contracted under such singular circumstances gave birth

curred during James the Sixth's reign, and shows, in a striking manner, how little the Borderers had improved in their sense of morality, or distinctions between right and wrong.

A more important, but not more characteristic event, which happened not long afterwards, shows, in its progress, the utter lawlessness and contempt of legal authority which prevailed on the Borders in the commencement of this reign, and, in its conclusion, the increased power of the monarch after the Union of the Crowns.

There had been long and deadly feud, on the West Borders, betwixt the two great families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The former house was the most wealthy and powerful family in Dumfriesshire and its vicinity, and had great influence among the families inhabiting the more level part of that county. Their chieftain had the title of Lord Maxwell, and claimed that of Earl of Morton. The Johnstones, on the other hand, were neither equal to the Maxwells in numbers nor in power; but they were a race of uncommon hardihood, much attached to each other and their chieftain, and who, residing in the strong and mountainous district of Annandale, used to sally from thence as from a fortress, and return to its fastnesses after having accomplished their inroads. They were, therefore, able to maintain their ground against the Maxwells, though more numerous than themselves.

So well was this known to be the case, that when, in 1585, the Lord Maxwell was declared to be a rebel, a commission was given to the Laird of Johnstone to pursue and apprehend him. In this, however, Johnstone was unsuccessful. Two bands of hired soldiers, whom the Government had sent to his assistance, were destroyed by the Maxwells; and Lochwood, the chief house of the laird, was taken and wantonly burnt, in order, as the Maxwells expressed it, that Lady Johnstone might have light to put on her hood. Johnstone himself was subsequently defeated and made prisoner. Being a man of a proud and haughty temper, he is said to have died of grief at the disgrace

to 1. Sir William Scott the second, who carried on the line of the family of Harden.—2. Sir Gideon Scott of High Chester, whose son was created Earl of Tarras on his marriage with Agnes, Countess of Buccleuch, but having no issue, the honours and estate of Buccleuch devolved upon her younger sister Anne, married to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.—3. Walter Scott of Raeburn, progenitor of our author.—4. John, of whom are descended the Scotts of Wool.

which he incurred; and thus there commenced a long series of mutual injuries between the hostile clans.

Shortly after this catastrophe, Maxwell, being restored to the King's favour, was once more placed in the situation of Warden of the West Borders; and an alliance was made betwixt him and Sir James Johnstone, in which they and their two clans agreed to stand by each other against all the world. This agreement being entered into, the clan of Johnstone concluded they had little to apprehend from the justice of the new Lord Warden, so long as they did not plunder any of the name of Maxwell. They accordingly descended into the valley of the Nith, and committed great spoil on the lands belonging to Douglas of Drumlanrig, Creichton Lord Sanquhar, Grierson of Lagg, and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, all of them independent barons of high birth and great power. The injured parties pursued the depredators with forces hastily assembled, but were defeated with slaughter in their attempt to recover the prey. The despoiled and injured barons next carried their complaints to Maxwell the warden, who alleged his late alliance with Johnstone as a reason why he could not yield them the redress which his office entitled them to expect at his hands. But when, to make up for such risk as he might incur by renewing his enmity with the Johnstones, the barons of Nithsdale offered to bind themselves by a bond of manrent, as it was called, to become the favourers and followers of Lord Maxwell in all his quarrels, excepting against the King, the temptation became too strong to be overcome, and the ambitious warden resolved to sacrifice his newly formed friendship with Johnstone to the desire of extending his authority over so powerful a confederacy.

The secret of this association did not long remain concealed from Johnstone, who saw that his own destruction and the ruin of his clan were the objects aimed at, and hastened to apply to his neighbours in the east and south for assistance. Buccleuch, the relative of Johnstone, and by far his most powerful ally, was then in foreign parts. But the Laird of Elibank, mentioned in the last story, bore the banner of Buccleuch in person, and assembled five hundred men of the clan of Scott, whom our historians term the greatest robbers and fiercest fighters among the Border clans. The Elliots of Liddesdale also assisted Johnstone; and his neighbours on the southern parts, the Grahams of the Debateable Land, from hopes of

plunder and ancient enmity to the Maxwells, sent also a considerable number of spears.

Thus prepared for war, Johnstone took the field with activity, while Maxwell, on the other part, hastily assembling his own forces, and those of his new followers, the Nithsdale barons, Drumlanrig, Lagg, Closeburn, the Creichtons, and others, invaded Annandale with the royal banner displayed, and a force of upwards of two thousand men. Johnstone, unequal in numbers, stood on the defensive, and kept possession of the woods and strong ground; waiting an opportunity of fighting to advantage; while Maxwell, in contempt of him, formed the siege of the castle or tower of Lockerby, the fortress of a Johnstone, who was then in arms with his chief. His wife, a woman of a masculine disposition, the sister or daughter of the laird who had died in Maxwell's prison, defended his place of residence. While Maxwell endeavoured to storm the castle, and while it was bravely defended by its female captain, the chief received information that the Laird of Johnstone was advancing to its relief. He drew off from the siege, marched towards his feudal enemy, and caused it to be published through his little army that he would give a "ten-pound land," that is, land rated in the cess-books at that yearly amount, "to any one who would bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone." When this was reported to Johnstone, he said he had no ten-pound lands to offer, but that he would bestow a five-merk land upon the man who should bring him the head or hand of Lord Maxwell.

The conflict took place close by the river Dryfe near Lochmaben, and is called the Battle of Dryfe Sands. It was managed by Johnstone with considerable military skill. He showed at first only a handful of horsemen, who made a hasty attack upon Maxwell's army, and then retired in a manner which induced the enemy to consider them as defeated, and led them to pursue in disorder with loud acclamations of victory. The Maxwells and their confederates were thus exposed to a sudden and desperate charge from the main body of the Johnstones and their allies, who fell upon them while their ranks were broken, and compelled them to take to flight. The Maxwells and the confederated barons suffered grievously in the retreat -many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby, and cut down or slashed in the face by the pur-

7th Dec. 1593.

suers; a kind of blow which to this day is called in that country a "Lockerby lick."

Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict; and, as he named his name and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy, was cut from his body. Thus far history; but family tradition adds the following circumstance: The Lady of Lockerby, who was besieged in her tower as already mentioned, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the Laird of Johnstone, and as soon as the enemy withdrew from the blockade of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in the defence. After this she heard the tumult of battle, but as she could not from the tower see the place where it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense, until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westerly direction, she could endure the uncertainty no longer, but sallied out from the tower, with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. As a measure of precaution, she locked the strong oaken door and the iron grate with which a Border fortress was commonly secured, and knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her, hanging on her arm.

When the Lady of Lockerby entered on the field of battle, she found all the relics of a bloody fight; the little valley was covered with slain men and horses, and broken armour, besides many wounded, who were incapable of further effort for saving themselves. Amongst others, she saw lying beneath a thorn-tree a tall, gray-haired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bareheaded, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of deadly feud in that time and country closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her the only enemy of her clan, and the cause of her father's captivity and death; and raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the Lady of Lockerby is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.

The battle of Dryfe Sands was remarkable as the last great clan battle fought on the Borders, and it led to the renewal of the strife betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror

to civil war. The last distinguished act of the tragedy took place thus :—

The son of the slain Lord Maxwell invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, to which each chieftain engaged to bring one friend only. They met at a place called Auchmanhill, on the 6th August 1608, when the attendant of Lord Maxwell, after falling into bitter and reproachful language with Johnstone of Gunmanlie, who was in attendance on his chief, at length fired his pistol. Sir James Johnstone turning round to see what had happened, Lord Maxwell treacherously shot him through the back with a pistol charged with a brace of poisoned bullets. While the gallant old knight lay dying on the ground, Maxwell rode round him with the view of completing his crime, but Johnstone defended himself with his sword till strength and life failed him.

This final catastrophe of such a succession of bloody acts of revenge took place several years after the union of the crowns, and the consequences, so different from those which ensued on former occasions, show how effectually the King's authority, and the power of enforcing the course of equal justice, had increased in consequence of that desirable event. You may observe, from the incidents mentioned, that in 1585, when Lord Maxwell assaulted and made prisoner the Laird of Johnstone, then the King's warden, and acting in his name, and committed him to the captivity in which he died, James was totally unequal to the task of vindicating his royal authority, and saw himself compelled to receive Maxwell into favour and trust, as if he had done nothing contrary to the laws. Nor was the royal authority more effectual in 1593, when Maxwell, acting as royal warden, and having the King's banner displayed, was in his turn defeated and slain, in so melancholy and cruel a manner, at Dryfe Sands. On the contrary, Sir James Johnstone was not only pardoned, but restored to favour and trust by the King. But there was a striking difference in the consequences of the murder which took place at Auchmanhill in 1608. Lord Maxwell, finding no refuge in the Border country, was obliged to escape to France, where he resided for two or three years; but afterwards venturing to return to Scotland, he was apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. James, desirous on this occasion to strike terror, by a salutary warning, into the factious nobility and

disorderly Borderers, caused the criminal to be publicly beheaded on 21st May 1613.[1]

Many instances might be added to show that the course of justice on the Border began, after the accession of James to the English throne, to flow with a less interrupted stream, even where men of rank and power were concerned.

The inferior class of freebooters was treated with much less ceremony. Proclamations were made, that none of the inhabitants of either side of the Border (except noblemen and gentlemen of unsuspected character) should retain in their possession armour or weapons, offensive or defensive, or keep any horse above the value of fifty shillings. Particular clans, described as broken men, were especially forbid the use of weapons. The celebrated clan of Armstrong had, on the very night in which Queen Elizabeth's death became public, concluding that a time of such misrule as that in which they had hitherto made their harvest was again approaching, and desirous of losing no time, made a fierce incursion into England, extending their ravages as far as Penrith, and done much mischief. But such a consequence had been foreseen and provided against. A strong body of soldiers, both English and Scots, swept along the Border, and severely punished the marauders, blowing up their fortresses with gunpowder, destroying their lands, and driving away their cattle and flocks. Several of the principal leaders were taken and executed at Carlisle. The Armstrongs appear never to have recovered their consequence after this severe chastisement; nor are there many of this celebrated clan now to be found among the landholders of Liddesdale, where they once possessed the whole district.

The Grahams, long the inhabitants of the Debateable Land which was claimed both by England and Scotland, were still more severely dealt with. They were very brave and active Borderers attached to England, for which country, and particularly in Edward VI.'s time, they had often done good service. But they were also very lawless plunderers, and their incursions

[1] "Thus was finally ended by a salutary example of severity, the 'foul debate' betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains; one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner."—*See Notes to the ballads of "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," and "The Lads of Wamphray," in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," New Edition.*

were as much dreaded by the inhabitants of Cumberland as by those of the Scottish frontier. Thus their conduct was equally the subject of complaint on both sides of the Border; and the poor Grahams, seeing no alternative, were compelled to sign a petition to the King, confessing themselves to be unfit persons to dwell in the country which they now inhabited, and praying that he would provide the means of transporting them elsewhere, where his paternal goodness should assign them the means of subsistence. The whole clan, a very few individuals excepted, were thus deprived of their lands and residences, and transported to the county of Ulster, in Ireland, where they were settled on lands which had been acquired from the conquered Irish. There is a list in existence which shows the rate at which the county of Cumberland was taxed for the exportation of these poor Borderers, as if they had been so many bullocks.

Another efficient mode of getting rid of a warlike and disorderly population, who, though an admirable defence of a country in time of war, must have been great scourges in time of the profound peace to which the Border districts were consigned after the close of the English wars, was the levying a large body of soldiers to serve in foreign countries. The love of military adventure had already carried one legion of Scots to serve the Dutch in their defence against the Spaniards, and they had done great service in the Low Countries, and particularly at the battle of Mechline, in 1578; where, impatient of the heat of the weather, to the astonishment of both friends and enemies, the Scottish auxiliaries flung off their upper garments, and fought like furies in their shirts. The circumstance is pointed out in the plan of the battle, which is to be found in Strada's history, with the explanation, "Here the Scots fought naked."

Buccleuch levied a large additional force from the Border, whose occupation in their native country was gone for ever. These also distinguished themselves in the wars of the Low Countries. It may be supposed that very many of them perished in the field, and the descendants of others still survive in the Netherlands and in Germany.

In addition to the relief afforded by such an outlet for a superfluous military population, whose numbers greatly exceeded what the land could have supplied with food, and who,

in fact, had only lived upon plunder, bonds were entered into by the men of substance and family on the Borders, not only obliging themselves to abstain from depredations, but to stand by each other in putting down and preventing such evil doings at the hand of others, and in making common cause against any clan, branch, or surname, who might take offence at any individual for acting in prosecution of this engagement. They engaged also to the King and to each other, not only to seize and deliver to justice such thieves as should take refuge in their grounds, but to discharge from their families or estates all persons, domestics, tenants, or others, who could be suspected of such offences, and to supply their place with honest and peaceable subjects. I am possessed of such a bond, dated in the year 1612, and subscribed by about twenty landholders, chiefly of the name of Scott.

Finally, an unusually severe and keen prosecution of all who were convicted, accused, or even suspected, of offence against the peace of the Border, was set on foot by George Home, Earl of Dunbar, James's able but not very scrupulous minister; and these judicial measures were conducted so severely as to give rise to the proverb of Jeddart (or Jedburgh) justice, by which it is said a criminal was hanged first and tried afterwards; the truth of which is affirmed by historians as a well-known fact, occurring in numerous instances.

Cruel as these measures were, they tended to remedy a disease which seemed almost desperate. Rent, the very name of which had till that period scarcely been heard on the Border, began to be paid for property, and the proprietors of land turned their thoughts to rural industry, instead of the arts of predatory warfare. But it was more than a century ere the country, so long a harassed and disputed frontier, gained the undisturbed appearance of a civilised land.

Before leaving the subject of the Borders, I ought to explain to you, that as the possession of the strong and important town of Berwick had been long and fiercely disputed between England and Scotland, and as the latter country had never surrendered or abandoned her claim to the place, though it had so long remained an English possession, James, to avoid giving offence to either nation, left the question undecided, and since the union of the Crowns the city is never spoken of as part of England or Scotland, but as the King's Good Town of Berwick-

upon-Tweed; and when a law is made for North and South Britain, without special and distinct mention of this ancient town, that law is of no force or avail within its precincts.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Wild State of the Western Islands

The Highlands and Western Islands were in no respect so much affected by the union of the Crowns as the inhabitants of the Borders. The accession of James to the English throne was of little consequence to them, unless in so far as it rendered the King more powerful, and gave him the means of occasionally sending bodies of troops into their fortresses to compel them to order; and this was a measure of unusual rigour, which was but seldom resorted to.

The Highland tribes, therefore, remained in the same state as before, using the same dress, wielding the same arms, divided into the same clans, each governed by its own patriarch, and living in all respects as their ancestors had lived for many centuries before them. Or if there were some marks of softened manners among those Gaelic tribes who resided on the mainland, the inhabitants of the Hebrides or Western Isles, adjacent to the coast of Scotland, are described to us as utterly barbarous. A historian of the period says, "That the Highlanders who dwell on the mainland, though sufficiently wild, show some shade of civilisation; but those in the islands are without laws or morals, and totally destitute of religion and humanity." Some stories of their feuds are indeed preserved, which go far to support this general accusation. I will tell you one or two of them.

The principal possessors of the Hebrides were originally of the name of MacDonald, the whole being under the government of a succession of chiefs, who bore the name of Donald of the Isles, as we have already mentioned, and were possessed of authority almost independent of the Kings of Scotland. But this great family becoming divided into two or three branches, other chiefs settled in some of the islands, and disputed the property of the original proprietors. Thus, the MacLeods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made themselves masters, at a very

early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the Isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the MacDonalds, and other tribes of the islands. The following is an example of the mode in which these feuds were conducted.

About the end of the sixteenth century a boat, manned by one or two of the MacLeods, landed in Eigg, a small island, peopled by the MacDonalds. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the MacLeods hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea, and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But fate so ordered it, that a boat belonging to the Laird of MacLeod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the laird's castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the MacDonalds of Eigg. MacLeod, in a great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at MacLeod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the seashore.

This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small that a man cannot enter save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

MacLeod arrived with his armament, and landed on the

island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The MacLeods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover, but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats, to one of the islands possessed by the MacDonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, MacLeod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the gray of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the MacDonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether MacLeod had retired or no. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps on the snow, and prevent its being discovered where he had reentered the cavern. But all the arts he could use were fruitless; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the den.

MacLeod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The MacDonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen.

MacLeod next commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the cavern. This being done, the MacLeods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly turf and quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered MacDonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church.[1]

[1] In the journal of his Voyage to the Hebrides, August 1814, Sir Walter

The MacLeans, in like manner, a bold and hardy race, who, originally followers of the Lords of the Isles, had assumed independence, seized upon great part both of the isle of Mull and the still more valuable island of Islay, and made war on the MacDonalds with various success. There is a story belonging to this clan, which I may tell you, as giving another striking picture of the manners of the Hebrideans.

The chief of the clan, MacLean of Duart, in the isle of Mull, had a son who received the name of Allan-a-Sop, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course illegitimate, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself.

But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him at his castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection, and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred.

The lady one morning, looking from the window, saw her son coming wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle cake upon the fire, that he might have hot bread for breakfast. Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband, entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should disgust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his step-son's hands, which he forcibly closed on the

Scott says, "I brought off, in spite of the prejudices of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded."—*See Note, "Lord of the Isles."*

scalding bread, saying, "Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast." Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his step-father's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk.

At this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the Sea-Kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, then of a small flotilla, with which he sailed round the seas and collected considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years; and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his stepfather, to whom he was now as much an object of fear as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable stepson, with great affectation of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part.

The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and obliterating all recollections of the former affront put on him, that he began to think it possible to employ his stepson in executing his own private revenge upon MacQuarrie of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called the following good advice to his son-in-law: "My dear Allan, you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacQuarrie, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough."

Allan-a-Sop thanked his stepfather for so happy a suggestion,

which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacQuarrie's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news that they were commanded by the redoubted Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, MacQuarrie, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction; the more especially as he recollected having taken some occasional notice of Allan during his early youth, which he now resolved to make the most of. Accordingly, MacQuarrie caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel, which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose which he had been led to meditate.

They feasted together the whole day; and, in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the laird for his hospitality, but remarked, with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. "How can that be," said MacQuarrie, "when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good will?"—"It is true, my friend," replied the pirate, "but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither; which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island, and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient for me, this island of Ulva; but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose: so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer." Whatever MacQuarrie felt at learning he had been so near to destruction, he took care to show no emotion save surprise, and replied to his visitor,—"My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend; for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly stepfather to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who

were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie to the full as conveniently for you as those of Ulva, and that, if you are disposed (as is very natural) to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl, who never showed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honoured you."

Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. "It is very true what you say, MacQuarrie," he replied; "and, besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my stepfather treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the sound." Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and, commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. MacLean hastened to meet him, in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacQuarrie. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he expected. "You hoary old traitor," he said, "you instigated my simple good nature to murder a better man than yourself! But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago, with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for." So saying, he dashed out the old man's brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean.

It is told of another of these western chiefs, who is said, upon the whole, to have been a kind and good-natured man, that he was subjected to repeated risk and injury by the treachery of an ungrateful nephew, who attempted to surprise his castle, in order to put his uncle to death, and obtain for himself the command of the tribe. Being detected on the first occasion, and brought before his uncle as a prisoner, the chief dismissed him unharmed; with a warning, however, not to repeat the offence, since, if he did so, he would cause him to be put to a death so fearful that all Scotland should ring with it. The wicked young man persevered, and renewed his attempts against his uncle's castle and life. Falling a second time into the hands of the offended chieftain, the prisoner had reason to term him as good as his word. He was confined in

the pit, or dungeon of the castle, a deep dark vault, to which there was no access save through a hole in the roof. He was left without food, till his appetite grew voracious; the more so, as he had reason to apprehend that it was intended to starve him to death. But the vengeance of his uncle was of a more refined character. The stone which covered the aperture in the roof was lifted, and a quantity of salt beef let down to the prisoner, who devoured it eagerly. When he had glutted himself with this food, and expected to be supplied with liquor, to quench the raging thirst which the diet had excited, a cup was slowly lowered down, which, when he eagerly grasped it, he found to be empty! Then they rolled the stone on the opening in the vault, and left the captive to perish by thirst, the most dreadful of all deaths.

Many similar stories could be told you of the wild wars of the islanders; but these may suffice at present to give you some idea of the fierceness of their manners, the low value at which they held human life, the cruel manner in which wrongs were revenged, and the unscrupulous violence by which property was acquired.

The Hebrideans seem to have been accounted by King James a race whom it was impossible to subdue, conciliate, or improve by civilisation; and the only remedy which occurred to him was to settle Lowlanders in the islands, and drive away or extirpate the people by whom they were inhabited. For this purpose, the King authorised an association of many gentlemen in the county of Fife, then the wealthiest and most civilised part of Scotland, who undertook to make a settlement in the isles of Lewis and Harris. These undertakers, as they were called, levied money, assembled soldiers, and manned a fleet, with which they landed on the Lewis, and effected a settlement at Stornoway in that country, as they would have done in establishing a colony on the desert shores of a distant continent.

At this time the property of the Lewis was disputed between the sons of Rora MacLeod, the last lord, who had two families by separate wives. The undertakers, finding the natives thus quarrelling among themselves, had little difficulty in building a small town and fortifying it; and their enterprise in the beginning assumed a promising appearance. But the Lord of Kintail, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of MacKenzie, was little disposed to let this fair island fall into the possession

of a company of Lowland adventurers. He had himself some views of obtaining it in the name of Torquil Connaldagh MacLeod, one of the Hebridean claimants, who was closely connected with the family of MacKenzie, and disposed to act as his powerful ally desired. Thus privately encouraged, the islanders united themselves against the undertakers; and, after a war of various fortune, attacked their camp of Stornoway, took it by storm, burnt the fort, slew many of them, and made the rest prisoners. They were not expelled, you may be sure, without bloodshed and massacre. Some of the old persons still alive in the Lewis, talk of a very old woman, living in their youth, who used to say that she had held the light while her countrymen were cutting the throats of the Fife adventurers.

A lady, the wife of one of the principal gentlemen in the expedition, fled from the scene of violence into a wild and pathless desert of rock and morass, called the Forest of Fannig. In this wilderness she became the mother of a child. A Hebridean, who chanced to pass on one of the ponies of the country, saw the mother and infant in the act of perishing with cold, and being struck with the misery of their condition, contrived a strange manner of preserving them. He killed his pony, and opening its belly, and removing the entrails, he put the new-born infant and the helpless mother into the inside of the carcass, to have the advantage of the warmth which this strange and shocking receptacle for some time afforded. In this manner, with or without assistance, he contrived to bear them to some place of security, where the lady remained till she could get back in safety to her own country.

The lady who experienced this remarkable deliverance became afterwards, by a second marriage, the wife of a person of consequence and influence in Edinburgh, a judge, I believe, of the Court of Session. One evening, while she looked out of the window of her house in the Canongate, just as a heavy storm was coming on, she heard a man in the Highland dress say in the Gaelic language, to another with whom he was walking, "This would be a rough night for the Forest of Fannig." The lady's attention was immediately attracted by the name of a place which she had such awful reasons for remembering, and, on looking attentively at the man who spoke, she recognised her preserver. She called him into the house, received him in the most cordial manner, and finding that he

was come from the Western Islands on some law business of great importance to his family, she interested her husband in his favour, by whose influence it was speedily and successfully settled; and the Hebridean, loaded with kindness and presents, returned to his native island, with reason to congratulate himself on the humanity which he had shown in so singular a manner.

After the surprise of their fort, and the massacre of the defenders, the Fife gentlemen tired of their undertaking; and the Lord of Kintail had the whole advantage of the dispute, for he contrived to get possession of the Lewis for himself, and transmitted it to his family, with whom it still remains.

It appears, however, that King James did not utterly despair of improving the Hebrides, by means of colonisation. It was supposed that the powerful Marquis of Huntly might have been able to acquire the property, and had wealth enough to pay the crown something for the grant. The whole archipelago was offered to him, with the exception of Skye and Lewis, at the cheap price of ten thousand pounds Scots, or about £800; but the Marquis would not give more than half the sum demanded, for what he justly considered as merely a permission to conquer a sterile region, inhabited by a warlike race.

Such was the ineffectual result of the efforts to introduce some civilisation into these islands. In the next chapter we shall show that the improvement of the Highlanders on the mainland was not much more satisfactory.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Contempt of the Highlanders for the Arts of Peace—Instances of their atrocity

The size and position of the Highlands of Scotland rendered them much less susceptible of improvement than the Border districts, which, far less extensive, and less difficult of access, were now placed between two civilised and peaceful countries, instead of being the frontier of two hostile lands.

The Highlanders, on the contrary, continued the same series of wars among themselves, and incursions upon their Lowland

neighbours, which had distinguished them ever since the dawn of their history. Military adventure, in one form or other, was their delight as well as their employment, and all works of industry were considered as unworthy the dignity of a mountaineer. Even the necessary task of raising a scanty crop of barley was assigned to the aged, and to the women and children. The men thought of nothing but hunting and war. I will give you an account of a Highland chieftain, in character and practice not very different from that of Allan-a-Sop, the Hebridean.

The Stewarts, who inhabited the district of Appin, in the West Highlands, were a numerous and warlike clan. Appin is the title of the chief of the clan. The second branch of the family was that of Invernahyle. The founder, a second son of the house of Appin, was called by the uncommon epithet of *Saioleach* or the *Peaceful*. One of his neighbours was the Lord of Dunstaffnage, called Cailen Uaine, or Green Colin, from the green colour which predominated in his tartan. This Green Colin surprised the peaceful Laird of Invernahyle, assassinated him, burnt his house, and destroyed his whole family, excepting an infant at the breast. This infant did not owe its safety to the mercy of Green Colin, but to the activity and presence of mind of its nurse. Finding she could not escape the pursuit of that chief's attendants, the faithful nurse determined to provide for the safety of her foster-child, whose life she knew was aimed at, in the only manner which remained. She therefore hid the infant in a small fissure, or cave, of a rock, and as the only means she had of supplying him with subsistence, hung by a string round his neck a large piece of lard, in the faint hope that instinct might induce the child to employ it as a means of subsistence. The poor woman had only time to get a little way from the place where she had concealed her charge, when she was made prisoner by the pursuers As she denied any knowledge where the child was, they dismissed her as a person of no consequence, but not until they had kept her two or three days in close confinement, menacing her with death unless she would discover what she had done with the infant.

When she found herself at liberty and unobserved, she went to the hole in which she had concealed her charge, with little hope save of finding such relics as wolves, wild-cats, or birds

of prey might have left after feasting upon its flesh, but still with the pious wish to consign the remains of her *dault* or foster-child, to some place of Christian burial. But her joy and surprise were extreme to find the infant still alive and well, having lived during her absence by sucking the lard, which it had reduced to a very small morsel, scarce larger than a hazel nut. The delighted nurse made all haste to escape with her charge to the neighbouring district of Moidart, of which she was a native, being the wife of the smith of the clan of Mac-Donald, to whom that country belonged. The mother of the infant thus miraculously rescued had also been a daughter of this tribe.

To ensure the safety of her foster-child, the nurse persuaded her husband to bring it up as their own son. The smith, you must remark, of a Highland tribe, was a person of considerable consequence. His skill in forging armour and weapons was usually united with dexterity in using them, and with the strength of body which his profession required. If I recollect right, the smith usually ranked as third officer in the chief's household. The young Donald Stewart, as he grew up, was distinguished for great personal strength. He became skilful in his foster-father's art, and so powerful, that he could, it is said, wield two fore-hammers, one in each hand, for hours together. From this circumstance, he gained the name of *Donuil nan Ord*, that is, Donald of the Hammer, by which he was all his life distinguished.

When he attained the age of twenty-one, Donald's foster-father, the smith, observing that his courage and enterprise equalled his personal strength, thought fit to discover to him the secret of his birth, the injuries which he had received from Green Colin of Dunstaffnage, and the pretensions which he had to the property of Invernahyle, now in the possession of the man who had slain his father, and usurped his inheritance. He concluded his discovery by presenting to his beloved foster-child his own six sons to be his followers and defenders for life and death, and his assistants in the recovery of his patrimony.

Law of every description was unknown in the Highlands. Young Donald proceeded in his enterprise by hostile measures. In addition to his six foster-brethren, he got some assistance from his mother's kindred, and levied among the old adherents of his father, and his kinsmen of the house of Appin, such

additional force, that he was able to give battle to Green Colin, whom he defeated and slew, regaining at the same time his father's house and estate of Invernahyle. This success had its dangers; for it placed the young chief in feud with all the families of the powerful clan of Campbell, to which the slain Dunstaffnage belonged by alliance at least; for Green Colin and his ancestors had assumed the name, and ranked themselves under the banner, of this formidable clan, although originally they were chieftains of a different and independent race. The feud became more deadly, when, not satisfied with revenging himself on the immediate authors of his early misfortune, Donald made inroads on the Campbells in their own dominions; in evidence of which his historian quotes a verse to this purpose—

"Donald of the Smithy, the Son of the Hammer,
Filled the banks of Lochawe with mourning and clamour."

At length the powerful Earl of Argyle resented the repeated injuries which were offered to his clansmen and kindred. The Stewarts of Appin refused to support their kinsman against an enemy so formidable, and insisted that he should seek for peace with the Earl. So that Donald, left to himself, and sensible that he was unable to withstand the force which might be brought against him by this mighty chief, endeavoured to propitiate the Earl's favour by placing himself in his hands.

Stewart went, accordingly, with only a single attendant, towards Inverary, the castle of Argyle, and met with the Earl himself at some distance in the open fields. Donald of the Hammer showed on this occasion that it was not fear which had induced him to this step. Being a man of ready wit, and a poet, which was an accomplishment high in the estimation of the Highlanders, he opened the conference with an extempore verse, which intimated a sort of defiance, rather like the language of a man that cared not what might befall him, than one who craved mercy or asked forgiveness.

"Son of dark Colin, thou dangerous earl,
Small is the boon that I crave at thy hand;
Enough, if in safety from bondage and peril,
Thou let'st me return to my kindred and land."

The Earl was too generous to avail himself of the advantage

which Invernahyle's confidence had afforded him, but he could not abstain from maintaining the conversation thus begun, in a gibing tone. Donuil nan Ord was harsh-featured, and had a custom, allied to his mode of education, and the haughtiness of his character, of throwing back his head, and laughing loudly with his mouth wide open. In ridicule of this peculiarity, in which Donald had indulged repeatedly, Argyle, or one of his attendants, pointed out to his observation a rock in the neighbourhood, which bore a singular resemblance to a human face, with a large mouth much thrown back, and open as if laughing a horse-laugh. "Do you see yonder crag?" said the Earl to Donald of the Hammer: "it is called *Gaire Granda*, or the *Ugly Laugh*." Donald felt the intended gibe, and as Argyle's lady was a hard-favoured and haughty woman, he replied, without hesitation, in a verse like the following:

> "Ugly the sneer of yon cliff of the hill,
> Nature has stamp'd the grim laugh on the place;
> Would you seek for a grimmer and uglier still,
> You will find it at home in your countess's face."

Argyle took the raillery of Donald in good part, but would not make peace with him, until he agreed to make two *creaghs*, or inroads, one on Moidart, and one on Athole. It seems probable that the purpose of Argyle was to engage his troublesome neighbour in a feud with other clans to whom he bore no goodwill; for whether he of the Hammer fell or was successful, the Earl, in either event, would gain a certain advantage. Donald accepted peace with the Campbells on these terms.

On his return home, Donald communicated to MacDonald of Moidart the engagement he had come under; and that chieftain, his mother's kinsman and ally, concerted that Invernahyle and his band should plunder certain villages in Moidart, the inhabitants of which had offended him, and on whom he desired chastisement should be inflicted. The incursion of Donald the Hammerer punished them to some purpose, and so far he fulfilled his engagement to Argyle, without making an enemy of his own kinsman. With the Athole men, as more distant and unconnected with him, Donald stood on less ceremony, and made more than one successful creagh upon them. His name was now established as one of the most formidable marauders known in the Highlands, and a very bloody

action which he sustained against the family of the Grahams of Monteith, made him still more dreaded.

The Earls of Monteith, you must know, had a castle situated upon an island in the lake, or loch, as it is called, of the same name. But though this residence, which occupied almost the whole of the islet upon which its ruins still exist, was a strong and safe place of abode, and adapted accordingly to such perilous times, it had this inconvenience, that the stables, cow-houses, poultry-yard, and other domestic offices, were necessarily separated from the castle, and situated on the mainland, as it would have been impossible to be constantly transporting the animals belonging to the establishment to and fro from the shore to the island. These offices, therefore, were constructed on the banks of the lake, and in some sort defenceless.

It happened upon a time that there was to be a great entertainment in the castle, and a number of the Grahams were assembled. The occasion, it is said, was a marriage in the family. To prepare for this feast, much provision was got ready, and in particular a great deal of poultry had been collected. While the feast was preparing, an unhappy chance brought Donald of the Hammer to the side of the lake, returning at the head of a band of hungry followers, whom he was conducting homewards to the West Highlands, after some of his usual excursions into Stirlingshire. Seeing so much good victuals ready, and being possessed of an excellent appetite, the Western Highlanders neither asked questions, nor waited for an invitation, but devoured all the provisions that had been prepared for the Grahams, and then went on their way rejoicing, through the difficult and dangerous path which leads from the banks of the loch of Monteith, through the mountains, to the side of loch Katrine.

The Grahams were filled with the highest indignation. No one in those fierce times was so contemptible as an individual who would suffer himself to be plundered without exacting satisfaction and revenge, and the loss of their dinner probably aggravated the sense of the insults entertained by the guests. The company who were assembled at the castle of Monteith, headed by the Earl himself, hastily took to their boats, and, disembarking on the northern side of the lake, pursued with all speed the marauders and their leader. They came up with

Donald's party in the gorge of a pass, near a rock called Craig-Vad, or the Wolf's Cliff. Here the Grahams called, with loud insults, on the Appin men to stand, and one of them, in allusion to the execution which had been done amongst the poultry, exclaimed in verse—

> "They're brave gallants, these Appin men,
> To twist the throat of cock and hen?"

Donald instantly replied to the reproach—

> "And if we be of Appin's line,
> We'll twist a goose's neck in thine."

So saying, he shot the unlucky scoffer with an arrow. The battle then began, and was continued with much fury till night. The Earl of Monteith and many of his noble kinsmen fell, while Donald, favoured by darkness, escaped with a single attendant. The Grahams obtained, from the cause of the quarrel, the nickname of Gramoch an Garrigh, or Grahams of the Hens: although they certainly lost no honour in the encounter, having fought like game-cocks.

Donald of the Hammer was twice married. His second marriage was highly displeasing to his eldest son, whom he had by his first wife. This young man, whose name was Duncan, seems to have partaken rather of the disposition of his grandfather, Alister *Saoileach*, or the Peaceful, than of the turbulent spirit of his father the Hammerer. He quitted the family mansion in displeasure at his father's second marriage, and went to a farm called Inverfalla, which his father had bestowed upon his nurse in reward for her eminent services. Duncan took up his abode with this valued connection of the family, who was now in the extremity of old age, and amused himself with attempting to improve the cultivation of the farm; a task which not only was considered as below the dignity of a Highland gentleman, but even regarded as the last degree of degradation.

The idea of his son's occupying himself with agricultural operations struck so much shame and anger into the heart of Donald the Hammerer, that his resentment against him became ungovernable. At length, as he walked by his own side of the river, and looked towards Inverfalla, he saw, to his extreme displeasure, a number of men employed in digging and levelling

the soil for some intended crop. Soon after, he had the additional mortification to see his son come out and mingle with the workmen, as if giving them directions; and, finally, beheld him take the spade out of an awkward fellow's hand, and dig a little himself to show him how to use it. This last act of degeneracy drove the Hammerer frantic; he seized a curragh, or boat covered with hides, which was near, jumped into it, and pushed across the stream, with the determination of destroying the son who had, in his opinion, brought such unutterable disgrace upon his family. The poor agriculturist seeing his father approach in such haste, and having a shrewd guess of the nature of his parental intentions, fled into the house and hid himself. Donald followed with his drawn weapon; but, deceived by passion and darkness, he plunged his sword into the body of one whom he saw lying on the bed-clothes. Instead of his son, for whom the blow was intended, it lighted on the old foster-mother, to whom he owed his life in infancy and education in youth, and slew her on the spot. After this misfortune, Donald became deeply affected with remorse; and giving up all his estates to his children, he retired to the Abbey of St. Columba, in Iona, passed the remainder of his days as a monk, and died at the age of eighty-seven.

It may easily be believed, that there was little peace and quiet in a country abounding with such men as the Hammerer, who thought the practice of honest industry on the part of a gentleman was an act of degeneracy, for which nothing short of death was an adequate punishment; so that the disorderly state of the Highlands was little short of that of the Isles. Still, however, many of the principal chiefs attended occasionally at the court of Scotland; others were frequently obliged to send their sons to be educated there, who were retained as hostages for the peaceable behaviour of the clan; so that by degrees they came to improve with the increasing civilisation of the times.

The authority also of the great nobles, who held estates in or adjacent to the Highlands, was a means, though a rough one, of making the district over which they exercised their power, submit, in a certain degree, to the occasional influence of the laws. It is true, that the great Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Sutherland, and other nobles did not enforce the Lowland institutions upon their Highland vassals out of mere zeal for

their civilisation, but rather because, by taking care to secure the power of the sovereign and the laws on their own side, they could make the infraction of them by the smaller chiefs the pretext for breaking down the independent clans, and making them submit to their own authority.

I will give you an example of the manner in which a noble lady chastised a Highland chief in the reign of James the Sixth. The Head of the House of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, was by far the most powerful lord in the northern counties and exercised great influence over the Highland clans who inhabited the mountains of Badenoch, which lay behind his extensive domains. One of the most ancient tribes situated in and near that district is that of MacIntosh, a word which means Child of the Thane, as they boast their descent from Macduff, the celebrated Thane of Fife. This haughty race having fallen at variance with the Gordons, William MacIntosh, their chief, carried his enmity to so great a pitch, as to surprise and burn the castle of Auchindown, belonging to the Gordon family. The Marquis of Huntly vowed the severest vengeance. He moved against the MacIntoshes with his own followers; and he let loose upon the devoted tribe all such neighbouring clans as would do anything, as the old phrase was, for his love or for his fear. MacIntosh, after a short struggle, found himself unequal to sustain the conflict, and saw that he must either behold his clan totally exterminated, or contrive some mode of pacifying Huntly's resentment. The idea of the first alternative was not to be endured, and of the last he saw no chance, save by surrendering himself into the power of the Marquis, and thus personally atoning for the offence which he had committed. To perform this act of generous devotion with as much chance of safety as possible, he chose a time when the Marquis himself was absent, and asking for the lady, whom he judged likely to prove less inexorable than her husband, he presented himself as the unhappy Laird of MacIntosh, who came to deliver himself up to the Gordon, to answer for his burning of Auchindown, and only desired that Huntly would spare his clan. The Marchioness, a stern and haughty woman, had shared deeply in her husband's resentment. She regarded MacIntosh with a keen eye, as the hawk or eagle contemplates the prey within its clutch, and having spoken a word aside to her attendants, replied to the suppliant

chief in this manner:—"MacIntosh, you have offended the Gordon so deeply, that Huntly has sworn by his father's soul, that he will never pardon you, till he has brought your neck to the block."—"I will stoop even to that humiliation, to secure the safety of my father's house," said MacIntosh. And as this interview passed in the kitchen of the castle at Bog of Gicht, he undid the collar of his doublet, and kneeling down before the huge block on which, in the rude hospitality of the time, the slain bullocks and sheep were broken up for use, he laid his neck upon it, expecting, doubtless, that the lady would be satisfied with this token of unreserved submission. But the inexorable Marchioness made a sign to the cook, who stepped forward with his hatchet raised, and struck MacIntosh's head from his body.

Another story, and I will change the subject. It is also of the family of Gordon; not that they were by any means more hard-hearted than other Scottish barons, who had feuds with the Highlanders, but because it is the readiest which occurs to my recollection. The Farquharsons of Deeside, a bold and warlike people, inhabiting the dales of Braemar, had taken offence at, and slain, a gentleman of consequence, named Gordon of Brackley. The Marquis of Huntly summoned his forces, to take a bloody vengeance for the death of a Gordon; and that none of the guilty tribe might escape, communicated with the Laird of Grant, a very powerful chief, who was an ally of Huntly, and a relation, I believe, to the slain Baron of Brackley. They agreed, that, on a day appointed, Grant, with his clan in arms, should occupy the upper end of the vale of Dee, and move from thence downwards, while the Gordons should ascend the river from beneath, each party killing, burning, and destroying, without mercy, whatever and whomever they found before them. A terrible massacre was made of the Farquharsons, taken at unawares, and placed betwixt two enemies. Almost all the men and women of the race were slain, and when the day was done, Huntly found himself encumbered with about two hundred orphan children, whose parents had been killed. What became of them you shall presently hear.

About a year after this foray, the Laird of Grant chanced to dine at the Marquis's castle. He was, of course, received with kindness, and entertained with magnificence. After dinner was over, Huntly said to his guest, that he would show him

some rare sport. Accordingly, he conducted Grant to a balcony, which, as was frequent in old mansions, overlooked the kitchen, perhaps to permit the lady to give an occasional eye to the operations there. The numerous servants of the Marquis and his visitors had already dined, and Grant beheld the remains of the victuals which had furnished a plentiful meal flung at random into a large trough, like that out of which swine feed. While Grant was wondering what this could mean, the master cook gave a signal with his silver whistle; on which a hatch, like that of a dog kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the kitchen, some shrieking, some shouting, some yelling —not a pack of hounds, which, in number, noise, and tumult, they greatly resembled, but a huge mob of children, half naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, bit, scratched, and clamoured, each to get the largest share. Grant was a man of humanity, and did not see in that degrading scene all the amusement which his noble host had intended to afford him. "In the name of Heaven," he said, who are these unfortunate creatures that are fed like so many pigs?"—"They are the children of those Farquharsons whom we slew last year on Dee side," answered Huntly. The Laird felt more shocked than it would have been prudent or polite to express. "My Lord," he said, "my sword helped to make these poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your Lordship should be burdened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and day—allow me now to take them to Castle Grant, and keep them for the same period at my cost. Huntly was tired of the joke of the pig-trough, and willingly consented to have the undisciplined rabble of children taken off his hands. He troubled himself no more about them; and the Laird of Grant, carrying them to his castle, had them dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name of Grant; but it is said their descendants are still called the Race of the Trough, to distinguish them from the families of the tribe into which they were adopted.

These are instances of the severe authority exercised by the great barons over their Highland neighbours and vassals. Still that authority produced a regard to the laws, which they would not otherwise have received. These mighty lords, though possessed of great power in their jurisdictions, never effected entire

independence, as had been done by the old Lords of the Isles, who made peace and war with England, without the consent of the King of Scotland. On the contrary, Argyle, Huntly, Murray, and others, always used at least the pretext of the King's name and authority, and were, from habit and education, less apt to practise wild stretches of arbitrary power than the native chiefs of the Highlands. In proportion, therefore, as the influence of the nobles increased, the country approached more nearly to civilisation.

It must not here be forgotten, that the increase of power acquired by the sovereign, in the person of James VI., was felt severely by one of his great feudal lords, for exercising violence and oppression, even in the most distant extremity of the empire. The Earl of Orkney, descended from a natural son of James V., and of course a cousin-german of the reigning monarch, had indulged himself in extravagant excesses of arbitrary authority amongst the wild recesses of the Orkney and Zetland islands. He had also, it was alleged, shown some token of a wish to assume sovereign power, and had caused his natural son to defend the castle of Kirkwall, by force of arms, against the King's troops. Mr. Littlejohn is now something of a Latin scholar, and he will understand, that this wicked Earl of Orkney's ignorance of that language exposed him to two disgraceful blunders. When he had built the great tower of Scalloway in Zetland, he asked a clergyman for a motto, who supplied him with the following Latin words:—

> "Cujus fundamen saxum est, domus illa manebit
> Stabilis; et contra, si sit arena, perit."

The Earl was highly pleased with this motto, not understanding that the secret meaning implied, that a house, raised by honourable and virtuous means, was as durable as if founded upon a rock; whereas one like his new castle of Scalloway, constructed by injustice and oppressive means, was like one founded on the faithless sands, and would soon perish. It is now a waste ruin, and bears the defaced inscription as if prophetic of the event.

A worse error was that which occurred in the motto over another castle on the island of Birsa, in Orkney, built by his father and repaired by himself. Here he was pleased to inscribe his father's name and descent thus:—ROBERTUS STUARTUS,

FILIUS JACOBI QUINTI, REX SCOTORUM, HOC EDIFICIUM INSTRUXIT. SIC FUIT, EST, ET, ERIT. It was probably only the meaning of this inscription to intimate, that Earl Robert was the son of James V., King of Scotland, which was an undeniable truth; but putting *Rex* in the nominative instead of *Regis*, in the genitive, as the construction required, Earl Patrick seemed to state that his father had been the King of Scotland, and was gravely charged with high treason for asserting such a proposition.

If this was rather a severe punishment for false Latin, it must be allowed that Earl Patrick deserved his condemnation by repeated acts of the greatest cruelty and oppression on the defenceless inhabitants of those remote islands. He was held in such terror by them, that one person who was brought as a witness against him, refused to answer any question till he had received a solemn assurance that the Earl would never be permitted to return to Orkney. Being positively assured of this, he gave such a detail of his usurpation and crimes as made his guilt fully manifest.

For these offences the Earl was tried and executed at Edinburgh; and his punishment struck such terror among the aristocracy, as made even those great lords, whose power lay in the most distant and inaccessible places of Scotland, disposed to be amenable to the royal authority. 6th February 1614.

Having thus discussed the changes effected by the union of the crowns on the Borders, Highlands, and Isles, it remains to notice the effects produced in the Lowlands, or more civilised parts of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XL

Injurious Effects to Scotland of the Removal of the Court to London—State of the Laws—The Clergy—The Schools—James VI.'s Visit to Scotland in 1617—his Death—his Children

THE Scottish people were soon made sensible, that if their courtiers and great men made fortunes by King James's favour, the nation at large was not enriched by the union of the crowns. Edinburgh was no longer the residence of a court,

whose expenditure, though very moderate, was diffused among her merchants and citizens, and was so far of importance. The sons of the gentry and better classes, whose sole trade had been war and battle, were deprived of employment by the general peace with England, and the nation was likely to feel all the distress arising from an excess of population.

To remedy the last evil, the wars on the Continent afforded a resource peculiarly fitted to the genius of the Scots, who have always had a disposition for visiting foreign parts. The celebrated Thirty Years' War, as it was called, was now raging in Germany, and a large national brigade of Scots was engaged in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, one of the most successful generals of the age. Their total numbers may be guessed from those of the superior officers, which amounted to thirty-four colonels, and fifty lieutenant-colonels. The similarity of the religion of the Scots with that of the Swedes, and some congenial resemblances betwixt the two nations, as well as the high fame of Gustavus, made most of the Scots prefer the service of Sweden; but there were others who went into that of the Emperor of Austria, of France, of the Italian States,—in short, they were dispersed as soldiers throughout all Europe. It was not uncommon, when a party of Scots was mounting a breach, for them to hear some of the defenders call out in the Scottish language, "Come on, gentlemen; this is not like gallanting it at the Cross of Edinburgh!" and thus learn that they were opposed to some of their countrymen engaged on the opposite side. The taste for foreign service was so universal, that young gentlemen of family, who wished to see the world, used to travel on the Continent from place to place, and from province to province, and defray their expenses by engaging for a few weeks or months in military service in the garrison or guards of the state in which they made their temporary residence. It is but doing the Scots justice to say, that while thus acting as mercenary soldiers, they acquired a high character for courage, military skill, and a faithful adherence to their engagements. The Scots regiments in the Swedish service were the first troops who employed platoon firing, by which they contributed greatly to achieve the victory in the decisive battle of Lutzen.

Besides the many thousand Scottish emigrants who pursued the trade of war on the Continent, there was another numerous

class who undertook the toilsome and precarious task of travelling merchants, or to speak plainly, of pedlars, and were employed in conducting the petty inland commerce, which gave the inhabitants of Germany, Poland, and the northern parts of Europe in general, opportunities of purchasing articles of domestic convenience. There were at that time few towns, and in these towns there were few shops regularly open. When an inhabitant of the country, of high or low degree, wished to purchase any article of dress or domestic convenience which he did not manufacture himself, he was obliged to attend at the next fair, to which the travelling merchants flocked, in order to expose their goods to sale. Or if the buyer did not choose to take that trouble, he must wait till some pedlar, who carried his goods on horseback, in a small wain, or perhaps in a pack upon his shoulders, made his wandering journey through the country. It has been made matter of ridicule against the Scots, that this traffic fell into their hands, as a frugal, patient, provident, and laborious people, possessing some share of education, which we shall presently see was now becoming general among them. But we cannot think that the business which required such attributes to succeed in it, could be dishonourable to those who pursued it; and we believe that those Scots who, in honest commerce, supplied foreigners with the goods they required, were at least as well employed as those who assisted them in killing each other.[1]

While the Scots thus continued to improve their condition by enterprise abroad, they gradually sank into peaceful habits at home. In the wars of Queen Mary's time, and those of

[1] In the *Fortunes of Nigel*, King James is introduced as saying,—"It would be as unseemly for a packman, or pedlar, as ye call a travelling-merchant, whilk is a trade to which our native subjects of Scotland are specially addicted, to be blazing his genealogy in the faces of those to whom he sells a bawbee's worth of ribbon, as it would be to him to have a beaver on his head, and a rapier by his side, when the pack was on his shoulders. Na, na—he hings his sword on the cleek, lays his beaver on the shelf, puts his pedigree into his pocket, and gangs as doucely and cannily about his pedling craft as if his blood was nae better than ditch-water; but let our pedlar be transformed, as I have kend it happen mair than aince, into a bein thriving merchant, then ye shall have a transformation, my lads.

In nova fert animus mutatus dicere formas.

Out he pulls his pedigree, on he buckles his sword, gives his beaver a brush, and cocks it in the face of all creation."

King James's minority, we have the authority of a great lawyer, the first Earl of Haddington, generally known by the name of Tom of the Cowgate, to assure us, that "the whole country was so miserably distracted, not only by the accustomed barbarity of the Highlands and Borders, which was greatly increased, but by the cruel dissensions arising from public factions and private feuds, that men of every rank daily wore steel-jacks, knapscaps or head-pieces, plate-sleeves, and pistols and poniards, being as necessary parts of their apparel as their doublets and breeches." Their disposition was, of course, as warlike as their dress; and the same authority informs us, that whatever was the cause of their assemblies or meetings, fights and affrays were the necessary consequence before they separated; and this not at parliaments, conventions, trystes, and markets only, but likewise in churchyards, churches, and places appointed for the exercise of religion.

This universal state of disorder was not owing to any want of laws against such enormities; on the contrary, the Scottish legislature was more severe than that of England, accounting as murder the killing of any one in a sudden quarrel, without previous malice, which offence the law of England rated under the milder denomination of manslaughter. And this severity was introduced into the law, expressly to restrain the peculiarly furious temper of the Scottish nation. It was not, therefore, laws which were awanting to restrain violence, but the regular and due execution of such as existed. An ancient Scottish statesman and judge, who was also a poet, has alluded to the means used to save the guilty from deserved punishment. "We are allowed some skill," he says, "in making good laws, but God knows how ill they are kept and enforced; since a man accused of a crime will frequently appear at the bar of the court to which he is summoned, with such a company of armed friends at his back, as if it were his purpose to defy and intimidate both judge and jury." The interest of great men, moreover, obtained often by bribes, interposed between a criminal and justice, and saved by court favour the life which was forfeited to the laws.

James made great reformation in these particulars, as soon as his power, increased by the union of the two kingdoms, gave him the means of doing so. The laws, as we have seen in more cases than one, were enforced with greater severity,

and the assistance of powerful friends, nay, the interposition of courtiers and favourites, was less successful in interfering with the course of justice, or obtaining remissions and pardons for condemned criminals. Thus the wholesome terror of justice gradually imposed a restraint on the general violence and disorder which had followed the civil wars of Scotland. Still, however, as the barons held, by means of their hereditary jurisdictions, the exclusive right to try and to punish such crimes as were committed on their own estates; and as they often did not choose to do so, either because the action had been committed by the baron's own direction; or that the malefactor was a strong and active partisan, of whose service the lord might have need; or because the judge and criminal stood in some degree of relationship to each other; in all such cases, the culprit's escape from justice was a necessary consequence. Nevertheless, viewing Scotland generally, the progress of public justice at the commencement of the seventeenth century was much purer, and less liable to interruption than in former ages, and the disorders of the country were fewer in proportion.

The law and its terrors had its effect in preventing the frequency of crime; but it could not have been in the power of mere human laws, and the punishments which they enacted, to eradicate from the national feelings the proneness to violence, and the thirst of revenge, which had been so long a general characteristic of the Scottish people. The heathenish and accursed custom of deadly feud, or the duty, as it was thought, of exacting blood for blood, and perpetuating a chance quarrel, by handing it down to future generations, could only give place to those pure religious doctrines which teach men to practise, not the revenge, but the forgiveness of injuries, as the only means of acquiring the favour of Heaven.

The Presbyterian preachers, in throwing away the external pomp and ceremonial of religious worship, had inculcated, in its place, the most severe observation of morality. It was objected to them, indeed, that, as in their model of Church government, the Scottish clergy claimed an undue influence over state affairs, so, in their professions of doctrine and practice, they verged towards an ascetic system, in which too much weight was laid on venial transgressions, and the opinions of other Christian churches were treated with too little liberality. But

no one who considers their works, and their history, can deny to those respectable men the merit of practising, in the most rigid extent, the strict doctrines of morality which they taught. They despised wealth, shunned even harmless pleasures, and acquired the love of their flocks, by attending to their temporal as well as spiritual wants. They preached what they themselves seriously believed, and they were believed because they spoke with all the earnestness of conviction. They spared neither example nor precept to improve the more ignorant of their hearers, and often endangered their own lives in attempting to put a stop to the feuds and frays which daily occurred in their bounds. It is recorded of a worthy clergyman, whose parish was peculiarly distracted by the brawls of the quarrelsome inhabitants, that he used constantly to wear a stout steel head-piece, which bore an odd appearance contrasted with his clerical dress. The purpose was, that when he saw swords drawn in the street, which was almost daily, he might run between the combatants, and thus separate them, with less risk of being killed by a chance blow. So that his venturous and dauntless humanity was perpetually placing his life in danger.

The clergy of that day were frequently respectable from their birth and connections, often from their learning, and at all times from their character. These qualities enabled them to interfere with effect, even in the feuds of the barons and gentry; and they often brought to milder and more peaceful thoughts, men who would not have listened to any other intercessors. There is no doubt that these good men, and the Christianity which they taught, were the principal means of correcting the furious temper and revengeful habits of the Scottish nation, in whose eyes bloodshed and deadly vengeance had been till then a virtue.

Besides the precepts and examples of religion and morality, the encouragement of general information and knowledge is also an effectual mode of taming and subduing the wild habits of a military and barbarous people. For this also the Lowlands of Scotland were indebted to the Presbyterian ministers.

The Catholic clergy had been especially instrumental in the foundation of three universities in Scotland, namely, those of Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen; but these places of education, from the very nature of their institutions were

only calculated for the education of students designed for the Church, or of those youths from among the higher classes of the laity, whom their parents desired should receive such information as might qualify them for lawyers and statesmen. The more noble view of the Reformed Church was to extend the blessings of knowledge to the lower, as well as the higher classes of society.

The preachers of the Reformation had appealed to the Scriptures as the rule of their doctrine, and it was their honourable and liberal wish, that the poorest, as well as the richest man, should have an opportunity of judging, by his own perusal of the sacred volume, whether they had interpreted the text truly and faithfully.[1] The invention of printing had made the Scriptures accessible to every one, and the clergy desired that the meanest peasant should be capable of reading them. John Knox, and other leaders had, from the very era of the Reformation, pressed the duty of reserving from the confiscated revenues of the Romish Church the means of providing for the clergy with decency, and of establishing colleges and schools for the education of youth; but their wishes were for a long time disappointed by the avarice of the nobility and gentry, who were determined to retain for their own use the spoils of the Catholic establishment, and by the stormy complexion of the times, in which little was regarded save what belonged to politics and war.

At length the legislature, chiefly by the influence of the clergy, was induced to authorise the noble enactment, which appoints a school to be kept in every parish of Scotland, at a low rate of endowment indeed, but such as enables every poor man within the parish to procure for his children the knowledge of reading and writing; and affords an opportunity for those individuals who show a decided taste for learning, to obtain such progress in classical knowledge as may fit them for college studies. There can be no doubt that the opportunity afforded of procuring instruction thus easily tended, in the course of a generation, greatly to civilise and humanise the character of the Scottish nation; and it is equally certain, that this general access to useful knowledge, has not only given rise to the success of many men of genius, who otherwise would never have aspired above the humble rank in which they were born, but has raised the common people of Scotland in general, in know-

ledge, sagacity, and intelligence, many degrees above those of most other countries.

The Highlands and Islands did not share the influence of religion and education, which so essentially benefited their Lowland countrymen, owing to their speaking a language different from the rest of Scotland, as well as to the difficulty, or rather at that time the impossibility, of establishing churches or schools in such a remote country, and amongst natives of such wild manners.

To the reign of James VI. it is only necessary to add, that in 1617 he revisited his ancient kingdom of Scotland, from the same instinct, as his Majesty was pleased to express it, which induces salmon, after they have visited the sea, to return to the river in which they have been bred.

He was received with every appearance of affection by his Scottish subjects; and the only occasion of suspicion, doubt, or quarrel, betwixt the King and them, arose from the partiality he evinced to the form and ritual of the Church of England. The true Presbyterians groaned heavily at seeing choristers and singing boys arrayed in white surplices, and at hearing them chant the service of the Church of England; and they were in despair when they saw his Majesty's private chapel adorned with pictures representing scriptural subjects. All this, and everything like an established and prescribed form in prayer, in garb or decoration, was, in their idea, a greater or less approximation to the practices of the Church of Rome. This was, indeed, mere prejudice, but it was a prejudice of little consequence in itself, and James ought to have rather respected than combated feelings connected with much that was both moral and religious, and honoured the right which his Scottish subjects might justly claim to worship God after their own manner, and not according to the rules and ceremonies of a foreign country. His obstinacy on this point was, however, satisfied with carrying through the Articles of Perth, already mentioned, which were finally admitted in the year after his visit to Scotland. He left to his successor the task of endeavouring to accomplish a complete conformity, in ritual and doctrine, between the churches of South and North Britain—and very dear the attempt cost him.

James died at Theobalds on the 27th March 1625, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-second after his

accession to the throne of England. He was the least dignified and accomplished of all his family; but, at the same time, the most fortunate.[1] Robert II., the first of the Stewart family, died, it is true, in peace; but Robert III. had sunk under the family losses which he had sustained; James I. was murdered; James II. killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III. (whom James VI. chiefly resembled) was privately slain after the battle of Sauchie-Burn; James IV. fell at Flodden; James V. died of a broken heart; Henry Darnley, the father of James VI. was treacherously murdered; and his mother, Queen Mary, was tyrannically beheaded. He alone, without courage, without sound sagacity, without that feeling of dignity which should restrain a prince from foolish indulgences, became King of the great nation which had for ages threatened to subdue that of which he was born monarch; and the good fortune of the Stewart family, which seems to have existed in his person alone, declined and totally decayed in those of his successors.

James had lost his eldest son, Henry, a youth of extra-

[1] "The character of James was rendered a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathed as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, when conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and the uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hands, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully — that he was the wisest fool in Christendom." — *The Fortunes of Nigel*, Chap. v.

ordinary promise. His second, Charles I., succeeded him in the throne. He left also one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the German empire. He was an unfortunate prince, and with a view of obtaining the kingdom of Bohemia, engaged in a ruinous war with the Emperor, by which he lost his hereditary dominions. But the Elector's evil fortune was redeemed in the person of his descendants, from whom sprung the royal family which now possess the British throne, in right of the Princess Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XLI

Discontents excited during James's Reign—increased under Charles—The Scottish Army enters England—and defeats the King's Forces at Newburn—Charles visits Scotland—Civil War in England

SOVEREIGN OF FRANCE.—Louis XIII.

1625—1643

CHARLES I., who succeeded his father James, was a prince whose personal qualities were excellent. It was said of him justly, that considered as a private gentleman, there was not a more honourable, virtuous, and religious man in his dominions. He was a kind father, an indulgent master, and even too affectionate a husband, permitting the Queen Henrietta Maria, the beautiful daughter of Henry IV. of France, to influence his government in a degree beyond her sphere. Charles possessed also the personal dignity which his father totally wanted; and there is no just occasion to question that so good a man as we have described him had the intention to rule his people justly and mercifully, in place of enforcing the ancient feudal thraldom. But, on the other hand, he entertained extravagant ideas of the regal power, feelings which, being peculiarly unsuitable to the times in which he lived, occasioned his own total ruin, and, for a time, that of his posterity.

The English people had been now, for a century and more, relieved from the severe yoke of the nobles, and had forgotten how severely it had pressed upon their forefathers. What had galled them in the late reign were the exactions of King James, who, to indulge his prodigal liberality to worthless

favourites, had extorted from Parliament large supplies, and having misapplied these, had endeavoured to obtain others in an indirect and illegal manner by granting to individuals, for sums of money, exclusive rights to sell certain commodities, which the monopolist immediately raised to a high rate, and made a large fortune, while the King got little by the bribe which he had received, and the subjects suffered extremely by the price of articles, perhaps necessaries of life, being unduly advanced. Yet James, finding that a spirit of opposition had arisen within the House of Commons, and that pecuniary grants were obtained with difficulty, could not be induced to refrain from such indirect practices to obtain money from the people without the consent of their representatives in Parliament.

It was James's object also to support the royal power in the full authority, which, by gradual encroachments, it had attained during the reign of the Tudors; and he was disposed to talk high of his prerogative, for which he stated himself to be accountable to God alone; whereas it was the just principle of the House of Commons, that the power of the King, like every other power in the constitution, was limited by the laws, and was liable to be legally resisted when it trespassed beyond them. Such were the disputes which James held with his subjects. His timidity prevented him from pushing his claims to extremity, and although courtly divines and ambitious lawyers were ready to have proved, as they pretended, his absolute and indefeasible right to obedience, even in unconstitutional commands, he shrunk from the contest, and left to his son the inheritance of much discontent which his conduct had excited, but which did not immediately break out into a flame.

Charles held the same opinions of his own rights as a monarch, which had been infused into him by his father's instructions, and he was obstinate and persevering where James had been timid and flexible. Arbitrary courts of justice, particularly one termed the Star-chamber, afforded the King the means of punishing those who opposed themselves to the royal will; but the violent exertion of authority only increased the sense of the evil, and a general discontent against the King's person and prerogative began to prevail throughout England.

These menacing appearances were much increased by re-

ligious motives. The Church of England had been since the Reformation gradually dividing into two parties, one of which warmly approved of by King James, and yet more keenly patronised by Charles, was peculiarly attached to the rites and ceremonies of the Church, the strict observance of particular forms of worship, and the use of certain pontifical dresses when divine service was performed. A numerous party, called the Puritans, although they complied with the model of the Church of England, considered these peculiar rites and formalities, on which the High Churchmen, as the opposite party began to be called, laid such stress, as remains of Popery, and things therefore to be abolished.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud, a man of talents and learning, was devotedly attached to the High Church interest, and, countenanced by Charles, he resolved to use all the powers, both of the civil and spiritual courts, to subdue the refractory spirit of the Puritans, and enforce their compliance with the ceremonies which he thought so essential to the well-being of the Church. If men had been left to entertain calm and quiet thoughts on these points, they would in time have discovered, that, having chosen what was esteemed the most suitable rules for the national Church, it would have been more wise and prudent to leave the consciences of the hearers to determine whether they would conform to them, or assemble for worship elsewhere. But prosecutions, fines, pillories, and imprisonments, employed to restrain religious opinions, only make them burn the more fiercely; and those who submitted to such sufferings with patience, rather than renounce the doctrines they had espoused, were counted as martyrs, and followed accordingly. These dissensions in Church and State continued to agitate England from year to year; but it was the disturbances in Scotland which brought them to a crisis.

The King had kept firmly in view his father's favourite project of bringing the Church of Scotland, in point of church government and church ceremonies, to the same model with that of England. But to settle a national church, with a gradation of dignified clergy, required large funds, which Scotland could not afford for such a purpose. In this dilemma the King and his counsellors resolved, by one sweeping act of revocation, to resume to the crown all the tithes and benefices which had been conferred upon laymen at the Reformation,

and thus obtain the funds necessary to endow the projected bishoprics.

I must try to explain to you what tithes are. By the law delivered to the Jews, the tithes, that is the tenth part of the yearly produce of the land, whether in animals born on the soil, or in corn, fruit, and vegetable productions, were destined to the support of the priests, who performed the religious service in the Temple of Jerusalem. The same rule was adopted by the Christian Church, and the tithes were levied from the farmer or possessor of the land, for the maintenance of the ecclesiastical establishments. When the Reformation took place, the great nobles and gentry of Scotland got grants of these tithes from the crown, engaging to take upon themselves the support of the clergy, whom they paid at as low a rate as possible. Those nobles and gentry who held such gifts were called titulars of tithes, answering to the English phrase of impropriators. They used the privileges which they had acquired with great rigour. They would not suffer the farmer to lead a sheaf of corn from the field until the tithe had been selected and removed, and in this way exercised their right with far more severity than had been done by the Roman Catholic clergy, who usually accepted a certain reasonable sum of money, as a modification or composition for their claim, and thus left the proprietor of the crop to manage it as he would, instead of actually taking the tithes in kind. But the titulars, as they used their privilege with rigour and to the utmost, were equally tenacious in retaining it.

When assembled in Parliament, or, as it was termed, the Convention of Estates, the Scottish lords who were possessed of grants of tithes determined that, rather than yield to the revocation proposed by the Earl of Nithsdale, who was the royal commissioner, they would massacre him and his adherents in the face of the assembly. This purpose was so decidedly entertained, that Lord Belhaven, an old blind man, placed himself close to the Earl of Dumfries, a supporter of the intended revocation, and keeping hold of his neighbour with one hand, for which he apologised, as being necessary to enable him to support himself, he held in the other the hilt of a dagger concealed in his bosom, that, as soon as the general signal should be given, he might play his part in the tragedy by plunging it into Lord Dumfries's heart. Nithsdale, learning something of

this desperate resolution, gave the proposed measure of revocation up for the time, and returned to court.

The King, however, was at length able, by the assistance of a convention of the clergy summoned together by the bishops and by the general clamour of the land-owners, who complained of the rigorous exactions of the titulars, to obtain a partial surrender of the tithes into the power of the crown. The power of levying them in kind was suppressed; the landholder was invested with a right to retain every season's tithe upon paying a modified sum, and to purchase the entire right from the titular (if he had the means to do so) at a rate of purchase restricted to seven years' rent.

These alterations were attended with the greatest advantages to the country in process of time, but they were very offensive to the Scottish nobility, whom they deprived of valuable rights at an inadequate price.

Charles also made an attempt to reverse some of the attainders which had taken place in his father's time, particularly that of Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. Much of this turbulent nobleman's forfeited property had fallen to the lot of the Lords of Buccleuch and Cessford, who were compelled to surrender a part of their spoils. These proceedings, as well as the revocation of the grants of tithes, highly irritated the Scottish nobility, and some wild proposals were held among them for dethroning Charles, and placing the Marquis of Hamilton on the throne.

The only remarkable consequence of this intrigue, was a trial in the long forgotten Court of Chivalry, the last, it may be supposed, that will ever take place. Donald Lord Reay affirmed, that Mr. David Ramsay had used certain treasonable expressions in his, the said Donald's hearing. Both were summoned to appear before the High Constable of England. They appeared accordingly, in great pomp, attended by their friends.

"Lord Reay," says an eye-witness, "was clothed in black velvet, embroidered with silver, carried his sword in a silver embroidered belt, and wore around his neck his badge as a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He was a tall, black, swarthy man, of a portly and stout demeanour." The defender was next ushered in, a fair man, and having a head of ruddy hair so bushy and long, that he was usually termed Ramsay Redhead. He was dressed in scarlet so richly embroidered with gold, that

the cloth could scarcely be discerned, but he was totally unarmed. While they fixed their eyes on each other sternly, the charge was read, stating that Ramsay, the defendant, had urged him, Lord Reay, to engage in a conspiracy for dethroning the King, and placing the Marquis of Hamilton upon the throne. He added, that if Ramsay should deny this, he would prove him a villain and a traitor by dint of sword. Ramsay, for answer, called Reay "a liar and a barbarous villain, and protested he should die for it." They had exchanged gloves. After many delays, the court named a day of combat, assigning as the weapons to be used, a spear, a long sword, and a short sword or a dagger. The most minute circumstances were arranged, and provision was even made at what time the parties might have the assistance of armourers and tailors, with hammers, nails, files, scissors, bodkins, needles, and thread. But now, when you are perhaps expecting, with curiosity, a tale of a bloody fight, I have to acquaint you that the King forbade the combat, and the affair was put to sleep. Times were greatly changed since the days when almost every species of accusation might be tried in this manner.

Charles visited his native country of Scotland in 1633, for the purpose of being crowned. He was received by the people at first with great apparent affection; but discontent arose on its being observed, that he omitted no opportunity of pressing upon the bishops, who had hitherto only worn plain black gowns, the use of the more splendid vestments of the English Church. This alteration of habit grievously offended the Presbyterians, who saw in it a further approximation to the Romish ritual; while the nobility, remembering that they had been partly deprived of their tithes, and that their possession of the Church lands was in danger, saw with great pleasure the obnoxious prelates, for whose sake the revocation had been made, incur the odium of the people at large.

It was left for Archbishop Laud to bring all this slumbering discontent into action, by an attempt to introduce into the divine service of the Church of Scotland a Form of Common Prayer and Liturgy similar to that used in England. This, however reasonable an institution in itself, was at variance with the character of Presbyterian worship, in which the clergyman always addressed the Deity in extemporaneous prayer, and in no prescribed, or regular form of words. King James

himself, when courting the favour of the Presbyterian party, had called the English service an ill-mumbled mass; forgetting that the objection to the mass applies, not to the prayers, which must be excellent, since they are chiefly extracted from Scripture, but to the worship of the Eucharist, which Protestants think idolatrous, and to the service being in a foreign language. Neither of these objections applies to the English form of prayer; but the expression of the King was not forgotten, and he was reminded of it far more frequently than was agreeable to him.

Upon the whole, this new and most obnoxious change in the form of public worship, throughout Scotland, where the nobility were known to be in a state of great discontent, was very ill-timed. Right or wrong, the people in general were prejudiced against this innovation, in a matter so serious as the form of devotion; and yet, such a change was to be attempted, without any other authority than that of the King and the bishops; while both the Parliament and a General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had a right to be consulted in a matter so important. Nor is it less extraordinary that the Government seems to have been totally unprovided with any sufficient force to overcome the opposition which was most certain to take place.

The rash and fatal experiment was made, 23d July 1637, in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, where the dean of the city prepared to read the new service before a numerous concourse of persons, none of whom seem to have been favourably disposed to its reception. As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High Street, bawled out—"The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" With that she flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a wild tumult instantly commenced. The women of lower condition [instigated, it is said, by their superiors] flew at the dean, tore the surplice from his shoulders, and drove him out of the church. The Bishop of Edinburgh mounted the pulpit, but he was also assailed with missiles, and with vehement exclamations of "A Pope! a Pope! Antichrist! pull him down, stone him!" while the windows were broken with stones flung by a disorderly multitude from with-

out. This was not all: the prelates were assaulted in the street, and misused by the mob. The life of the bishop was with difficulty saved by Lord Roxburghe, who carried him home in his carriage, surrounded by his retinue with drawn swords.

This tumult, which has now something ludicrous in its details, was the signal for a general resistance to the reception of the Service-book throughout the whole country. The Privy Council of Scotland were lukewarm, or rather cold, in the cause. They wrote to Charles a detailed account of the tumults, and did not conceal that the opposition to the measure was spreading far and wide.

Charles was inflexible in his purpose, and so greatly incensed, that he showed his displeasure even in trifles. It was the ancient custom, to have a fool, or jester, maintained at court, privileged to break his satirical jests at random. The post was then held by one Archie Armstrong, who, as he saw the Archbishop of Canterbury posting to court, in consequence of the mortifying tidings from Scotland, could not help whispering in the prelate's ear the sly question, "Who's fool now, my lord?" For this jest, poor Archie, having been first severely whipped, was disgraced and dismissed from court, where no fool has again been admitted, at least in an avowed and official capacity.

But Archie was a more accessible object of punishment than the malcontents in Scotland. It was in vain that Charles sent down repeated and severe messages, blaming the Privy Council, the Magistrates, and all who did not punish the rioters, and enforce the reading of the Service-book. The resistance to the measure, which was at first tumultuous, and the work of the lower orders, had now assumed quality and consistency. More than thirty peers, and a very great proportion of the gentry of Scotland, together with the greater part of the royal burghs, had, before the month of December, agreed not merely to oppose the Service-book, but to act together in resisting the further intrusions of Prelacy. They were kept in union and directed by representatives appointed from among themselves, and forming separate Committees, or, as they were termed, Tables or Boards of management.

Under the auspices of these Tables, or Committees, a species of engagement, or declaration, was drawn up, the principal

object of which was, the eradication of Prelacy in all its modifications, and the establishment of Presbytery on its purest and most simple basis. This engagement was called the National Covenant, as resembling those covenants which, in the Old Testament, God is said to have made with the people of Israel. The terms of this memorable league professed the Reformed faith, and abjured the rites and doctrines of the Romish Church, with which were classed the newly imposed Liturgy and Canons. This covenant, which had for its object to annul all of prelatic innovation that James's policy, and his son's violence, had been able to introduce into the Presbyterian Church, was sworn to by hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of every age and description, vowing, with uplifted hands and weeping eyes, that with the Divine assistance, they would dedicate life and fortune to maintain the object of their solemn engagement.

1st March 1638.

Undoubtedly, many persons who thus subscribed the National Covenant, did not seriously feel any apprehension that Prelacy would introduce Popery, or that the Book of Common Prayer was in itself a grievance which the people of Scotland did well or wisely to oppose; but they were convinced, that in thus forcing a matter of conscience upon a whole nation, the King disregarded the rights and liberties of his subjects, and foresaw, that if not now withstood, he was most likely to make himself absolute master of their rights and privileges in secular as well as religious affairs. They therefore joined in such measures as procured a general resistance to the arbitrary power so rashly assumed by King Charles.

Meantime, while the King negotiated and procrastinated, Scotland, though still declaring attachment to his person, was nearly in a state of general resistance.

The Covenanters, as they began to be called, held a General Assembly of the Church, at which the Marquis of Hamilton attended as Lord Commissioner for the King. This important meeting was held at Glasgow. There all the measures pointed at by the Covenant were carried fully into effect. Episcopacy was abolished, the existing bishops were deprived of their power, and eight of them excommunicated for divers alleged irregularities.

21st Nov. 1638.

The Covenanters took arms to support these bold measures. They recalled to Scotland the numerous officers who had been

trained in the wars of Germany, and committed the command of the whole to Alexander Lesley, a veteran general of skill and experience, who had possessed the friendship of Gustavus Adolphus. They soon made great progress; for the castles of Edinburgh, Dalkeith, and other national fortresses were treacherously surrendered to, or daringly surprised, by the Covenanters.

King Charles, meantime, was preparing for the invasion of Scotland with a powerful army by land and sea. The fleet was commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, who, unwilling to commence a civil war, or, as some supposed, not being on this occasion peculiarly zealous in the King's service, made no attempt to prosecute the enterprise. The fleet lay idle in the Firth of Forth, while Charles in person, at the head of an army of twenty-three thousand men, gallantly equipped by the English nobility, seemed as much determined upon the subjugation of his ancient kingdom of Scotland, as ever any of the Edwards or Henrys of England had been. But the Scottish Covenanters showed the same determined spirit of resistance, which, displayed by their ancestors, had frustrated so many invasions, and it was now mingled with much political discretion.

A great degree of military discipline had been introduced into the Scottish levies, considering how short time they had been on foot. They lay encamped on Dunse Law, a gently sloping hill, very favourable for a military display.[1] Their camp was defended by forty field-pieces, and their army consisted of twenty-four or twenty-five thousand men. The highest Scottish nobles, as Argyle, Rothes, Cassilis, Eglinton, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Loudon, Balcarres, and others, acted as colonels; their captains were gentlemen of high rank and fortune; and the inferior commissions were chiefly bestowed on veteran officers who had served abroad. The utmost order was observed in their camp, whilst the presence of numerous clergymen kept up the general enthusiasm, and seemed to give a religious character to the war.

In this crisis, when a decisive battle was to have been expected, only one very slight action took place, when a few

[1] Dunse Law is a beautiful little hill, close by the town of the same name. It rises in a gradual ascent till it terminates in a plain of nearly thirty acres, and still bears on its broomy top marks of the encampment of the Covenanters.

English cavalry, retreating hastily and in disorder, from a still smaller number of Scots, seemed to show that the invaders had not their hearts engaged in the combat. The King was surrounded by many counsellors, who had no interest to encourage the war; and the whole body of English Puritans considered the resistance of Scotland as the triumph of the good cause over Popery and Prelacy. Charles's own courage seems to have failed him, at the idea of encountering a force so well provided, and so enthusiastic, as that of the Covenanters, with a dispirited army acting under divided counsels. A treaty was entered into, though of an insecure character. The King granted a declaration, in which, without confirming the acts of the Assembly of Glasgow, which he would not acknowledge as a lawful one, he agreed that all matters concerning the regulation of church government should be left to a new Convocation of the Church.

3d June 1639.

Such an agreement could not be lasting. The Covenanting Lords did, indeed, disband their forces, and restore to the King's troops the strong places which they had occupied; but they held themselves ready to take arms, and seize upon them again, on the slightest notice; neither was the King able to introduce any considerable degree of disunion into so formidable a league.

The General Assembly of the Church, convened according to the treaty, failed not to confirm all that had been done by their predecessors at Glasgow; the National Covenant was renewed, and the whole conclusions of the body were in favour of pure and unmingled Presbytery. The Scottish Parliament, on their part, demanded several privileges, necessary, it was said, to freedom of debate, and required that the Estates of the kingdom should be convened at least once every three years. On receiving these demands, Charles thought he beheld a formed scheme for undermining his royal authority, and prepared to renew the war.

His determination involved, however, consequences more important than even the war with Scotland. His private economy had enabled the King to support, from the crown lands and other funds, independent of Parliamentary grants, the ordinary expenses of the state, and he had been able even to sustain the charges of the first army raised to invade Scotland, without having recourse to the House of Commons. But his treasures

were now exhausted, and it became indispensable to convoke a Parliament, and obtain from the Commons a grant of money to support the war. The Parliament met, but were too much occupied by their own grievances, to take an immediate interest in the Scottish war, which they only viewed as affording a favourable opportunity for enforcing their own objects. They refused the supplies demanded. The King was obliged to dissolve them, and have recourse to the aid of Ireland, to the Convocation of the Church, to compulsory loans, and other indirect methods of raising money, so that his resources were exhausted by the effort.

On hearing that the King was again collecting his army, and had placed himself at its head, the Parliament of Scotland resolved on reassembling theirs. It was done with such facility, and so speedily, that it was plain they had been, during the short suspension of arms, occupied in preparing for a new rupture. They did not now wait till the King should invade Scotland, but boldly crossed the Tweed, entered England, and advancing to the banks of the Tyne, found Lord Conway posted at Newburn, with six thousand men, having batteries of cannon in his front, and prepared to dispute the passage of the river. On 28th August 1640 the battle of Newburn was fought. The Scots, after silencing the artillery by their superior fire, entered the ford, girdle deep, and made their way across the river. The English fled with a speed and disorder unworthy of their national reputation.

The King, surprised at this defeat, and justly distrusting the faith of many who were in his army and near his person, directed his forces to retreat into Yorkshire, where he had arrived in person; and again, with more serious intentions of abiding by it, commenced a negotiation with his insurgent subjects. At the same time, to appease the growing discontent of the English nation, he resolved again to call a Parliament. There were, no doubt, in the royal camp, many persons to whom the presence of a Scottish army was acceptable, as serving to overawe the more violent royalists; and the Scots were easily induced to protract their stay, when it was proposed to them to receive pay and provisions at the expense of England.

The meeting of that celebrated body called, in English history, the Long Parliament, took place on 3d November 1640. The majority of the members were disaffected with the

King's government, on account of his severity in matters of religion, and his tendency to despotism in state affairs. These malcontents formed a strong party, determined to diminish the royal authority, and reduce, if not altogether to destroy, the hierarchy of the Church. The negotiations for peace being transferred from Ripon to London, the presence of the Scottish commissioners was highly acceptable to those statesmen who opposed the King; and the preaching of the clergymen by whom they were accompanied appeared equally instructive to the citizens of London and their wives.

In this favourable situation, and completely successful over the royal will (for Charles I. could not propose to contend at once with the English Parliament and with the Scottish army), the peremptory demands of the Scots were neither light, nor easily gratified. They required that the King should confirm every act of the Scottish Convention of Estates with which he had been at war, recall all the proclamations which he had sent out against them, place the fortresses of Scotland in the hands of such officers as the Convention should approve of, pay all the expenses of the war, and, last and bitterest, they stipulated, that those of the King's counsellors who had advised the late hostilities, should be punished as incendiaries. While the Scots were discussing these severe conditions, they remained in their quarters in England much at their ease, overawing by their presence the King, and those who might be disposed to join him, and affording to the opposition party in the English Parliament an opportunity of obtaining redress for the grievances of which they, in their turn, complained.

The King thus circumstanced was compelled to give way. The oppressive courts in which arbitrary proceedings had taken place were abolished; every species of contrivance by which Charles had endeavoured to levy money without consent of Parliament, a subject on which the people of England were justly jealous, was declared unlawful; and it was provided, that Parliaments should be summoned every three years.

Thus the power of the King was reduced within the boundaries of the constitution: but the Parliament were not satisfied with this general redress of grievances, though including all that had hitherto been openly complained of. A strong party among the members was determined to be satisfied with nothing short of the abolition of Episcopacy in England as well as in

Scotland; and many who did not aim at that favourite point, entertained fears, that if the King were left in possession of such powers as the constitution allowed him, he would find means of re-establishing and perpetuating the grievances which, for the time, he had consented to abolish.

Gratified with a donation of three hundred thousand pounds, given under the delicate name of brotherly assistance, the Scottish army at length retired homeward, and left the King and Parliament of England to settle their own affairs. The troops had scarcely returned to Scotland and disbanded, when Charles proposed to himself a visit to his native kingdom. He arrived in Scotland on the 12th of August 1641. There can be little doubt that the purpose of this royal progress was to inquire closely into the causes which had enabled the Scottish nation, usually divided into factions and quarrels, to act with such unanimity, and to try whether it might not be possible for the King to attach to his royal interest and person some of the principal leaders, and thus form a party who might not only prevent his English dominions from being again invaded by an army from Scotland, but might be disposed to serve him, in case he should come to an open rupture with his English Parliament. For this purpose he dispensed dignities and gifts in Scotland with an unsparing hand; made General Lesley Earl of Leven, raised the Lords Loudon and Lindsay to the same rank, and received into his administration several nobles who had been active in the late invasion of England. On most of these persons the King's benefits produced little effect. They considered him only as giving what, if he had dared, he would have withheld. But Charles made a convert to his interest of one nobleman, whose character and actions have rendered him a memorable person in Scottish history.

This was James Graham, Earl of Montrose; a man of high genius, glowing with the ambition which prompts great actions, and conscious of courage and talents which enabled him to aspire to much by small and inadequate means. He was a poet and a scholar, deeply skilled in the art of war, and possessed of a strength of constitution and activity of mind by which he could sustain every hardship, and find a remedy in every reverse of fortune. It was remarked of him by Cardinal du Retz, an unquestionable judge, that he resembled more nearly than any man of his age those great heroes, whose names and history

are handed down to us by the Greek and Roman historians. As a qualification to this high praise, it must be added, that Montrose's courage sometimes approached to rashness, and that some of his actions arose more from the dictates of private revenge than became his nobler qualities.

The young Earl had attended the court of Charles when he came home from his travels, but not meeting with the attention which he was conscious of deserving, he withdrew into Scotland, and took a zealous share in forming and forwarding the National Covenant. A man of such talent could not fail to be employed and distinguished. Montrose was sent by the confederated lords of the Covenant to chastise the prelatic town of Aberdeen, and to disperse the Gordons, who were taking arms for the King under the Marquis of Huntly, and succeeded in both commissions. When the army of the Scottish Parliament entered England, he was the first man who forded the Tweed. He passed alone under the fire of the English, to ascertain the depth of the water, and returned to lead over the regiment which he commanded. Notwithstanding these services to the cause of the Covenant, Montrose had the mortification to see that the Earl of Argyle (the ancient feudal enemy of his house) was preferred to him by the heads of the party, and chiefly by the clergy. There was something in the fiery ambition, and unyielding purpose of Montrose, which startled inferior minds; while Argyle, dark, close, and crafty—a man well qualified to affect a complete devotion to the ends of others, when he was, in fact, bent on forwarding his own,—stooped lower to court popularity, and was more successful in gaining it.

The King had long observed that Montrose was dissatisfied with the party to which he had hitherto adhered, and found no difficulty in engaging his services for the future in the royal cause. The noble convert set so actively about inducing others to follow his example, that even during the course of the treaty of Ripon, he had procured the subscription of nineteen noblemen to a bond, engaging themselves to unite in support of Charles. This act of defection being discovered by the Covenanters, Montrose was imprisoned; and the King, on coming to Scotland, had the mortification to find himself deprived of the assistance of this invaluable adherent.

Montrose contrived, however, to communicate with the King from his prison in the castle of Edinburgh, and disclosed

so many circumstances respecting the purposes of the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earl of Argyle, that Charles had resolved to arrest them both at one moment, and had assembled soldiers for that purpose. They escaped, however, and retired to their houses, where they could not have been seized but by open violence, and at the risk of a civil war. These noblemen were recalled to court; and to show that the King's confidence in them was unchanged, Argyle was raised to the rank of Marquis. This obscure affair was called the *Incident;* it was never well explained, but at the time excited much suspicion of the King's purposes both in England and in Scotland, and aggravated the disinclination of the English Parliament to leave his royal power on the present unreduced footing.

There can be little doubt that Montrose's disclosures to the King concerned the private correspondence which passed between the Scottish Covenanters and the Opposition party in the Parliament of England, and which Charles might hope to convert into an accusation of high treason against both. But as he did not feel that he possessed a party in Scotland strong enough to contend with the great majority of the nobles of that country, he judged it best to pass over all further notice of the *Incident* for the time, and to leave Scotland under the outward appearance at least of mutual concord. He was formally congratulated on departing a contented King from a contented people—a state of things which did not last long.

It was, indeed, impossible that Scotland should remain long tranquil, while England, with whom she was now so closely connected, was in such dreadful disorder. The King had no sooner returned from Scotland, than the quarrel betwixt him and his Parliament was renewed with more violence than ever. If either party could have reposed confidence in the other's sincerity, the concessions made by the King were such as ought to have gratified the Parliament. But the strongest suspicions were entertained by the prevailing party, that the King considered the grants which he had made, as having been extorted from him by violence, and that he retained the steady purpose of reassuming, in its full extent, the obnoxious and arbitrary power of which he had been deprived for a season, but which he still considered as part of his royal right. They therefore resolved not to quit the ascendency which they had attained until they had deprived the King, for a season at least, of a

large portion of his remaining prerogative, although bestowed on him by the constitution, that they might thus prevent his employing it for the recovery of those arbitrary privileges which had been usurped by the throne during the reign of the Tudors.

While the Parliamentary leaders argued thus, the King, on his side, complained that no concession, however large, was found adequate to satisfy the demands of his discontented subjects. "He had already," he urged, "resigned all the points which had been disputed between them, yet they continued as ill satisfied as before." On these grounds the partisans of the crown were alarmed with the idea that it was the purpose of Parliament altogether to abrogate the royal authority, or at least to depose the reigning King.

On the return of Charles to London, the Parliament greeted him with a remonstrance, in which he was upbraided with all the real and supposed errors of his reign. At the same time, a general disposition to tumult showed itself throughout the city. Great mobs of apprentices and citizens, not always of the lowest rank, came in tumult to Westminster, under the pretence of petitioning the Houses of Parliament; and as they passed Whitehall, they insulted, with loud shouts, the guards and servants of the King. The parties soon came to blows, and blood was spilt between them.

25th Nov.

Party names, too, were assumed to distinguish the friends of the King from those who favoured the Parliament. The former were chiefly gay young men, who, according to the fashion of the times, wore showy dresses, and cultivated the growth of long hair, which, arranged in ringlets, fell over their shoulders. They were called Cavaliers. In distinction, those who adhered to the Parliament assumed, in their garb and deportment, a seriousness and gravity which rejected all ornament. They wore their hair, in particular, cropped short around the head, and thence gained the name of Roundheads.

But it was the difference in their ideas of religion, or rather of church government, which chiefly widened the division betwixt the two parties. The King had been bred up to consider the preservation of the Church of England and her hierarchy, as a sacred point of his royal duty, since he was recognised by the constitution as its earthly head and superintendent. The Presbyterian system, on the contrary, was espoused by a large proportion of the Parliament; and they

were, for the time, seconded by the other numerous classes of Dissenters, all of whom desired to see the destruction of the Church of England, however unwilling they might be, in their secret mind, that a Presbyterian church government should be set up in its stead. The enemies of the English hierarchy greatly predominating within the Houses of Parliament, the lords spiritual, or bishops, were finally expelled from their seats in the House of Lords, and their removal was celebrated as a triumph by the London citizens.

While matters were in this state, the King committed a great imprudence. Having conceived that he had acquired from Montrose's discovery, or otherwise, certain information that five of the leading members of the House of Commons had been guilty of holding such intimate communication with the Scots when in arms, as might authorise a charge of high treason against them, he formed the highly rash and culpable intention of going to the House of Commons in person, with an armed train of attendants, and causing the accused members to be arrested. By this ill-advised measure, Charles doubtless expected to strike terror into the opposite party; but it proved altogether ineffectual. The five members had received private information of the blow to be aimed at them, and had fled into the City, where they found numbers willing to conceal, or defend them. The King, by his visit to the House of Commons, only showed that he could stoop to act almost in the capacity of a common constable, or catchpole; and that he disregarded the respect due to the representatives of the British people, in meditating such an arrest of their members in the presence of that body.

After this very rash step on the part of the King, every chance of reconciliation seemed at an end. The Commons rejected all amicable proposals, unless the King would surrender to them, for a time at least, the command of the militia or armed force of the kingdom; and that would have been equivalent to laying his crown at their feet. The King refused to surrender the command of the militia even for an instant; and both parties prepared to take up arms. Charles left London, where the power of the Parliament was predominant, assembled what friends he could gather at Nottingham, and hoisted the royal standard there, as the signal of civil war, on 25th August 1642.

The hostilities which ensued, over almost all England, were of a singular character. Long accustomed to peace, the English had but little knowledge of the art of war. The friends of the contending parties assembled their followers, and marched against each other, without much idea of taking strong positions, or availing themselves of able manœuvres, but with the simple and downright purpose of meeting, fighting with, and defeating those who were in arms on the other side. These battles were contested with great manhood and gallantry, but with little military skill or discipline. It was no uncommon thing for one wing or division of the contending armies, when they found themselves victorious over the body opposed to them, to amuse themselves with chasing the vanquished party for leagues off the field of battle, where the victory was in the meanwhile lost for want of their support. This repeatedly happened through the precipitation of the King's cavalry; a fine body of men, consisting of the flower of the English nobility and gentry; but as ungovernable as they were valorous, and usually commanded by Prince Rupert, the King's nephew, a young man of fiery courage, not gifted with prudence corresponding to his bravery and activity.

In these unhappy civil contentions, the ancient nobility and gentry of England were chiefly disposed to the service of the King; and the farmers and cultivators of the soil followed them as their natural leaders. The cause of the Parliament was supported by London, with all its wealth and its numbers, and by the other large towns, seaports, and manufacturing districts, throughout the country. At the commencement of the war, the Parliament, being in possession of most of the fortified places in England, with the magazines of arms and ammunition which they contained, having also numbers of men prepared to obey their summons, and with power to raise large sums of money to pay them, seemed to possess great advantages over the party of Charles. But the gallantry of the King's followers was able to restore the balance, and proposals were made for peace on equal terms, which, had all parties been as sincere in seeking it, as the good and wise of each side certainly were, might then have been satisfactorily concluded.

A treaty was set on foot at Oxford in the winter and spring of 1643, and the Scottish Parliament sent to England a com-

mittee of the persons employed as conservators of the peace between the kingdoms, to negotiate, if possible, a pacification between the King and his Parliament, honourable for the crown, satisfactory for the liberty of the subject, and secure for both. But the King listened to the warmer and more passionate counsellors, who pointed out to him that the Scots would, to a certainty, do their utmost to root out Prelacy in any system of accommodation which they might assist in framing; and that having, in fact, been the first who had set the example of a successful resistance to the crown, they could not now be expected to act as friends to the King in any negotiation in which his prerogative was concerned. The result was, that the Scottish Commissioners, finding themselves treated with coldness by the King, and with menace and scorn by the more vehement of his followers, left Oxford still more displeased with the Royal cause than they were when they had come thither.

CHAPTER XLII

A Scottish Army sent to assist that of the English Parliament—Montrose's victories in Scotland in support of the King

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGN.—*France*: Louis XIV.

1643—1644

IN 1643, when the advance of spring permitted the resumption of hostilities, it was found that the state of the King's party was decidedly superior to that of the Parliament, and it was generally believed that the event of the war would be decided in the Royal favour, could the co-operation of the Scots be obtained. The King privately made great offers to the Scottish nation, to induce them to declare in his favour, or at least remain neuter in the struggle. He called upon them to remember that he had gratified all their wishes, without exception, and reminded them that the late peace between England and Scotland provided, that neither country should declare war against the other without due provocation, and the consent of Parliament. But the members of the Scottish Convention of

Estates were sensible, that if they should assist the King to conquer the English Parliament, for imitating their own example of insurrection, it would be naturally followed by their undergoing punishment themselves for the lesson which they had taught the English. They feared for the Presbyterian system, —some of them, no doubt, feared for themselves, —and all turned a deaf ear to the King's proposals.

On the other hand a deputation from Parliament pressed upon the Scottish Convention another clause in the treaty of peace made in 1641, namely, that the Parliament of either country should send aid to each other to repel invasion or suppress internal disturbances. In compliance with this article, the English Commissioners desired the assistance of a body of Scottish auxiliaries. The country being at this time filled with disbanded officers and soldiers who were eager for employment, the opportunity and the invitation were extremely tempting to them, for they remembered the free quarters and good pay which they had enjoyed while in England. Nevertheless, the leading members of the Convention of Estates were aware, that to embrace the party of the Parliament of England, and despatch to their assistance a large body of auxiliary forces, selected, as they must be, from their best levies, would necessarily expose their authority in Scotland to considerable danger; for the King's friends who had joined in the bond with Montrose were men of power and influence, and, having the will, only waited for the opportunity, to act in his behalf; and might raise, perhaps, a formidable insurrection in Scotland itself, when relieved from the superiority of force which at present was so great on the side of the Convention. But the English Commissioners held out a bait which the Convention found it impossible to resist.

From the success which the ruling party had experienced in establishing the Church of Scotland on a Presbyterian model, and from the great influence which the clergy had acquired in the councils of the nation by the late course of events, both the clergy and laity of that persuasion had been induced to cherish the ambitious desire of totally destroying the hierarchy of the Church of England, and of introducing into that kingdom a form of church government on the Presbyterian model. To accomplish this favourite object, the leading Presbyterians in Scotland were willing to run every risk, and to make every exertion.

The Commissioners of England were most ready to join with this idea, so far as concerned the destruction of Prelacy; but they knew that the English Parliament party were greatly divided among themselves on the propriety of substituting the Presbyterian system in its place. The whole body of Sectarians, or Independents, were totally opposed to the introduction of any national church government whatever, and were averse to that of Presbytery in particular, the Scottish clergy having, in their opinion, shown themselves disposed to be as absolute and intolerant in their church judicatories as the bishops had been while in power. But, with a crafty policy, the Commissioners conducted the negotiation in such a manner as to give the Scottish Convention reason to believe, that they would accomplish their favourite desire of seeing the system which they so much admired, acknowledged, and adopted in England, while, in fact, they bound their constituents, the English Parliament, to nothing specific on the subject.

The Commissioners proposed to join with the Scottish nation in a new edition of the Covenant, which had before proved such a happy bond of union among the Scots themselves. In this new bond of religious association, which was called the Solemn League and Covenant, it was provided, that the church government of Scotland should be supported and maintained on its present footing; but with regard to England, the agreement was expressed with studied ambiguity — the religious system of England, it was provided, should be reformed "according to the word of God, and the example of the best reformed churches." The Scots, usually more cautious in their transactions, never allowed themselves to doubt for a moment, that the rule and example to be adopted under this clause must necessarily be that of Presbytery, and under this conviction both the nobles and the clergy hastened with raptures, and even with tears of joy, to subscribe the proposed League. But several of the English Commissioners enjoyed in secret the reserved power of interpreting the clause otherwise, and of explaining the phrase in a sense applicable to their own ideas of emancipation from church government of every kind.

The Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to in Scotland with general acclamation, and was received and adopted by the English Parliament with the same applause, all discussion of the dubious article being cautiously avoided. The Scots pro-

ceeded, with eager haste, to send to the assistance of the Parliament of England a well-disciplined army of upwards of twenty thousand men, under the command of Alexander Lesley, Earl of Leven. An officer of character, named Baillie, was Leven's lieutenant, and David Lesley, a man of greater military talents than either, was his major-general. Their presence contributed greatly to a decisive victory which the Parliament forces gained at Marston Moor; and, indeed, as was to be expected from their numbers and discipline, quickly served to give that party the preponderance in the field.

3d July 1644.

But while the Scottish auxiliaries were actively serving the common cause of the Parliament in England, the courageous and romantic enterprise of the Earl of Montrose, advanced by the King to the dignity of Marquis, broke out in a train of success, which threatened to throw Scotland itself into the hands of the King and his friends. This nobleman's bold genius, when the royalist party in Scotland seemed totally crushed and dispersed, devised the means of assembling them together, and of menacing the Convention of Estates with the destruction of their power at home, even at the moment when they hoped to establish the Presbyterian Church in both kingdoms, by the success of the army which they had despatched into England.

After obtaining his liberation from imprisonment, Montrose had repaired to England, and suggested to the King a plan of operations to be executed by a body of Irish, to be despatched by the Earl of Antrim from the county of Ulster, and landed in the West Highlands. With these he proposed to unite a force collected from the Highland clans, who were disinclined to the Presbyterian government, great enemies to the Marquis of Argyle, and attached to the Royal cause, because they regarded the King as a chieftain whose clan was in rebellion against him, and who, therefore, deserved the support of every faithful mountaineer. The promise of pay, to which they had never been accustomed, and the certainty of booty, would, as Montrose judiciously calculated, readily bring many chieftains and clans to the Royal Standard. The powerful family of the Gordons, in Aberdeenshire, who, besides enjoying almost princely authority over the numerous gentlemen of their family, had extensive influence among the mountain tribes in their

neighbourhood, or, in the Scottish phrase, "could command a great Highland following," might also be reckoned upon with certainty; as they had been repeatedly in arms for the King, had not been put down without a stout resistance, and were still warmly disposed towards the Royal cause. The support of many of the nobility and gentry in the north, might also be regarded as probable, should Montrose be able to collect a considerable force. The Episcopal establishment, so odious to the lords and barons of the southern and western parts of Scotland, was popular in the north. The northern barons were displeased with the extreme strictness of the Presbyterian clergy, and dissatisfied with the power they had often assumed of interfering with the domestic arrangements of families, under pretext of maintaining moral discipline. Finally, there were in all parts of Scotland active and daring men disappointed of obtaining employment or preferment under the existing government, and therefore willing to join in any enterprise, however desperate, which promised a change.

All this was known to the Convention of Estates; but they had not fully estimated the magnitude of the danger. Montrose's personal talents were, to a certain extent, admitted, but ordinary men were incapable of estimating such a character as his; and he was generally esteemed a vain, though able young man, whose remarkable ambition was capable of urging him into rash and impracticable undertakings. The great power of the Marquis of Argyle was relied upon as a sufficient safeguard against any attempt on the West Highlands, and his numerous, brave, and powerful clan had long kept all the other tribes of that country in a species of awe, if not of subjection.

But the character of the Highlanders was estimated according to a sort of calculation, which time had rendered very erroneous. In the former days of Scotland, when the Lowlands were inhabited by men as brave, and much better armed and disciplined than the mountaineers, the latter had indeed often shown themselves alert as light troops, unwearied in predatory excursions; but had been generally, from their tumultuary charge, liable to defeat, either from a steady body of spearmen, who received their onset with lowered lances, or from an attack of the feudal chivalry of the Lowlands, completely armed and well mounted. At Harlaw, Corrichie, Glenlivat, and on many other occasions, the irregular forces of the

Highlands had been defeated by an inferior number of their Lowland opponents.

These recollections might lead the governors of Scotland, during the civil war, to hold a Highland army in low estimation. But, if such was their opinion, it was adopted without considering that half a century of uninterrupted peace had rendered the Lowlander much less warlike, while the Highlander, who always went armed, was familiar with the use of the weapons which he constantly wore, and had a greater love for fighting than the Lowland peasant, who, called from the peaceful occupations of the farm, and only prepared by a few days' drill, was less able to encounter the unwonted dangers of a field of battle. The burghers, who made a formidable part of the array of the Scottish army in former times, were now still more unwarlike than the peasant, being not only without skill in arms, and little accustomed to danger, but deficient also in the personal habits of exercise which the rustic had preserved. This great and essential difference between the Highlander and Lowlander of modern days could scarcely be estimated in the middle of the seventeenth century, the causes by which it was brought about being gradual, and attracting little attention.

Montrose's first plan was to collect a body of royalist horse on the frontiers of England, to burst at once into the centre of Scotland at their head, and force his way to Stirling, where a body of cavaliers had promised to assemble and unite with him. The expedition was disconcerted by a sort of mutiny among the English horse who had joined him; in consequence of which, Montrose disbanded his handful of followers, and exhorted them to make their way to the King, or to the nearest body of men in arms for the royal cause, while he himself adopted a new and more desperate plan. He took with him only two friends, and disguised himself as the groom of one of them, whom he followed, ill mounted and worse dressed, and leading a spare horse. They called themselves gentlemen belonging to Leven's army; for, of course, if Montrose had been discovered by the Covenanting party, a rigorous captivity was the least he might expect. At one time he seemed on the point of being detected. A straggling soldier passed his two companions, and coming up to Montrose, saluted him respectfully by his name and title. Montrose tried to persuade him that he was mistaken; but the man persisted, though with the

utmost respect and humility of deportment. "Do I not know my noble Lord of Montrose?" he said; "But go your way and God be with you." The circumstance alarmed Montrose and his companions; but the poor fellow was faithful, and never betrayed his old leader.

In this disguise he reached the verge of the Highlands, and lay concealed in the house of his relation, Graham of Inchbraco, and afterwards, for still greater safety, in an obscure hut on the Highland frontier, while he despatched spies in every direction, to bring him intelligence of the state of the Royalist party. Bad news came from all quarters. The Marquis of Huntly had taken arms hastily and imprudently, and had been defeated and compelled to fly; while Gordon of Haddow, the most active and gallant gentleman of the name, was made prisoner, and, to strike terror into the rest of the clan, was publicly executed by order of the Scottish Parliament.

Montrose's spirit was not to be broken even by this disappointment; and, while anxiously awaiting further intelligence, an indistinct rumour reached him that a body of soldiers from Ireland had landed in the West Highlands, and were wandering in the mountains, followed and watched by Argyle with a strong party of his clan. Shortly after, he learned, by a messenger despatched on purpose, that this was the promised body of auxiliaries sent to him from Ulster by the Earl of Antrim. Their commander was Alaster MacDonald, a Scoto-Irishman, I believe, of the Antrim family. He was called Coll Kittoch, or Colkitto, from his being left-handed; a very brave and daring man, but vain and opinionative, and wholly ignorant of regular warfare. Montrose sent orders to him to march with all speed into the district of Athole, and despatched emissaries to raise the gentlemen of that country in arms, as they were generally well affected to the King's cause. He himself set out to join this little band, attired in an ordinary Highland garb, and accompanied only by Inchbraco as his guide. The Irish were surprised and disappointed to see their expected general appear so poorly dressed and attended; nor had Montrose greater reason to congratulate himself on the appearance of his army. The force which was assembled did not exceed fifteen hundred Irish, instead of the thousands promised, and these were but indifferently armed and appointed,

while only a few Highlanders from Badenoch were yet come to the appointed rendezvous.

These active mountain warriors, however, few as they were, had, a day or two before, come to blows with the Covenanters. MacPherson of Cluny, chief of his name, had sent out a party of men, under MacPherson of Invereshie, to look out for Montrose, who was anxiously expected in the Highlands. They beheld the approach of a detached body of horse, which they concluded was the escort of their expected general. But when they drew nearer, the MacPhersons found it to be several troops of the cavalry of the Covenanters, commanded by Colonel Herries, and quartered in Glencairn, for the purpose of keeping the Highlanders in check. While the horsemen were advancing in formidable superiority of numbers, Invereshie, who was drawing up his Highlanders for action, observed one of them in the act of stooping; and as he lifted his stick to strike him for such conduct in the face of the enemy, the Highlander arose, and proved to be MacPherson of Dalifour, one of the boldest men of the clan. Much surprised, Invereshie demanded how he, of all men, could think of stooping before an enemy. "I was only fastening a spur on the heel of my brogue," said Dalifour, with perfect composure. "A spur! and for what purpose, at such a time and place as this?" asked Invereshie. "I intend to have a good horse before the day is over," answered the clansman with the same coolness. Dalifour kept his word; for the Lowland horse, disconcerted by a smart fire, and the broken nature of the ground, being worsted in the first onset, he got possession of a charger, on which he followed the pursuit, and brought in two prisoners.

The report of this skirmish gave a good specimen to Montrose of the mettle of the mountaineers, while the subsequent appearance of the Atholemen, eight hundred strong, and the enthusiastic shouts with which they received their general, soon gave confidence to the light-hearted Irishmen. Montrose instantly commenced his march upon Strathern, and crossed the Tay. He had scarce done so, when he discovered on the hill of Buchanty a body of about four hundred men, who, he had the satisfaction to learn by his scouts, were commanded by two of his own particular friends, Lord Kilpont and Sir John Drummond. They had taken arms, on hearing that a body of Irish were traversing the country; and learning that they were

there under Montrose's command, for the King's service, they immediately placed themselves and their followers under his orders.

Montrose received these succours in good time, for while Argyle pursued him with a large body of his adherents, who had followed the track of the Irish, Lord Elcho, the Earl of Tullibardine, and Lord Drummond, had collected an army of Lowlanders to protect the city of Perth, and to fight Montrose, in case he should descend from the hills. Montrose was aware that such an enterprise as he had undertaken could only be supported by an excess of activity and decision. He therefore advanced upon the forces of Elcho, whom he found, on the 1st September 1644, drawn up in good order in a large plain called Tippermuir, within three miles of Perth. They were nearly double Montrose's army in number, and much encouraged by numerous ministers, who exhorted them to fight valiantly, and promised them certain victory. They had cannon also, and cavalry, whereas Montrose had no artillery, and only three horses, in his army. After a skirmish with the cavalry of his opponents, who were beaten off, Montrose charged with the Highlanders, under a heavy fire from his Irish musketeers. They burst into the ranks of the enemy with irresistible fury, and compelled them to fly. Once broken, the superiority of numbers became useless, as the means of supporting a main body by reserves was not then known or practised. The Covenanters fled in the utmost terror and confusion, but the light-footed Highlanders did great execution in the pursuit. Many honest burghers, distressed by the extraordinary speed which they were compelled to exert, broke their wind, and died in consequence. Montrose sustained little or no loss.

The town of Perth surrendered, and for this act a long string of reasons were given, which are rather amusingly stated in a letter from the ministers of that town; but we have only space to mention a few of them. First, it is alleged, that out of Elcho's defeated army only about twelve of the Fifeshire men offered themselves to the magistrates in defence of the town, unarmed, and most of them were pot-valiant from liquor. Secondly, it is affirmed, that the citizens had concealed themselves in cellars and vaults, where they lay panting in vain endeavours to recover the breath which they had wasted in their retreat, scarcely finding words enough to tell the provost

"That their hearts were away, and that they would fight no more though they should be killed." Thirdly, the letter states, that if the citizens had had the inclination to stand out, they had no means of resistance, most of them having flung away their weapons in their flight. Finally, the courage of the defenders was overpowered by the sight of the enemy, drawn up like so many hellhounds before the gates of the town, their hands deeply dyed in the blood recently shed, and demanding, with hideous cries, to be led to further slaughter. The magistrates perhaps deserve no blame, if they capitulated in such circumstances, to avoid the horrors of a storm. But their conduct shows, at the same time, how much the people of the Lowlands had degenerated in point of military courage.

Perth consequently opened its gates to the victor. But Argyle, whose northern army had been augmented by a considerable body of cavalry, was now approaching with a force, against which Montrose could not pretend to defend an open town. He abandoned Perth, therefore, and marched into Angus-shire, hoping he might find adherents in that county. Accordingly, he was there joined by the old Earl of Airlie and two of his sons, who never forsook him in success or disaster.

This accession of strength was counterbalanced by a shocking event. There was a Highland gentleman in Montrose's camp, named James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, whose birth had been attended with some peculiar circumstances, which, though they lead me from my present subject, I cannot refrain from noticing. While his mother was pregnant there came to the house of Ardvoirlich a band of outlaws, called Children of the Mist, Macgregors, some say, others call them Macdonalds of Ardnamurchan. They demanded food, and the lady caused bread and cheese to be placed on the table, and went into the kitchen to order a better meal to be made ready, such being the unvarying process of Highland hospitality. When the poor lady returned, she saw upon the table, with its mouth stuffed full of food, the bloody head of her brother, Drummond of Drummondernoch, whom the outlaws had met and murdered in the wood. The unhappy woman shrieked, ran wildly into the forest, where, notwithstanding strict search, she could not be found for many weeks. At length she was secured, but in a state of insanity, which doubtless was partly communicated to the infant which was born shortly after. The lad,

however, grew up. He was an uncertain and dangerous character, but distinguished for his muscular strength, which was so great, that he could, in grasping the hand of another person, force the blood from under the nails. This man was much favoured by the Lord Kilpont, whose accession to the King's party we lately mentioned; indeed, he was admitted to share that young nobleman's tent and bed. It appears that Ardvoirlich had disapproved of the step which his friend had taken in joining Montrose, and that he had solicited the young lord to join him in deserting from the royal army, and, it is even said, in murdering the general. Lord Kilpont rejected these proposals with disdain; when, either offended at his expressions, or fearful of being exposed in his treacherous purpose, Ardvoirlich stabbed his confiding friend mortally with his dagger. He then killed the sentinel who kept guard on the tent, and escaped to the camp of Argyle, where he received preferment. Montrose was awaked by the tumult which this melancholy event excited in the camp, and rushing into the crowd of soldiers, had the unhappiness to see the bleeding corpse of his noble friend thus basely and treacherously murdered. The death of this young nobleman was a great loss to the royal cause.

Montrose, so much inferior in numbers to his enemies, could not well form any fixed plan of operations. He resolved to make up for this, by moving with the most extraordinary celerity from one part of the country to another, so as to strike severe blows where they were least expected, and take the chance of awakening the drooping spirit of the Royalists. He therefore marched suddenly on Aberdeen, to endeavour to arouse the Gordons to arms, and defeat any body of Covenanters which might overawe the King's friends in that country. His army was now, however, greatly reduced in numbers; for the Highlanders, who had no idea of serving for a whole campaign, had most of them returned home to their own districts, to lodge their booty in safety, and get in their harvest. It was, on all occasions, the greatest inconvenience attending a Highland army, that after a battle, whether they won the day or lost it, they were certain to leave their standard in great numbers, and held it their undoubted right to do so; insomuch, that a victory thinned their ranks as much as a defeat is apt to do those of other armies. It is true, that they could be gathered again

with equal celerity; but this humour, of deserting at their pleasure, was a principal reason why the brilliant victories of Montrose were productive of few decided results.[1]

On reaching Aberdeen, Montrose hastened to take possession of the bridge of Dee, the principal approach to that town, and having made good this important point, he found himself in front of an army commanded by Lord Burleigh. He had the mortification also to find, that part of a large body of horse in the Covenanting army were Gordons, who had been compelled to take arms in that cause by Lord Lewis Gordon, the third son of the Marquis of Huntly, a wild and wilful young man, whose politics differed from those of his father, and upon whom he had once committed a considerable robbery.

Finding himself greatly inferior in horse, of which he had not fifty, Montrose intermingled with his cavalry some of his musketeers, who, for breath and speed, could keep up with the movements of such horse as he possessed. The Gordons, not perhaps very favourable to the side on which they ranked, made an ineffectual attack upon the horse of Montrose, which was repelled. And when the mingled musketeers and cavalry in their turn advanced on them, Lord Lewis's men fled, in spite of his own personal exertions; and Montrose, we are informed, found it possible to move his handful of cavalry to the other wing of his army, and to encounter and defeat the horse of the Covenanters on both flanks successively, with the same wearied party of riders. The terror struck into his opponents by the novelty of mixing musketeers with cavalry, contributed not a little to this extraordinary success. While this was passing,

[1] "Even so lately as during the rebellion of 1745-6, when the young Chevalier Charles Edward, by way of making an example, caused a soldier to be shot for desertion, the Highlanders who composed his army were affected as much by indignation as by fear. They could not conceive any principle of justice upon which a man's life could be taken, for merely going home when it did not suit him to remain longer with the army. Such had been the uniform practice of their fathers. When a battle was over, the campaign was, in their opinion, ended; if it was lost, they sought safety in their mountains—if won, they returned there to secure their booty. At other times they had their cattle to look after, and their harvests to sow or reap, without which their families would have perished for want. This circumstance serves to show, even if history had not made us acquainted with the same fact, that the Highlanders had never been accustomed to make war with the view of permanent conquest, but only with the hope of deriving temporary advantage, or deciding some immediate quarrel."—*Legend of Montrose*, chap. xv.

the two bodies of infantry cannonaded each other, for Montrose had in the field the guns which he took at Tibbermuir. The Covenanters had the superiority in this part of the action, but it did not daunt the Royalists. The gaiety of an Irishman, whose leg was shot off by a cannon-ball, so that it hung only by a bit of skin, gave spirit to all around him.—"Go on," he cried, "this bodes me promotion; as I am now disabled for the foot service, I am certain my lord the Marquis will make me a trooper." Montrose left the courage of his men no time to subside—he led them daringly up to the enemy's teeth, and succeeded in a desperate charge, routing the Covenanters, and pursuing them into the town and through the streets. Stormed as it was by such a tumultuary army, Aberdeen and its inhabitants suffered greatly. Many were killed in the streets; and the cruelty of the Irish in particular was so great, that they compelled the wretched citizens to strip themselves of their clothes before they killed them, to prevent their being soiled with blood! The women durst not lament their husbands or their fathers slaughtered in their presence, nor inter the dead which remained unburied in the streets until the Irish departed. Montrose necessarily gave way to acts of pillage and cruelty, which he could not prevent, because he was unprovided with money to pay his half-barbarous soldiery. Yet the town of Aberdeen had two reasons for expecting better treatment:—First, that it had always inclined to the King's party; and, secondly, that Montrose himself had, when acting for the Covenanters, been the agent in oppressing for its loyalty the very city which his troops were now plundering on the opposite score. 14th Sept. 1644.

Argyle always continued following Montrose with a superior army, but, it would appear, not with a very anxious desire to overtake him. With a degree of activity that seemed incredible, Montrose marched up the Spey, hoping still to raise the Gordons. But that clan too strongly resented his former conduct towards them, as General for the Covenant, besides being sore with recollections of their recent check at the bridge of Dee; and, on all these accounts, declined to join him. On the other hand, the men of Moray, who were very zealous against Montrose, appeared on the northern bank of the Spey to oppose his passage. Thus hemmed in on all sides, and headed back like an animal of chase from the course he intended to pursue,

Montrose and his little army showed an extremity of courage. They hid their cannon in a bog, destroyed what they had of heavy baggage, entered Badenoch, where the Clan Chattan had shown themselves uniformly friendly, and descended from thence upon Athole, and so on to Angusshire. After several long and rapid marches, Montrose returned into Strathbogie, recrossing the great chain of the Grampians; and, clinging still to the hope of being able to raise the gentlemen of the name of Gordon, who were naturally disposed to join the royal standard, again repaired to Aberdeenshire.

Here this bold leader narrowly escaped a great danger. His army was considerably dispersed, and he himself lying at the castle of Fyvie, when he found himself at once threatened, and nearly surrounded, by Argyle and Lothian, at the head of very superior forces. A part of the enemy had already occupied the approach to Montrose's position by means of ditches and enclosures, through which they had insinuated themselves, and his own men were beginning to look out of countenance, when Montrose, disguising his apprehensions, called to a gay and gallant young Irish officer, as if he had been imposing a trifling piece of duty,—"What are you doing, O'Kean? can you not chase these troublesome rascals out of the ditches and enclosures?" O'Kean obeyed the command in the spirit in which it was given; and, driving the enemy before him, got possession of some of their gunpowder, which was much needed in Montrose's army. The remark of the Irishman on this occasion, who heavily complained of the neglect of the enemy in omitting to leave a supply of ball, corresponding to the powder, showed the confidence with which Montrose had been able to inspire his men.

The Earl of Lothian, on the other side, came with five troops of horse upon Montrose's handful of cavalry, amounting scarcely to fifty men. But Montrose had, on the present occasion, as at the bridge of Dee, sustained his troopers by mingling them with musketry. So that Lothian's men, receiving an unexpected and galling fire, wheeled about, and could not again be brought to advance. Many hours were spent in skirmishing, with advantage on Montrose's part, and loss on that of Argyle, until at length the former thought it most advisable to retreat from Fyvie to Strathbogie.

On the road he was deserted by many Lowland gentlemen

who had joined him, and who saw his victories were followed with no better results than toilsome marches among wilds, where it was nearly impossible to provide subsistence for man or horse, and which the approach of winter was about to render still more desolate. They left his army, therefore, promising to return in summer; and of all his Lowland adherents, the old Earl of Airlie and his sons alone remained. They had paid dearly for their attachment to the Royal cause, Argyle having plundered their estates, and burnt their principal mansion, the "Bonnie house of Airlie," situated on the river Isla, the memory of which conflagration is still preserved in Scottish song. June 1640.

But the same circumstances which wearied out the patience of Montrose's Lowland followers, rendered it impossible for Argyle to keep the field; and he sent his army into winter quarters, in full confidence that his enemy was cooped up for the season in the narrow and unprovided country of Athole and its neighbourhood, where he might be suffered to exist with little inconvenience to the rest of Scotland, till spring should enable the Covenanters to attack him with a superior force. In the meantime, the Marquis of Argyle returned to his own domains.

CHAPTER XLIII

Invasion of Argyle's Country by Montrose—his Victories—is defeated by Lesley at Philiphaugh—retires to the Highlands, and leaves Scotland

1644—1645

It was about the middle of December that Argyle was residing at his castle of Inverary, in the most perfect confidence that the enemy could not approach him; for he used to say, he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any one knew the passes from the eastward into the country of the Campbells. While the powerful Marquis was enjoying the fancied security of his feudal dominions, he was astounded with the intelligence that Montrose, with an army of Highlanders, wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing the mountain-paths, known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman,

had forced an entry into Argyleshire, which he was laying waste with all the vindictive severity of deadly feud. There was neither time nor presence of mind for defence. The able-bodied men were slaughtered, the cattle driven off, the houses burnt; and the invaders had divided themselves into three bands, to make the devastation more complete. Alarmed by this fierce and unexpected invasion, Argyle embarked on board a fishing-boat, and left his friends and followers to their fate. Montrose continued the work of revenge for nearly a month, and then concluding he had destroyed the influence which Argyle, by the extent of his power, and the supposed strength of his country, had possessed over the minds of the Highlanders, he withdrew towards Inverness, with the purpose of organising a general gathering of the clans. But he had scarce made this movement, when he learned that his rival, Argyle, had returned into the Western Highlands with some Lowland forces; that he had called around him his numerous clan, burning to revenge the wrongs which they had sustained, and was lying with a strong force near the old castle of Inverlochy, situated at the western extremity of the chain of lakes through which the Caledonian Canal is now conducted.

The news at once altered Montrose's plans.

He returned upon Argyle by a succession of the most difficult mountain-passes covered with snow; and the vanguard of the Campbells saw themselves suddenly engaged with that of their implacable enemy. Both parties lay all night on their arms; but, by break of day, Argyle betook himself to his galley, and rowing off shore, remained a spectator of the combat, when, by all the rules of duty and gratitude, he ought to have been at the head of his devoted followers. His unfortunate clansmen supported the honour of the name with the greatest courage, and many of the most distinguished fell on the field of battle. Montrose gained a complete victory, which greatly extended his influence over the Highlands and in proportion diminished that of his discomfited rival.

2d Feb. 1645.

Having collected what force he could, Montrose now marched triumphantly to the north-east; and in the present successful posture of his affairs at length engaged the Gordons to join him with a good body of cavalry, commanded by their young chief, Lord Gordon. The Convention of Estates were now most seriously alarmed. While Montrose had roamed through the

Highlands, retreating before a superior enemy, and every moment apparently on the point of being overwhelmed, his progress was regarded as a distant danger. But he was now threatening the low country, and the ruling party were not so confident of their strength there as to set so bold an adventurer at defiance. They called from the army in England General Baillie, an officer of skill and character, and Sir John Urry, or, as the English called him, Hurry, a brave and good partisan, but a mere soldier of fortune, who had changed sides more than once during the civil war.

These generals commanded a body of veteran troops, with which they manœuvred to exclude Montrose from the southern districts, and prevent his crossing the Tay, or Forth. At the same time the mandate of the Marquis of Huntly, or the intrigues of Lord Lewis Gordon, again recalled most of the Gordons from Montrose's standard, and his cavalry was reduced to one hundred and fifty. He was compelled once more to retire to the mountains, but desirous to dignify his retreat by some distinguished action, he resolved to punish the town of Dundee for their steady adherence to the cause of the Covenant. Accordingly, suddenly appearing before it with a chosen body selected for the service, he stormed the place on three points at once. The Highlanders and Irish, with incredible fury, broke open the gates, and forced an entrance. They were dispersing in quest of liquor and plunder, when at the very moment that Montrose threatened to set the town on fire, he received intelligence, that Baillie and Urry, with four thousand men, were within a mile of the place. The crisis required all the activity of Montrose; and probably no other authority than his would have been able to withdraw the men from their revelling and plundering to get his army into order, and to effect a retreat to the mountains, which he safely accomplished in the face of his numerous enemies, and with a degree of skill which established his military character as firmly as any of his victories. 4th April.

Montrose was well seconded in this difficulty, by the hardihood and resolution of his men, who are said to have marched about sixty miles, and to have passed three days and two nights in manœuvring and fighting, without either food or refreshment. In this manner that leader repeatedly baffled the numerous forces and able generals who were employed against him.

The great check upon his enterprise was the restlessness of the Highlanders, and the caprice of the gentlemen who formed his cavalry, who all went and came at their own pleasure.

I have told you that the Gordons had been withdrawn from Montrose's standard, contrary to their own inclinations, by the command of Huntly, or the address of Lord Lewis Gordon. By employing his followers in enterprises in which the plunder was certain and the danger small, this young nobleman collected under his standard all those who were reluctant to share the toilsome marches, military hardships, and bloody fights to which they were led under that of Montrose. Hence a rhyme, not yet forgotten in Aberdeenshire,

> "If you with Lord Lewis go,
> You'll get reif and prey enough;
> If you with Montrose go,
> You'll get grief and wae enough."

But the Lord Gordon, Lewis's elder brother, continuing attached in the warmest manner to Montrose, was despatched by him to bring back the gentlemen of his warlike family, and his influence soon assembled considerable forces. General Baillie, learning this, detached Urry, his colleague, with a force which he thought sufficient to destroy Lord Gordon, while he himself proposed to engage the attention of Montrose till that point was gained.

But Montrose, penetrating the intention of the Covenanting generals, eluded Baillie's attempts to bring him to action, and traversed the mountains of the north like a whirlwind, to support Lord Gordon and crush Urry. He accomplished his first object; the second appeared more difficult. Urry had been joined by the Covenanters of the shire of Moray, with the Earls of Seaforth, Sutherland, and others who maintained the same cause, and had thus collected an army more numerous than that of Montrose, even when united to Lord Gordon.

Montrose prepared, nevertheless, to give battle at the village of Aulderne, and drew up his men in an unusual manner, to conceal his inequality of force. The village, which is situated on an eminence, with high ground behind, was surrounded by enclosures on each side and in front. He stationed on the right of the hamlet Alexander MacDonald, called Colkitto, with four hundred Irishmen and

4th May 1645.

Highlanders, commanding them to maintain a defensive combat only, and giving them strict orders not to sally from some strong sheepfolds and enclosures, which afforded the advantages of a fortified position. As he wished to draw the attention of the enemy towards that point, he gave this wing charge of the royal standard, which was usually displayed where he commanded in person. On the left side of the village of Aulderne, he drew up the principal part of his force, he himself commanding the infantry, and Lord Gordon the cavalry. His two wings being thus formed, Montrose had in reality no centre force whatever; but a few resolute men were posted in front of the village, and his cannon being placed in the same line made it appear as if the houses covered a body of infantry.

Urry, deceived by these dispositions, attacked with a preponderating force the position of MacDonald on the right. Colkitto beat the assailants back with the Irish musketeers, and the bows and arrows of the Highlanders, who still used these ancient missile weapons. But when the enemy, renewing their attack, taunted MacDonald with cowardice for remaining under shelter of the sheepfolds, that leader, whose bravery greatly excelled his discretion, sallied forth from his fastness, contrary to Montrose's positive command, to show he was not averse to fight on equal ground. The superiority of numbers, and particularly of cavalry, which was instantly opposed to him, soon threw his men into great disorder, and they could with difficulty be rallied by the desperate exertions of Colkitto, who strove to make amends for his error, by displaying the utmost personal valour.

A trusty officer was despatched to Montrose to let him know the state of affairs. The messenger found him on the point of joining battle, and whispered in his ear that Colkitto was defeated. This only determined Montrose to pursue with the greater audacity the plan of battle which he had adopted. "What are we doing?" he called out to Lord Gordon; "MacDonald has been victorious on the right, and if we do not make haste, he will carry off all the honours of the day." Lord Gordon instantly charged with the gentlemen of his name, and beat the Covenanters' horse off the field; but the foot, though deserted by the horse, stood firm for some time, for they were veteran troops. At length they were routed on every point, and compelled to fly with great loss.

Montrose failed not instantly to lead succours to the relief of his right wing, which was in great peril. Colkitto had got his men again secured in the enclosures; he himself, having been all along the last to retreat, was now defending the entrance sword in hand, and with a target on his left arm. The pikemen pressed him so hard as to fix their spears in his target, while he repeatedly freed himself of them by cutting the heads from the shafts, in threes and fours at a time, by the unerring sweep of his broadsword.

While Colkitto and his followers were thus hard pressed, Montrose and his victorious troops appeared, and the face of affairs was suddenly changed. Urry's horse fled, but the foot, which were the strength of his army, fought bravely, and fell in the ranks which they occupied. Two thousand men, about a third of Urry's army, were slain in the battle of Aulderne, and, completely disabled by the overthrow, that commander was compelled once more to unite his scattered forces with those of Baillie.

After some marching and counter-marching, the armies again found themselves in the neighbourhood of each other, near to the village of Alford.

Montrose occupied a strong position on a hill, and it was said that the cautious Baillie would have avoided the encounter, had it not been that, having crossed the river Don, in the belief that Montrose was in full retreat, he only discovered his purpose of giving battle when it was too late to decline it. The number of infantry was about two thousand in each army. But Baillie had more than double his opponent's number of cavalry. Montrose's, indeed, were gentlemen, and therefore in the day of battle were more to be relied on than mere hirelings. The Gordons dispersed the Covenanting horse, on the first shock; and the musketeers, throwing down their muskets, and mingling in the tumult with their swords drawn, prevented the scattered cavalry from rallying. But as Lord Gordon threw himself, for the second time, into the heat of the fight, he fell from his horse, mortally wounded by a shot from one of the fugitives. This accident, which gave the greatest distress to Montrose, suspended the exertions of the cavalry, who, chiefly friends, kinsmen, and vassals of the deceased, flocked around him to lament the general loss. But the veterans of Montrose, charging in separate columns of six and ten men deep, along a

line of three men only, broke the battle array of the Covenanters on various points, and utterly destroyed the remnant of Baillie's array, though they defended themselves bravely. This battle was fought 2d July 1645.

These repeated victories gave such lustre to Montrose's arms, that he was now joined by the Highland clans in great numbers, and by many of the Lowland anti-Covenanters, who had before held back, from doubt of his success in so unequal a contest.

On the other hand, the Convention of Estates, supported by the Counsels of Argyle, who was bold in council though timid in battle, persevered in raising new troops, notwithstanding their repeated misfortunes and defeats. It seemed, indeed, as if Heaven had at this disastrous period an especial controversy with the kingdom of Scotland. To the efforts necessary to keep up and supply their auxiliary army in England, was added the desolation occasioned by a destructive civil war, maintained in the north with the utmost fury, and conducted on both sides with deplorable devastation. To these evils, as if not sufficient to exhaust the resources of a poor country, were now added those of a wide-wasting plague, or pestilence, which raged through all the kingdom, but especially in Edinburgh, the metropolis. The Convention of Estates were driven from the capital by this dreadful infliction, and retreated to Perth, where they assembled a large force under General Baillie, while they ordered a new levy of ten thousand men generally throughout the kingdom. While Lanark, Cassilis, Eglinton, and other lords of the western shires, went to their respective counties to expedite the measure, Montrose, with his usual activity, descended from the mountains at the head of an army, augmented in numbers, and flushed with success.

He first approached the shores of the Forth, by occupying the shire of Kinross. And here I cannot help mentioning the destruction of a noble castle belonging to the House of Argyle. Its majestic ruins are situated on an eminence occupying a narrow glen of the Ochil chain of hills. In former days, it was called, from the character of its situation perhaps, the castle of Gloom; and the names of the parish, and the stream by which its banks are washed, had also an ominous sound. The castle of Gloom was situated on the brook of Grief or or Gryfe, and in the parish of Doulour or Dollar. In the six-

teenth century the Earl of Argyle, the owner of this noble fortress, obtained an act of Parliament for changing its name to Castle Campbell. The feudal hatred of Montrose, and of the clans composing the strength of his army, the vindictive resentment also of the Ogilvies, for the destruction of "the Bonnie House of Airlie," and that of the Stirlingshire cavaliers for that of Menstrie, doomed this magnificent pile to flames and ruin. The destruction of many a meaner habitation by the same unscrupulous and unsparing spirit of vengeance has been long forgotten, but the majestic remains of Castle Campbell still excite a sigh in those that view them, over the miseries of civil war.

After similar acts of ravage, not to be justified, though not unprovoked, Montrose marched westward along the northern margin of the Forth, insulting Perth, where the army of the Covenanters remained in their intrenchments, and even menacing the castle of Stirling, which, well garrisoned and strongly situated, defied his means of attack. About six miles above Stirling, Montrose crossed the Forth, by the deep and precarious ford which the river presents before its junction with the Teith. Having attained the southern bank, he directed his course westward, with the purpose of dispersing the levies which the western lords were collecting, and doubtless with the view of plundering the country, which had attached itself chiefly to the Covenant. Montrose had, however, scarcely reached Kilsyth, when he received the news that Baillie's army, departing from Perth, had also crossed the Forth, at the bridge of Stirling, and was close at hand. With his usual alacrity, Montrose prepared for battle, which Baillie, had he been left to his own judgment, would have avoided; for that skilful though unfortunate general knew by experience the talents of Montrose, and that the character of his troops was admirably qualified for a day of combat; he also considered that an army so composed might be tired out by cautious operations, and entertained the rational hope that the Highlanders and Lowland Cavaliers would alike desert their leader in the course of a protracted and indecisive warfare. But Baillie was no longer the sole commander of the Covenanting army. A Committee of the Estates, consisting of Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay, had been nominated to attend his army, and control his motions; and these, especially the Earl of Lindsay, insisted

that the veteran general should risk the last regular army which the Covenanters possessed in Scotland, in the perils of a decisive battle. They marched against Montrose, accordingly, at break of day on the 15th August 1645.

When Montrose beheld them advance, he exclaimed that it was what he had most earnestly desired. He caused his men to strip to their shirts, in token of their resolution to fight to the death. Meantime the Covenanters approached. Their vanguard attacked an advanced post of Montrose, which occupied a strong position among cottages and enclosures. They were beaten off with loss. A thousand Highlanders, with their natural impetuosity, rushed without orders to pursue the fugitives, and to assault the troops who were advancing to support them. Two regiments of horse, against whom this mountain torrent directed its fury, became disordered and fell back. Montrose saw the decisive moment, and ordered first a troop of horse, under command of Lord Airlie, and afterwards his whole army, to attack the enemy, who had not yet got into line, their rear-guard and centre coming up too slowly to the support of their vanguard. The hideous shout with which the Highlanders charged, their wild appearance, and the extraordinary speed with which they advanced, nearly naked, with broadsword in hand, struck a panic into their opponents, who dispersed without any spirited effort to get into line of battle, or maintain their ground. The Covenanters were beaten off the field, and pursued with indiscriminate slaughter for more than ten miles. Four or five thousand men were slain in the field and in the flight; and the force of the Convention was for the time entirely broken.

Montrose was now master, for the moment, of the kingdom of Scotland. Edinburgh surrendered; Glasgow paid a heavy contribution; the noblemen and other individuals of distinction who had been imprisoned as Royalists in Edinburgh, and elsewhere throughout the kingdom, were set at liberty; and so many persons of quality now declared for Montrose, either from attachment to the Royal cause, which they had hitherto concealed, or from the probability of its being ultimately successful, that he felt himself in force sufficient to call a Parliament at Glasgow in the King's name.

Still, however, the success of this heroic leader had only given him possession of the open country; all the strong fortresses

were still in possession of the Covenanters; and it would have required a length of time, and the services of an army regularly disciplined and supplied with heavy artillery, to have reduced the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton and other places of great strength. But if Montrose had possessed the forces necessary for such a work, he had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake it. From the beginning of his extraordinary, and hitherto successful career, he had secretly entertained the dazzling hope of leading a victorious army into England, and replacing King Charles in possession of his disputed authority. It was a daring scheme, and liable to many hazards; yet if the King's affairs in England had remained in any tolerable condition, especially if there had been any considerable army of Royalists in the north of England to join or co-operate with Montrose, there is no calculating what the talents and genius of such an enterprising leader might have ultimately done in support of the Royal cause.

But Charles, as I will presently tell you more particularly, had suffered so many and such fatal losses, that it may be justly doubted whether the assistance of Montrose, unless at the head of much larger forces than he could be expected to gather, would have afforded any material assistance against the numerous and well-disciplined army of the Parliament. The result of a contest which was never tried can only be guessed at. Montrose's own hopes and confidence were as lofty as his ambition; and he did not permit himself to doubt the predictions of those who assured him, that he was doomed to support the tottering throne, and reinstate in safety the falling monarch.

Impressed with such proud anticipations, he wrote to the King, urging him to advance to the northern border, and form a junction with his victorious army, and concluding his request with the words which Joab, the lieutenant of King David, is recorded in Scripture to have used to the King of Israel,—"I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it; lest I take the city, and it be called after my name."[1]

While Montrose was thus urging King Charles, by the brilliant prospects which he held out, to throw himself on his protection, his own army mouldered away and dispersed, even

[1] 2 Samuel, xii. 27, 28.

in a greater degree than had been the case after his less distinguished successes. The Highland clans went home to get in their harvest, and place their spoil in safety. It was needless and useless to refuse them leave, for they were determined to take it. The north country gentlemen also, wearied of the toils of the campaign, left his army in numbers; so that when Montrose received, by the hands of Sir Robert Spottiswood, the King's commission under the Great Seal, naming him captain-general and lieutenant-governor of Scotland, he commanded a force scarcely more effective than when he was wandering through Athole and Badenoch. The King's orders, however, and his own indomitable spirit of enterprise, determined his march towards the Borders.

About fifty years before, these districts would have supplied him, even upon the lighting of their beacons, with ten thousand cavalry, as fond of fighting and plunder as any Highlander in his army. But that period, as I have told you, had passed away. The inhabitants of the Border-land had become peaceful, and the chiefs and lords, whose influence might still have called them out to arms, were hostile to the Crown, or, at best, lukewarm in its cause. The Earl of Buccleuch, and his friends of the name of Scott, who had never forgotten the offence given by the revocation of James's donations to their chief, were violent Covenanters, and had sent a strong clan-regiment with the Earl of Leven and the Scottish auxiliaries. Traquair, Roxburghe, and Hume, all entertained, or affected, regard to the King, but made no effectual effort in raising men. The once formidable name of Douglas, and the exertions of the Earl of Annandale, could only assemble some few troops of horse, whom the historian, Bishop Guthrie, describes as truthless trained bands. Montrose expected to meet a body of more regular cavalry, who were to be despatched from England; but the King's continued misfortunes prevented him from making such a diversion.

Meanwhile the Scottish army in England received an account of the despair to which the battle of Kilsyth had reduced the Convention of Estates, and learned that several of its most distinguished members were already exiles, having fled to Berwick and other strong places on the Border, which were garrisoned by the Parliamentary forces. The importance of the crisis was felt, and David Lesley was despatched, at the head of five or six

thousand men, chiefly cavalry, and the flower of the Scottish auxiliary army, with the charge of checking the triumphs of Montrose.

Lesley crossed the Border at Berwick, and proceeded on his march towards the metropolis, as if it had been his view to get between Montrose and the Highlands, and to prevent his again receiving assistance from his faithful mountaineers. But that sagacious general's intentions were of a more decisive character; for, learning that Montrose, with his little army lay quartered in profound security near Selkirk, he suddenly altered his march, left the Edinburgh road when he came to Edge-bucklingbrae, above Musselburgh, crossed the country to Middleton, and then turning southward, descended the vale of the Gala to Melrose, in which place, and the adjacent hamlets, he quartered his army for the night.

Montrose's infantry, meanwhile, lay encamped on an elevated ascent, called Philiphaugh,[1] on the left bank of the Ettrick, while his cavalry, with their distinguished general in person, were quartered in the town of Selkirk; a considerable stream being thus interposed betwixt the two parts of his army, which should have been so stationed as to be ready to support each other on a sudden alarm. But Montrose had no information of the vicinity of Lesley, though the Covenanters had passed the night within four miles of his camp. This indicates that he must have been very ill served by his own patrols, and that his cause must have been unpopular in that part of the country, since a single horseman, at the expense of half an hour's gallop, might have put him fully on his guard.

[1] "The river Ettrick, immediately after its junction with the Yarrow, and previous to its falling into the Tweed, makes a large sweep to the southward, and winds almost beneath the lofty banks on which the town of Selkirk stands: having upon the northern side a large and level plain, extending in an easterly direction, from a hill covered with natural copsewood, called the Harehead-wood, to the high ground which forms the banks of the Tweed, near Sunderland Hall. This plain is called Philiphaugh,* it is about a mile and a half in length, and a quarter of a mile broad; and being defended, to the northward, by the hills which separate Tweed from Yarrow, by the river Ettrick in front, and by the high grounds, already mentioned, on each flank, it forms, at once, a convenient and a secure field of encampment."

* "The Scottish language is rich in words expressive of local situation. The single word *haugh* conveys to a Scotsman almost all that I have endeavoured to explain in the text by circumlocutory description."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. ii. pp. 170-171.

On the morning of the 13th September 1645 Lesley, under cover of a thick mist, approached Montrose's camp, and had the merit, by his dexterity and vigilance, of surprising him whom his enemies had never before found unprepared. The Covenanting general divided his troops into two divisions, and attacked both flanks of the enemy at the same time. Those on the left made but a tumultuary and imperfect resistance; the right wing, supported by a wood, fought in a manner worthy of their general's fame. Montrose himself, roused by the firing and noise of the action, hastily assembled his cavalry, crossed the Ettrick, and made a desperate attempt to recover the victory, omitting nothing which courage or skill could achieve, to rally his followers. But when at length left with only thirty horse, he was compelled to fly, and retreating up the Yarrow, crossed into the vale of Tweed, and reached Peebles, where some of his followers joined him.

The defeated army suffered severely. The prisoners taken by the Covenanters were massacred without mercy, and in cold blood. They were shot in the courtyard of Newark Castle, upon Yarrow, and their bodies hastily interred at a place, called, from that circumstance, Slain-men's-lee. The ground being, about twenty years since, opened for the foundation of a schoolhouse, the bones and skulls, which were dug up in great quantities, plainly showed the truth of the country tradition. Many cavaliers, both officers and others, men of birth and character, the companions of Montrose's many triumphs, fell into the hands of the victors, and were, as we shall afterwards see, put to an ignominious death. The prisoners, both of high and low degree, would have been more numerous but for the neighbourhood of the Harehead-wood, into which the fugitives escaped. Such were the immediate consequences of this battle; concerning which the country people often quote the following lines:—

> "At Philiphaugh the fray began;
> At Harehead-wood it ended.
> The Scots out owre the Grahams they ran,
> Sae merrily they bended."[1]

Montrose, after this disastrous action, retreated again into

[1] For more particulars regarding the battle of Philiphaugh, see this ballad, with Introduction and Notes, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. pp. 166-182.

the Highlands, where he once more assembled an army of mountaineers. But his motions ceased to be of the consequence which they had acquired before he had experienced defeat. General Middleton, a man of military talents, but a soldier of fortune, was despatched against him by the Convention of Estates, which was eager to recover the same power in the Highlands which David Lesley's victory had re-established throughout the Lowlands.

While Montrose was thus engaged in an obscure mountain warfare, the King having already surrendered himself to the Scottish auxiliaries, in total despair of the ultimate success, and anxious for the safety of his adventurous general, sent orders to him to dissolve his army, and to provide for his personal security by leaving the kingdom. Montrose would not obey the first order, concluding it had been extorted from the monarch. To a second, and more peremptory in-

3d Sept. 1646.

junction, he yielded obedience, and disbanding his army, embarked in a brig bound for Bergen in Norway, with a few adherents, who were too obnoxious to the Covenanters to permit of their remaining in Scotland. Lest their little vessel should be searched by an English ship of war, Montrose wore the disguise of a domestic, and passed for the servant of his chaplain and biographer, Dr. George Wishart. You may remember that he wore a similar disguise on entering Scotland, in order to commence his undertaking.

This and the preceding chapter give an account of the brief, but brilliant period of Montrose's success. A future one will contain the melancholy conclusion of his exertions and of his life.

CHAPTER XLIV

The Presbyterian Clergy procure the Execution of many of the Prisoners taken at Philiphaugh—Cromwell's Successes—King Charles's Surrender to the Scottish Army—Their Surrender of him to the English Parliament

1645—1647

I MUST now tell you the fate of the unfortunate cavaliers who had been made prisoners at Philiphaugh. The barbarous treatment of the common soldiers you are already acquainted with.

Argyle, the leader of the Convention of Estates, had to resent the devastation of his country, and the destruction of his castles; and his desire of vengeance was so common to the age, that it would have been accounted neglect of his duty to his slain kinsmen and plundered clan, if he had let slip the favourable opportunity of exacting blood for blood. Other noblemen of the Convention had similar motives; and, besides, they had all been greatly alarmed at Montrose's success; and nothing makes men more pitiless than the recollection of recent fears. It ought partly to have assuaged these vindictive feelings, that Montrose's ravages, although they were sufficiently wasting, were less encouraged by the officers than arising from the uncontrollable license of an unpaid soldiery. The prisoners had always been treated with honour and humanity, and frequently dismissed on parole. So that, if the fate of Montrose's companions had depended on the Convention alone, it is possible, that almost all might have been set at liberty upon moderate conditions. But unfortunately the Presbyterian clergy thought proper to interfere strenuously between the prisoners and the mercy which they might otherwise have experienced.

And here it must be owned, that the Presbyterian ministers of that period were in some respects a different kind of men from their predecessors, in the reign of James VI. Malice cannot, indeed, accuse them of abusing the power which they had acquired since their success in 1640, for the purpose of increasing either their own individual revenues, or those of the Church; nor had the system of strict morality, by which they were distinguished, been in any degree slackened. They remained in triumph, as they had been in suffering, honourably poor and rigidly moral. But yet though inaccessible to the temptations of avarice or worldly pleasure, the Presbyterian clergy of this period cannot be said to have been superior to ambition and the desire of power; and as they were naturally apt to think that the advancement of religion was best secured by the influence of the Church to which they belonged, they were disposed to extend that influence by the strictest exertion of domestic discipline. Inquiry into the conduct of individuals was carried on by the Church-courts with indecent eagerness; and faults or follies, much fitter for private censure and admonition, were brought forward in the face of the public congregation. The hearers were charged every Sabbath-day, that each individual

should communicate to the Kirk Session (a court composed of the clergyman and certain selected laymen of the parish) whatever matter of scandal or offence against religion and morality should come to their ears; and thus an inquisitorial power was exercised by one-half of the parish over the other. This was well meant, but had bad consequences. Every idle story being made the subject of anxious investigation, the private happiness of families was disturbed, and discord and suspicion were sown where mutual confidence is most necessary.

This love of exercising authority in families was naturally connected with a desire to maintain that high influence in the state which the Presbyterian church had acquired since the downfall of Prelacy. The Scottish clergy had of late become used to consider their peculiar form of church government, which unquestionably has many excellences, as something almost essential as religion itself; and it was but one step farther, to censure every one who manifested a design to destroy the system, or limit the power, of the Presbyterian discipline, as an enemy to religion of every kind, nay, even to the Deity himself. Such opinions were particularly strong amongst those of the clergy who attended the armies in the field, seconded them by encouragement from the pulpits, or aided them by actually assuming arms themselves. The ardour of such men grew naturally more enthusiastic in proportion to the opposition they met with, and the dangers they encountered. The sights and sentiments which attend civil conflict, are of a kind to reconcile the human heart, however generous and humane by nature, to severe language and cruel actions. Accordingly, we cannot be surprised to find that some of the clergy forgot that a *malignant*, for so they called a Royalist, was still a countryman and fellow Christian, born under the same government, speaking the same language, and hoping to be saved by the power of the same creed, with themselves; or that they directed against such Cavaliers and Episcopalians those texts of Scripture, in which the Jews were, by especial commission, commanded to extirpate the heathen inhabitants of the Promised Land.

One of these preachers enlarged on such a topic after Lesley's victory, and chose his text from the 15th chapter of 1st Samuel, where the prophet rebukes Saul for sparing the King of the Amalekites, and for having saved some part of the flocks and herds of that people, which Heaven had devoted to utter

destruction,—"What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?" In his sermon, he said that Heaven demanded the blood of the prisoners taken at Philiphaugh, as devoted by the Divine command to destruction; nor could the sins of the people be otherwise atoned for, or the wrath of Heaven averted from the land. It is probable, that the preacher was himself satisfied with the doctrine which he promulgated; for it is wonderful how people's judgment is blinded by their passions, and how apt we are to find plausible and even satisfactory reasons, for doing what our interest, or that of the party we have embraced, strongly recommends.

The Parliament, consisting entirely of Covenanters, instigated by the importunity of the clergy, condemned eight of the most distinguished cavaliers to execution. Four were appointed to suffer at St. Andrews, that their blood might be an atonement, as the phrase went, for the number of men (said to exceed five thousand) whom the county of Fife had lost during Montrose's wars. Lord Ogilvy was the first of these; but that young nobleman escaped from prison and death in his sister's clothes. Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, one of the bravest men and best soldiers in Europe, and six other cavaliers of the first distinction, were actually executed.

We may particularly distinguish the fate of Sir Robert Spottiswood, who, when the wars broke out, was Secretary Lord President of the Court of Session, and accounted a judge of great talent and learning. He had never borne arms; but the crime of having brought to Montrose his commission as Captain-General of Scotland, and of having accepted the office of secretary, which the Parliament had formerly conferred on Lanark, was thought quite worthy of death, without any further act of treason against the Estates. When on the scaffold, he vindicated his conduct with the dignity of a judge, and the talents of a lawyer. He was rudely enjoined to silence by the Provost of St. Andrews, who had formerly been a servant of his father's, when prelate of that city. The victim submitted to this indignity with calmness, and betook himself to his private devotions. He was even in this task interrupted by the Presbyterian minister in attendance, who demanded of him whether he desired the benefit of his prayers, and those of the assembled people. Sir Robert replied, that he earnestly demanded the prayers of the people, but rejected those of the preacher; for

that, in his opinion, God had expressed his displeasure against Scotland, by sending a lying spirit into the mouth of the prophets, —a far greater curse, he said, than those of sword, fire, and pestilence. An old servant of his family took care of Spottiswood's body, and buried it privately. It is said that this faithful domestic, passing through the market-place a day or two afterwards, and seeing the scaffold on which his master had suffered still unremoved, and stained with his blood, was so greatly affected, that he sank down in a swoon, and died as they were lifting him over his own threshold. Such are the terrible scenes which civil discord gives occasion to ; and, my dear child, you will judge very wrong if you suppose them peculiar to one side or other of the contending parties in the present case. You will learn hereafter, that the same disposition to abuse power, which is common, I fear, to all who possess it in an unlimited degree, was exercised with cruel retaliation by the Episcopalian party over the Presbyterians, when their hour of authority returned.

We must now turn our thoughts to England, the stage on which the most important scenes were acting, to which these in Scotland can only be termed very subordinate. And here I may remark, that, greatly to the honour of the English nation, —owing, perhaps, to the natural generosity and good-humour of the people, or to the superior influence of civilisation,—the civil war in that country, though contested with the utmost fury in the open field, was not marked by anything approaching to the violent atrocities of the Irish, or the fierce and ruthless devastation exercised by the Scottish combatants. The days of deadly feud had been long past, if the English ever followed that savage custom, and the spirit of malice and hatred which it fostered had no existence in that country. The English parties contended manfully in battle, but, unless in the storming of towns, when all the evil passions are afloat, they seem seldom to have been guilty of cruelty or wasteful ravage. They combated like men who have quarrelled on some special point, but, having had no ill-will against each other before, are resolved to fight it out fairly, without bearing malice. On the contrary, the cause of Prelacy or Presbytery, King or Parliament, was often what was least in the thoughts of the Scottish barons, who made such phrases indeed the pretext for the war, but in fact looked forward to indulging, at the expense of some rival family, the treasured vengeance of a hundred years.

But though the English spirit did not introduce into their civil war the savage aspect of the Scottish feuds, they were not free from the religious dissensions, which formed another curse of the age. I have already said, that the party which opposed itself to the King and the Church of England was, with the followers of the Parliament, and the Parliament itself, divided into two factions, that of the Presbyterians and that of the Independents. I have also generally mentioned the points on which these two parties differed. I must now notice them more particularly.

The Presbyterian establishment, as I have often stated, differs from that of the Church of England, in the same manner as a republic, all the members of which are on a footing of equality, differs from a monarchical constitution. In the Kirk of Scotland all the ministers are on an equality; in the Church of England there is a gradation of ranks, ascending from the lowest order of clergymen to the rank of bishop. But each system is alike founded upon the institution of a body of men, qualified by studies of a peculiar nature to become preachers of the Gospel, and obliged to show they are so qualified, by undergoing trials and examinations of their learning and capacity, before they can take holy orders, that is to say, become clergymen. Both Churches also agree in secluding from ordinary professions and avocations the persons engaged in the ministry, and in considering them as a class of men set apart for teaching religious duties and solemnising religious rites. It is also the rule alike of Episcopalians and Presbyterians that the National Church, as existing in its courts and judicatories, has power to censure, suspend from their functions, and depose from their clerical character and clerical charge such of its members as, either by immoral and wicked conduct, or by preaching and teaching doctrines inconsistent with the public creed, shall render themselves unfit to execute the trust reposed in them. And further, both these national churches maintain, that such courts and judicatories have power over their lay hearers, and those who live in communion with them, to rebuke transgressors of every kind, and to admonish them to repentance; and if such admonitions are neglected, to expel them from the congregation by the sentence of excommunication.

Thus far most Christian churches agree; and thus far the claims and rights of a national church are highly favourable to

the existence of a regular government; since reason, as well as the general usage of the religious world, sanctions the establishment of the clergy as a body of men separated from the general class of society, that they may set an example of regularity of life by the purity of their morals. Thus set apart from the rest of the community, they are supported at the expense of the state, in order that the reverence due to them may not be lessened by their being compelled, for the sake of subsistence, to mingle in the ordinary business of life, and share the cares and solicitudes incidental to those who must labour for their daily bread.

How far the civil magistrate can be wisely entrusted with the power of enforcing spiritual censures, or seconding the efforts of the Church to obtain general conformity, by inflicting the penalties of fines, imprisonment, bodily punishment, and death itself, upon those who differ in doctrinal points from the established religion, is a very different question. It is no doubt true, that wild sects have sometimes started up, whose tenets have involved direct danger to the state. But such offenders ought to be punished, not as offenders against the Church, but as transgressors against the laws of the kingdom. While their opinions remain merely speculative, the persons entertaining them may deserve expulsion from the national Church, with which indeed they could consistently desire no communion; but while they do not carry these erroneous tenets into execution, by any treasonable act, it does not appear the province of the civil magistrate to punish them for opinions only. And if the zeal of such sectaries should drive them into action, they deserve punishment, not for holding unchristian doctrines, but for transgressing the civil laws of the realm. This distinction was little understood in the days we write of, and neither the English nor the Scottish Church can be vindicated from the charge of attempting to force men's consciences, by criminal persecutions for acts of non-conformity, though not accompanied by any civil trespass.

Experience and increasing knowledge have taught the present generation that such severities have always increased the evil they were intended to cure; and that mild admonition, patient instruction, and a good example, may gain many a convert to the established churches, whom persecution and violence would have only confirmed in his peculiar opinions. You have read

the fable of the traveller, who wrapped his cloak the faster about him when the storm blew loud, but threw it aside in the serene beams of the sunshine. It applies to the subject I have been speaking of, as much as to the advantages of gentleness and mild persuasion in social life.

I return to the distinction between the Independents and Presbyterians during the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. The latter, as you already know, stood strongly out for a national church and an established clergy, with full powers to bind and loose, and maintained by the support of the civil government. Such a church had been fully established in Scotland, and it was the ardent wish of its professors that the English should adopt the same system. Indeed, it was in the hope of attaining this grand object that the consent of the Scottish Convention of Estates was given to sending an auxiliary army to assist the Parliament of England; and they had never suffered themselves to doubt that the adoption of the Presbyterian discipline in that country was secured by the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant. But the Independents had, from the beginning, entertained the secret resolution of opposing the establishment of a national church of any kind in England.

The opinions of these sectaries stood thus on matters of church government. Every one, they said, had a right to read the Scriptures, and draw such conclusions respecting the doctrines which are there inculcated as his own private judgment should hold most conformable to them. They went farther, and argued, that every man who felt himself called upon to communicate to others the conclusions which he had derived from reading the Bible, and meditating on its contents, had a right, and a call from Heaven, to preach and teach the peculiar belief which he had thus adopted. It was no matter how obscure had been the individual's condition in life, or how limited the course of his education; he was equally entitled, in their opinion, to act as a minister, as if he had studied with success for twenty years, and taken orders from a bishop, or from a presbytery. If such a gifted preacher could prevail on six persons to admit his doctrines, these six persons, according to the doctrine of the Independents, made a Christian congregation; and, as far as religious instruction was concerned, the orator became their spiritual head and teacher. Be his hearers

many or few, they were thenceforward his sheep, and he their spiritual shepherd. But to all the rest of the world, except his own congregation, the Independents held, that every preacher remained an ordinary layman, having no claim on the state for revenue or subsistence. If he could persuade his congregation to contribute to his support, he was the more fortunate. If not, he lived by his ordinary calling of a baker, a tailor, or a shoemaker, and consoled himself that he resembled St. Paul, who wrought with his hands for his livelihood.

Of the congregations or sects thus formed, there were in England hundreds, perhaps thousands, most of them disagreeing from each other in doctrine, and only united by the common opinion peculiar to them all as Independents, that each private Christian had a right to teach or to listen to whatever doctrines he thought fit; that there ought to exist no church courts of any kind; that the character of a preacher was only to be recognised by those disciples who chose to be taught by him; and that, in any more extensive point of view, there ought not to exist any body of priests or clergymen by profession, any church government, or church judicatories, or any other mode of enforcing religious doctrine, save by teaching it from the pulpit, and admonishing the sinner, or, if necessary, expelling him from the congregation. This last, indeed, could be no great infliction, where there were so many churches ready to receive him, or where, if he pleased, he might set up a church for himself.

The Sectaries, as the Independents were termed, entertained, as may be supposed, very wild doctrines. Men of an enthusiastic spirit, and sometimes a crazed imagination, as opinionative as they were ignorant, and many of them as ignorant as the lowest vulgar, broached an endless variety of heresies, some of them scandalous, some even blasphemous; others, except on account of the serious subject they referred to, extremely ludicrous.

But the preachers and hearers of these strange doctrines were not confined to the vulgar and ignorant. Too much learning made some men mad. Sir Henry Vane, one of the subtlest politicians in England, and Milton, one of the greatest poets ever born, caught the spirit of the times, and became Independents. But above all, Oliver Cromwell, destined to rise to the supreme power in England, was of that form of religion.

This remarkable person was of honourable descent, but, inheriting a small fortune, had practised at one time the occupation of a brewer. After a course of gaiety and profligacy during early youth, he caught a strong taint of the enthusiasm of the times, and made himself conspicuous by his aversion to Prelacy, and his zealous opposition to the arbitrary measures of the King. He became a member of Parliament, but, as he spoke indifferently, made no figure in that body, being only prominent for his obstinacy and uncompromising zeal. When, however, the Parliament raised their army, the military talents of Cromwell made him early distinguished. It was remarked that he was uniformly successful in every contest in which he was personally engaged, and that he was the first officer who could train and bring to the field a body of cavalry capable of meeting the shock of the Cavaliers, whose high birth, lofty courage, and chivalrous bravery, made them formidable opponents of the Parliamentary forces. His regiment of Ironsides, as they were called, from the cuirasses which the men wore, were carefully exercised, and accustomed to strict military discipline, while their courage was exalted by the enthusiasm which their commander contrived to inspire. He preached to them himself, prayed for them and with them, and attended with an air of edification to any who chose to preach or pray in return. The attention of these military fanatics was so fixed upon the mysteries of the next world, that death was no terror to them; and the fiery valour of the Cavaliers was encountered and repelled by men who fought for their own ideas of religion as determinedly as their enemies did for honour and loyalty. The spirit of the Independent sectaries spread generally through the army, and the Parliament possessed no troops so excellent as those who followed these doctrines.

The great difference betwixt the Presbyterians and Independents consisted, as I have told you, in the desire of the former to establish their form of religion and church government as the national church establishment of England, and of course to compel a general acquiescence in their articles of faith. For this, a convention of the most learned and able divines was assembled at Westminster, who settled the religious creed of the intended church according to the utmost rigour of the Presbyterian creed. This assumption of exclusive power over the conscience alarmed the Independents, and in the dispute

which ensued, the consciousness of their own interest with the army gave the sectaries new courage and new pretensions.

At first the Independents had been contented to let the Presbyterians of England, a numerous and wealthy body, take the lead in public measures. But as their own numbers increased, and their leaders became formidable from their interest with the army, they resisted the intention which the Presbyterians showed of establishing their own faith in England as well as Scotland. Sir Henry Vane persuaded them to temporise a little longer, since to oppose Presbytery was to disgust the Scottish auxiliaries, enamoured as they were of their national system. "We cannot yet dispense with the assistance of the Scots," he said; "the sons of Zeruiah are still too many for us." But the progress of the war, while it totally ruined the King's party, gradually diminished the strength of the Presbyterians, and increased that of the Independents. The Earls of Essex and Manchester, generals chosen from the former party, had sustained many losses, which were attributed to incapacity; and they were accused of having let slip advantages, from which it was supposed they had no wish to drive the King to extremity. People began to murmur against the various high offices in the army and state being exclusively occupied by members of Parliament, chiefly Presbyterians; and the protracted length of the civil hostilities was imputed to the desire of such persons to hold in their possession as long as possible the authority which the war placed in their hands.

The Parliament felt that their popularity was in danger of being lost, and looked about for means of recovering it. While their minds were thus troubled, Cromwell suggested a very artful proposal. To recover the confidence of the nation, the members of Parliament, he said, ought to resign all situations of trust or power which they possessed, and confine themselves exclusively to the discharge of their legislative duty. The Parliament fell into the snare. They enacted what was called the self-denying ordinance; by which, in order to show their disinterested patriotism, the members laid down all their offices, civil and military, and rendered themselves incapable of resuming them. This act of self-deprivation proved in the event a death-blow to the power of the Presbyterians; the places which were thus simply resigned being instantly filled up by the ablest men in the Independent party.

Two members of Parliament, however, were allowed to retain command. The one was Sir Thomas Fairfax, a Presbyterian, whose military talents had been highly distinguished during the war, but who was much under the guidance of Oliver Cromwell. The other was Cromwell himself, who had the title of lieutenant-general only, but in fact enjoyed, through his influence over the soldiers, and even over Fairfax himself, all the advantage of supreme command.

The success of Cromwell in this grand measure led to remodelling the army after his own plan, in which he took care their numbers should be recruited, their discipline improved, and, above all, their ranks filled up with Independents. The influence of these changes was soon felt in the progress of the war. The troops of the King sustained various checks, and at length a total defeat in the battle of Naseby, from the effect of which the affairs of Charles could never recover. Loss after loss succeeded; the strong places which the Royalists possessed were taken one after another; and the King's cause was totally ruined. The successes of Montrose had excited a gleam of hope, which disappeared after his defeat at Philiphaugh. Finally, King Charles was shut up in the city of Oxford, which had adhered to his cause with the most devoted loyalty; the last army which he had in the field was destroyed; and he had no alternative save to remain in Oxford till he should be taken prisoner, to surrender himself to his enemies, or to escape abroad.

In circumstances so desperate, it was difficult to make a choice. A frank surrender to the Parliament, or an escape abroad, would have perhaps been the most advisable conduct. But the Parliament and their own Independent army were now on the brink of quarrelling. The establishment of the Presbyterian Church was resolved upon, though only for a time and in a limited form, and both parties were alike dissatisfied; the zealous Presbyterians, because it gave the church courts too little power; the Independents, because it invested them with any control, however slight, over persons of a different communion. Amidst the disputes of his opponents, the King hoped to find his way back to the throne.

For this purpose, and to place himself in a situation, as he hoped, from whence to negotiate with safety, Charles determined to surrender himself to that Scottish army which had

been sent into England, under the Earl of Leven, as auxiliaries of the English Parliament. The King concluded that he might expect personal protection, if not assistance, from an army composed of his own countrymen. Besides, the Scottish army had lately been on indifferent terms with the English. The Independent troops who now equalled, or even excelled them in discipline, and were actuated by an enthusiasm which the Scots did not possess, looked with an evil eye on an army composed of foreigners and Presbyterians. The English in general, as soon as their assistance was no longer necessary, began to regard their Scottish brethren as an incumbrance; and the Parliament, while they supplied the Independent forces liberally with money and provisions, neglected the Scots in both these essentials, whose honour and interest were affected in proportion. A perfect acquaintance with the discontent of the Scottish army induced Charles to throw himself upon their protection in his misfortunes.

He left Oxford in disguise, on 27th April 1646, having only two attendants. Nine days after his departure, he surprised the old Earl of Leven and the Scottish camp, who were then forming the siege of Newark, by delivering himself into their hands. The Scots received the unfortunate monarch with great outward respect, but guarded his person with vigilance. They immediately broke up the siege, and marched with great speed to the north, carrying the person of the King along with them, and observing the strictest discipline on their retreat. When their army arrived at Newcastle, a strong town which they themselves had taken, and where they had a garrison, they halted to await the progress of negotiations at this singular crisis.

Upon surrendering himself to the Scottish army, King Charles had despatched a message to the Parliament, expressing his having done so, desiring that they would send him such articles of pacification as they should agree upon, and offering to surrender Oxford, Newark, and whatever other garrisons or strong places he might still possess, and order the troops he had on foot to lay down their arms. The places were surrendered accordingly, honourable terms being allowed; and the army of Montrose in the Highlands, and such other forces as the Royalists still maintained throughout England, were disbanded, as I have already told you, by the King's command.

The Parliament showed great moderation, and the civil war seemed to be ended. The articles of pacification which they offered were not more rigorous than the desperate condition of the King must have taught him to expect. But questions of religion interfered to prevent the conclusion of the treaty.

In proportion as the great majority of the Parliament were attached to the Presbyterian forms, Charles was devoted to the system of Episcopacy. He deemed himself bound by his coronation oath to support the Church of England, and he would not purchase his own restoration to the throne by consenting to its being set aside. Here, therefore, the negotiation betwixt the King and his Parliament was broken off; but another was opened between the English Parliament and the Scottish army, concerning the disposal of the King's person.

If Charles could have brought his mind to consent to the acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant, it is probable that he would have gained all Scotland to his side. This, however, would have been granting to the Scots what he had refused to the Parliament; for the support of Presbytery was the essential object of the Scottish invasion. On the other hand, it could hardly be expected that the Scottish Convention of Estates should resign the very point on which it had begun and continued the war. The Church of Scotland sent forth a solemn warning, that all engagement with the King was unlawful. The question, therefore, was, what should be done with the person of Charles.

The generous course would have been, to have suffered the King to leave the Scottish army as freely as he came there. In that case he might have embarked at Tynemouth, and found refuge in foreign countries. And even if the Scots had determined that the exigencies of the times, and the necessity of preserving the peace betwixt England and Scotland, together with their engagements with the Parliament of England, demanded that they should surrender the person of their King to that body, the honour of Scotland was intimately concerned in so conducting the transaction that there should be no room for alleging that any selfish advantage was stipulated by the Scots as a consequence of giving him up. I am almost ashamed to write that this honourable consideration had no weight.

The Scottish army had a long arrear of pay due to them from the English Parliament, which the latter had refused, or

at least delayed, to make forthcoming. A treaty for the settlement of these arrears had been set on foot; and it had been agreed that the Scottish forces should retreat into their own country, upon payment of two hundred thousand pounds, which was one-half of the debt finally admitted. Now, it is true that these two treaties, concerning the delivery of the King's person to England, and the payment by Parliament of their pecuniary arrears to Scotland, were kept separate, for the sake of decency; but it is certain, that they not only coincided in point of time, but bore upon and influenced each other. No man of candour will pretend to believe that the Parliament of England would ever have paid this considerable sum, unless to facilitate their obtaining possession of the King's person; and this sordid and base transaction, though the work exclusively of a mercenary army, stamped the whole nation of Scotland with infamy. In foreign countries they were upbraided with the shame of having made their unfortunate and confiding sovereign a hostage, whose liberty or surrender was to depend on their obtaining payment of a paltry sum of arrears; and the English nation reproached them with their greed and treachery, in the popular rhyme—

"Traitor Scot
Sold his King for a groat."

The Scottish army surrendered the person of Charles to the Commissioners for the English Parliament, on receiving security for their arrears of pay, and immediately evacuated Newcastle and marched for their own country. I am sorry to conclude the chapter with this mercenary and dishonourable transaction; but the limits of the work require me to bring it thus to a close.

28th Jan. 1647.

CHAPTER XLV

The King surrendered to the English Army—Treaty with the Scotch—The Trial and Execution of Charles I.

1647—1649

Our last chapter concluded with the dishonourable transaction by which the Scottish army surrendered Charles I. into the

hands of the Parliament of England, on receiving security for a sum of arrears due to them by that body.

The Commissioners of Parliament, thus possessed of the King's person, conducted him as a state prisoner to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, which had been assigned as his temporary residence; but from which a power different from theirs was soon about to withdraw him.

The Independents, as I have said, highly resented as a tyranny over their consciences the establishment of Presbytery, however temporary, or however mitigated, in the form of a national church; and were no less displeased that the army, whose ranks were chiefly filled with these military saints, as they called themselves, who were principally of the Independent persuasion, was, in the event of peace, which seemed close at hand, threatened either to be sent to Ireland or disbanded. The discontent among the English soldiery became general; they saw that the use made of the victories, which their valour had mainly contributed to gain, would be to reduce and disarm them, and send out of the kingdom such regiments as might be suffered to retain their arms and military character. And besides the loss of pay, profession, and importance, the sectaries had every reason to apprehend the imposition of the Presbyterian yoke, as they termed the discipline of that church. These mutinous dispositions were secretly encouraged by Cromwell, Ireton, and Fleetwood, officers of high rank and influence, to whom the Parliament had entrusted the charge of pacifying them. At length the army assumed the ominous appearance of a separate body in the state, whose affairs were managed by a council of superior officers, with assistance from a committee of persons, called Agitators, being two privates chosen from each company. These bold and unscrupulous men determined to gain possession of the person of the King, and to withdraw him from the power of the Parliament.

In pursuance of this resolution, Joyce, originally a tailor, now a cornet, and a furious agitator for the cause of the army, on the 4th of June 1647, appeared suddenly at midnight before Holmby House. The troops employed by the Commissioners to guard the King's person, being infected, it may be supposed, with the general feeling of the army, offered no resistance. Joyce, with little ceremony, intruded himself,

armed with his pistols, into the King's sleeping apartment, and informed his Majesty that he must please to attend him. "Where is your commission?" said the unfortunate King. "Yonder it is," answered the rude soldier, pointing to his troop of fifty horse, which, by the early dawning, was seen drawn up in the courtyard of the place.—"It is written in legible characters," replied Charles; and without further remonstrance he prepared to attend the escort.

The King was conducted to Newmarket, and from thence to the palace of Hampton Court; and though in the hands of a body which had no lawful authority or responsible character, he was at first treated with more respect, and even kindness, than he had experienced either from the Scottish army, or from the English Commissioners. The officers distrusted, perhaps, the security of their own power, for they offered a pacification on easy terms. They asked an equal national representation, freely chosen; stipulated that the two Houses of Parliament should enjoy the command of the militia for fourteen years; and even agreed that the order of Bishops should be re-established, but without any temporal power or coercive jurisdiction. So far the terms were more moderate than, from such men and in such a moment, the King could have expected. But on one point the council of officers were rigidly determined; they insisted that seven of the adherents of Charles, chosen from those who had, with wisdom or with valour, best supported the sinking cause of Royalty, should be declared incapable of pardon. Charles was equally resolute in resisting this point; his conscience had suffered too deeply on the occasion of Strafford's execution, to which he had yielded in the beginning of these troubles, to permit him ever to be tempted again to abandon a friend.

In the meantime the Parliament was preparing to exert its authority in opposing and checking the unconstitutional power assumed by the army; and the city of London, chiefly composed of Presbyterians, showed a general disposition to stand by the Houses of Legislature. But when that formidable army drew near to London, both Parliament and citizens became intimidated; and the former expelled from their seats the leading Presbyterian members, and suffered the Independents to dictate to the dispirited remainder what measures they judged necessary. Prudence would, at this moment, have

strongly recommended to Charles an instant agreement with the army. But the Presbyterians of England had not resigned hopes; and the whole kingdom of Scotland, incensed at the triumph of the sectaries, and the contumely offered to the Solemn League and Covenant, which had been stigmatised, in the House of Commons, as an almanac out of date, their commissioners made, in private, liberal offers to restore the King by force of arms. In listening to these proposals, Charles flattered himself that he should be able to hold the balance betwixt the Presbyterians and Independents; but he mistook the spirit of the latter party, from whom this private negotiation did not long remain a secret, and who were highly incensed by the discovery.

The Presbyterians had undertaken the war with professions of profound respect towards the King's person and dignity. They had always protested that they made war against the evil counsellors of the King, but not against his person; and their ordinances, while they were directed against the Malignants, as they termed the Royalists, ran in the King's own name, as well as in that of the two Houses of Parliament, by whose sole authority they were sent forth. The Independents, on the contrary, boldly declared themselves at war with *the Man* Charles, as the abuser of the regal power and the oppressor of the saints. Cromwell himself avouched such doctrines in open Parliament. He said it was childish to talk of there being no war with the King's person, when Charles appeared in armour, and at the head of his troops in open battle; and that he himself was so far from feeling any scruple on the subject, that he would fire his pistol at the King as readily as at any of his adherents, should he meet him in the fight.

After the discovery of the King's treaty with the Scottish Commissioners, Cromwell, admitting Charles's power of understanding and reasoning, denounced him as a man of the deepest dissimulation, who had broken faith, by professing an entire reliance on the wisdom of the Parliament, while, by a separate negotiation with the Scottish Commissioners, he was endeavouring to rekindle the flames of civil war between the sister kingdoms. After speaking to this purpose, Cromwell required, and by the now irresistible interest of the Independents he obtained, a declaration from the House, that the Parliament

would receive no further applications from Charles, and make no addresses to him in future.

The unfortunate King, while in the power of this uncompromising faction, by whom his authority seemed to be suspended, if not abolished, ought to have been aware, that if he was to succeed in any accommodation with them at all, it could only be by accepting, without delay or hesitation, such terms as they were disposed to allow him. If he could have succeeded in gratifying their principal officers by promises of wealth, rank, and distinction, which were liberally tendered to them,[1] it is probable that their influence might have induced their followers to acquiesce in his restoration, especially if it afforded the means of disconcerting the plans of the Presbyterians. But Charles ought, at the same time, to have reflected, that any appearance of procrastination on his part must give rise to suspicions of his sincerity on the part of the military leaders; and that the Independents, having once adopted an idea that he was trifling with or deceiving them, had none of that sanctimonious respect for his title, or person, that could prevent his experiencing the utmost rigour.

The Independents and their military council, accordingly, distrusting the sincerity of Charles, and feeling every day the increase of their own power, began to think of establishing it on an entirely different basis from that of monarchy. They withdrew from the King the solemn marks of respect with which he had been hitherto indulged, treated him with neglect and incivility, deprived him of his chaplains, confined his person more closely, doubled the guards upon him, and permitted none to have access to him, but such as possessed their confidence.

Alarmed at these ominous severities, Charles now resolved to escape by flight, and left Hampton Court accordingly. Unhappily, either misled by his attendant or by his own indiscretion, he took refuge in the Isle of Wight, where the governor of Carisbrook Castle [Colonel Hammond] was the friend of Cromwell, and a fierce Independent. Here the unfortunate monarch only fell into a captivity more solitary,

11th Nov.

[1] "To Cromwell be offered the garter, a peerage, and the command of the army; and to Ireton the lieutenancy of Ireland. Nor did he think that they could reasonably, from their birth or former situation, entertain more ambitious views."—RUSSELL'S *Modern Europe*.

more severe, and more comfortless, than any which he had yet experienced. He himself from his window pointed out to Sir Philip Warwick an old gray-headed domestic on the street, who brought in wood to the fire, and observed to him, that the conversation of that menial was the best that he had been suffered to enjoy for months. There is even reason to think his life was aimed at, and that the King was privately encouraged to make an effort to escape from a window in the castle, while a person was placed in readiness to shoot him in the attempt.

The council of war renounced all further communication with Charles; the Parliament, now under the Independent influence, sent down Commissioners to treat, but with preliminary conditions harder than any yet offered to him. Two resources remained to him—the services of the disbanded loyalists, whom his faithful adherents might again summon to arms—but they were dispersed, disarmed, and heart-broken; or the assistance of the Scots—but they were distant and disunited. Yet Charles resolved to try his fortunes on this perilous cast, rather than treat with the Parliament, influenced as it was by the army.

The presence of two Scottish Commissioners who had accompanied those of the Parliament to Carisbrook, enabled Charles to execute a secret treaty with them, by which he agreed to confirm the Solemn League and Covenant, establish Presbytery, at least for a season, and concur in the extirpation of the sectaries. These articles, if they had been granted while Charles was at Newcastle, would have been sufficient to have prevented the surrender of his person by the Scottish army; but it was the King's unfortunate lot, on this, as on all former occasions, to delay his concessions until they came too late, and were liable to be considered insincere.

When this treaty (which was called the Engagement, because the Commissioners engaged to restore the King by force of arms) was presented to the Scottish Parliament, it was approved by the more moderate part of the Presbyterians, who were led by the Duke of Hamilton, together with his brother the Earl of Lanark, the Lord Chancellor Loudon, and the Earl of Lauderdale; this last being destined to make a remarkable figure in the next reign. But the majority of the Presbyterian clergy, supported by the more zealous among

their hearers, declared that the concessions of the King were totally insufficient to engage Scotland in a new war, as affording no adequate cause for a quarrel with England. This party was headed by the Marquis of Argyle.

I may here mention respecting this nobleman, that after Montrose's army was disbanded, he had taken severe vengeance on the MacDonalds, and other clans who had assisted in the desolation of Argyleshire. Having the aid of David Lesley, with a body of regular troops, he reduced successively some forts into which Alaster MacDonald (Colkitto) had thrown garrisons, and uniformly put the prisoners to the sword. The MacDougals were almost exterminated in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Lamonts were put to death in another act of massacre. Sir James Turner, an officer who served under Lesley, lays the blame of these inhumanities on a hard-hearted clergyman called Neaves. David Lesley was disgusted at it, and when, after some such sanguinary execution, he saw his chaplain with his shoes stained with blood, he asked him reproachfully, "Have you enough of it now, Master John?"

These atrocities, by whomever committed, must have been perpetrated in revenge of the sufferings of Argyle and his clan; and to these must be added the death of old Colkitto, the father of Alaster MacDonald, likewise so called, who, being taken in one of these Highland forts, was tried by a jury convened by authority of George Campbell, the Sheriff Substitute of Argyle, from whose sentence we are told very few escaped, and was executed of course.

All these grounds of offence having been given to the Royalists, in a corner of the country where revenge was considered as a duty and a virtue, it is not extraordinary that Argyle should have objected most earnestly to the Engagement, which was an enterprise in which the King's interest was to be defended, with more slender precautions against the influence of the Malignants, or pure Royalists, than seemed consistent with the safety of those who had been most violent against them. Many of the best officers of the late army declined to serve with the new levies, until the Church of Scotland should approve the cause of quarrel. The Parliament, however, moved by compassion for their native monarch, and willing to obliterate the disgrace which attached to the surrender of the King at Newcastle, appointed an army to be levied, to

act in his behalf. The kingdom was thus thrown into the utmost confusion between the various factions of the Engagers and their opponents. The civil magistrates, obeying the commands of the Parliament, ordered the subjects to assume arms under pain of temporal punishment; while the clergy, from the pulpit, denounced the vengeance of Heaven against those who obeyed the summons.

The Engagers prevailed so far as to raise a tumultuary and ill-disciplined army of about fifteen thousand men, which was commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. This ill-fated nobleman deserved the praise of being a moderate man during all the previous struggles; and, though loving his King, seems uniformly to have endeavoured to reconcile his administration with the rights and even the prejudices of his countrymen. But he had little decision of character, and less military skill. While the Scotch were preparing their succours slowly and with hesitation, the English cavaliers, impatient at the danger and captivity of the King, took arms. But their insurrections were so ill connected with each other, that they were crushed successively, save in two cases, where the insurgents made themselves masters of Colchester and Pembroke, in which towns they were instantly besieged.

Hamilton ought to have advanced with all speed to raise the siege of these places; but instead of this he loitered away more than forty days in Lancashire, until Cromwell came upon him near Warrington, where head and heart seem alike to have failed the unfortunate Duke. Without even an attempt at resistance, he abandoned his enterprise, and made a disorderly retreat, leaving his artillery and baggage. Baillie, with the infantry, being deserted by his general, surrendered to the enemy at Uttoxeter; and Hamilton himself, with the cavalry, took the same deplorable course. None escaped save a resolute body of men under the Earl of Callender, who broke through the enemy, and forced their way back to their own country.

The news of this disaster flew to Scotland. The refractory clergy took the merit of having prophesied the downfall of the Engagers, and stirred up the more zealous Presbyterians to take possession of the government. Argyle drew to arms in the Highlands, whilst the western peasantry assembling, and headed by their divines, repaired to Edinburgh. This insurrection was called the Whigamores' Raid, from the word *whig*,

whig, that is, *get on, get on*, which is used by the western peasants in driving their horses,—a name destined to become the distinction of a powerful party in British history.

The Earl of Lanark was at the head of some troops on the side of the Engagement, but, afraid of provoking the English, in whose hands his brother Hamilton was a prisoner, he made no material opposition to the Whigamores. Argyle became once more the head of the government. It was during this revolution that Cromwell advanced to the Borders, when, instead of finding any enemies to fight with, he was received by the victorious Whigamores as a friend and brother. Their horror at an army of sectaries had been entirely overpowered by their far more violent repugnance to unite with Cavaliers and Malignants in behalf of the King. Cromwell, on that occasion, held much intimate correspondence with Argyle, which made it generally believed that the Marquis, in their private conferences, acquiesced in the violent measures which were to be adopted by the successful general against the captive King, whose fate was now decided upon. The unfortunate Marquis always denied this, nor was the charge ever supported by any tangible evidence.

During these military and political transactions, Charles had been engaged in a new treaty with the English Parliament which was conducted at Newport in the Isle of Wight. It was set on foot in consequence of Cromwell's absence with his army, which restored the Parliament to some freedom of debate, and the Presbyterian members to a portion of their influence. If anything could have saved that unfortunate Prince, it might have been by accomplishing an agreement with the House of Commons, while Hamilton's army was yet entire, and before the insurrections of the Royalists had been entirely suppressed. But he delayed closing the treaty until the army returned, flushed with victory over the English Cavaliers and Scottish Engagers, and denouncing vengeance on the head of the King, whom they accused of being the sole author of the civil war, and liable to punishment as such. This became the language of the whole party. The pulpits rang with the exhortations of the military preachers, demanding that the King should be given over, as a public enemy, to a public trial.

It was in vain that Charles had at length, with lingering

reluctance, yielded every request which the Parliament could demand of him. It was equally in vain that the Parliament had publicly declared that the concessions made by the King were sufficient to form the basis of a satisfactory peace. The army, stirred up by their ambitious officers and fanatic preachers, were resolved that Charles should be put to an open and ignominious death; and a sufficient force of soldiery was stationed in and around London to make resistance impossible, either on the part of the Presbyterians or the Royalists.

In order to secure a majority in the House of Commons, Colonel Pride, a man who had been a brewer, drew up his regiment at the doors of the House of Parliament, and in the streets adjacent, and secured the persons of upwards of forty members, who being supposed favourable to reconciliation with the King, were arrested and thrown into prison; above one hundred more were next day excluded. This act of violence was called Pride's Purge. At the same time the House of Lords was shut up. The remainder of the House of Commons, who alone were permitted to sit and vote, were all of the Independent party, and ready to do whatever should be required by the soldiers. This remnant of a Parliament, under the influence of the swords of their own soldiers, proceeded to nominate what was called a High Court of Justice for the trial of King Charles, charged with treason, as they termed it, against the people of England. The Court consisted of one hundred and thirty-three persons, chosen from the army, the Parliament, and from such of the citizens of London as were well affected to the proposed change of government from a kingdom to a commonwealth. Many of the judges so nominated refused, notwithstanding, to act upon such a commission. Meantime, the great body of the English people beheld these strange preparations with grief and terror. The Scots, broken by the defeat of Hamilton and the success of the Whigamores' Raid, had no means of giving assistance.

Those who drove this procedure forward were of different classes, urged by different motives.

The higher officers of the army, Cromwell, Ireton, and others, seeing they could not retain their influence by concluding a treaty with Charles, had resolved to dethrone and put him to death, in order to establish a military government in their own persons. These men had a distinct aim, and they

in some degree attained it. There were others among the Independent party, who thought they had offended the King so far beyond forgiveness, that his deposition and death were necessary for their own safety. The motives of these persons are also within the grasp of common apprehension.

But there were also among the Independent members of Parliament men of a nobler character. There were statesmen who had bewildered themselves with meditating upon theoretical schemes, till they had fancied the possibility of erecting a system of republican government on the foundation of the ancient monarchy of England. Such men, imposed on by a splendid dream of unattainable freedom, imagined that the violence put upon the Parliament by the soldiery, and the death of the King, when it should take place, were but necessary steps to the establishment of this visionary fabric of perfect liberty, like the pulling down of an old edifice to make room for a new building. After this fanciful class of politicians, came enthusiasts of another and coarser description, influenced by the wild harangues of their crack-brained preachers, who saw in Charles not only the head of the enemies with whom they had been contending for four years with various fortune, but also a wicked King of Amalekites, delivered up to them to be hewn in pieces in the name of Heaven. Such were the various motives which urged the actors in this extraordinary scene.

The pretext by which they coloured these proceedings was, that the King had levied war against his people, to extend over them an unlawful authority. If this had been true in point of fact, it was no ground of charge against Charles in point of law; for the constitution of England declares that the King can do no wrong, that is, cannot be made responsible for any wrong which he does. The vengeance of the laws, when such wrong is committed, is most justly directed against those wicked ministers by whom the culpable measure is contrived, and the agents by whom it is executed. The constitution of England wisely rests on the principle, that if the counsellors and instruments of a prince's pleasure are kept under wholesome terror of the laws, there is no risk of the monarch, in his own unassisted person, transgressing the limits of his authority.

But in fact the King had not taken arms against the Parliament to gain any *new* and extraordinary extent of power. It

is no doubt true, that the Parliament, when summoned together, had many just grievances to complain of; but these were not, in general, innovations of Charles, but such exertions of power as had been customary in the four last reigns, when the crown of England had been freed from the restraint of the barons, without being sufficiently subjected to the control of the House of Commons, representing the people at large. They were, however, very bad precedents; and, since the King had shown a desire to follow them, the Parliament were most justly called upon to resist the repetition of old encroachments upon their liberty. But before the war broke out, the King had relinquished in favour of the Commons all they had demanded. The ultimate cause of quarrel was, which party should have the command of the militia or public force of the kingdom. This was a constitutional part of the King's prerogative; for the executive power cannot be said to exist unless united with the power of the sword. Violence on each side heightened the general want of confidence. The Parliament, as has been before stated, garrisoned, and held out the town of Hull against Charles; and the King infringed the privileges of the Commons, by coming with an armed train to arrest five of their members during the sitting of Parliament. So that the war must be justly imputed to a train of long-protracted quarrels, in which neither party could be termed wholly right, and still less entirely wrong, but which created so much jealousy on both sides as could scarcely terminate otherwise than in civil war.

The High Court of Justice, nevertheless, was opened, and the King was brought to the bar on 19th January 1649. The soldiers, who crowded the avenues, were taught to cry out for justice upon the royal prisoner. When a bystander, affected by the contrast betwixt the King's present and former condition, could not refrain from saying aloud, "God save your Majesty," he was struck and beaten by the guards around him—"A rude chastisement," said the King, "for so slight an offence." Charles behaved throughout the whole of the trying scene with the utmost dignity. He bore, without complaining, the reproaches of murderer and tyrant, which were showered on him by the riotous soldiery; and when a ruffian spit in his face, the captive monarch wiped it off with his handkerchief, and only said, "Poor creatures! for half a crown they would do the same to their father."

When the deed of accusation, stated to be in the name of the people of England, was read, a voice from one of the galleries exclaimed, "not the tenth part of them!" Again, as the names of the judges were called over, when that of General Fairfax occurred, the same voice replied, "He has more sense than to be here." Upon the officer who commanded the guard ordering the musketeers to fire into the gallery from which the interruption came, the speaker was discovered to be Lady Fairfax, wife of Sir Thomas, the general of the forces, and a daughter of the noble house of Vere, who in this manner declared her resentment at the extraordinary scene.

The King, when placed at the bar, looked around on the awful preparations for trial, on the bench, crowded with avowed enemies, and displaying, what was still more painful, the faces of one or two ungrateful friends, without losing his steady composure. When the public accuser began to speak, he touched him with his staff, and sternly admonished him to forbear. He afterwards displayed both talent and boldness in his own defence. He disowned the authority of the novel and incompetent court before which he was placed; reminded those who sat as his judges that he was their lawful King, answerable indeed to God for the use of his power, but declared by the constitution incapable of doing wrong. Even if the authority of the people were sufficient to place him before the bar, he denied that such authority had been obtained. The act of violence, he justly stated, was the deed, not of the English nation, but of a few daring men, who had violated, by military force, the freedom of the House of Commons, and altogether destroyed and abolished the House of Peers. He declared that he spoke not for himself, but for the sake of the laws and liberties of England.

Though repeatedly interrupted by Bradshaw, a lawyer, president of the pretended High Court of Justice, Charles pronounced his defence in a manly, yet temperate manner. Being then three times called on to answer to the charge, he as often declined the jurisdiction of the court. Sentence of death was then pronounced, to be executed in front of the royal palace, lately his own.

On the 30th January 1649 Charles I. was brought forth through one of the windows in front of the banqueting house

at Whitehall, upon a large scaffold hung with black, and closely surrounded with guards. Two executioners in masks attended (one wearing a long gray beard), beside a block and cushion. Juxon, a bishop of the Church of England, assisted the King's devotions. As Charles laid his head on the block, he addressed to the bishop, emphatically, the word *remember*[1] and then gave the signal for the fatal stroke. One executioner struck the head from the shoulders at a single blow; the other held it up, and proclaimed it the head of a traitor. The soldiers shouted in triumph, but the multitude generally burst out into tears and lamentations.

This tragic spectacle was far from accomplishing the purpose intended by those who had designed it. On the contrary, the King's serene and religious behaviour at his trial and execution excited the sympathy and sorrow of many who had been his enemies when in power; the injustice and brutality, which he bore with so much dignity, overpowered the remembrance of the errors of which he had been guilty; and the almost universal sense of the iniquity of his sentence, was a principal cause of the subsequent restoration of his family to the throne.

[1] "It being remarked that the King, the moment before he stretched out his neck to the executioner, had said to Juxon, with a very earnest accent, the single word REMEMBER! great mysteries were supposed to be concealed under that expression; and the generals vehemently insisted with the prelate that he should inform them of the King's meaning. Juxon told them, that the King, having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of the murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the last moment of his life, when his commands, he supposed, would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to reiterate that desire; and that his mild spirit thus terminated its present course by an act of benevolence towards his greatest enemies."—HUME.

CHAPTER XLVI

Montrose makes a Descent on the Highlands—taken prisoner and Executed—Charles II. arrives in Scotland—Cromwell's Invasion of Scotland—Battle of Dunbar—Coronation of Charles II.—marches into England—defeated at Worcester—escapes abroad—War in Scotland under General Monk—Cromwell makes himself Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland—Glencairn's Rising—Exploits of Evan Dhu, of Lochiel, Chief of the Camerons

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGN.—*France*: Louis XIV.

1649—1654.

THE death of Charles I. was nowhere more deeply resented than in his native country of Scotland; and the national pride of the Scots was the more hurt, that they could not but be conscious that the surrender of his person by their army at Newcastle was the event which contributed immediately to place him in the hands of his enemies.

The government, since the Whigamores' Raid, had continued in the hands of Argyle and the more rigid Presbyterians; but even they, no friends to the House of Stewart, were bound by the Covenant, which was their rule in all things, to acknowledge the hereditary descent of their ancient Kings, and call to the throne Charles, the eldest son of the deceased monarch, provided he would consent to unite with his subjects in taking the Solemn League and Covenant, for the support of Presbytery, and the putting down of all other forms of religion. The Scottish Parliament met, and resolved accordingly to proclaim Charles II. their lawful sovereign; but, at the same time, not to admit him to the actual power as such, until he should give security for the religion, unity, and peace of the kingdoms. Commissioners were sent to wait upon Charles, who had retired to the Continent, in order to offer him the throne of Scotland on these terms.

The young Prince had already around him counsellors of a different character. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, and other Scottish nobles, few in number, but animated by their leader's courage and zeal, advised him to reject the proposal of

the Presbyterians to recall him to the regal dignity on such conditions, and offered their swords and lives to place him on the throne by force of arms.

It appears that Charles II., who never had any deep sense of integrity, was willing to treat with both of these parties at one and the same time; and that he granted a commission to the Marquis to attempt a descent on Scotland, taking the chance of what might be accomplished by his far-famed fortune and dauntless enterprise, while he kept a negotiation afloat with the Presbyterian commissioners, in case of Montrose's failure.

That intrepid but rash enthusiast embarked at Hamburgh, with some arms and treasure, supplied by the northern courts of Europe. His fame drew around him a few of the emigrant Royalists, chiefly Scottish, and he recruited about six hundred German mercenaries. His first descent was on the Orkney islands, where he forced to arms a few hundreds of unwarlike fishermen. He next disembarked on the mainland; but the natives fled from him, remembering the former excesses of his army. Strachan, an officer under Lesley, came upon the Marquis by surprise, near a pass called Inverchar- April, 1650. ron, on the confines of Ross-shire. The Orkney men made but little resistance; the Germans retired to a wood, and there surrendered; the few Scottish companions of Montrose fought bravely, but in vain. Many gallant cavaliers were made prisoners. Montrose, when the day was irretrievably lost, threw off his cloak bearing the star, and afterwards changed clothes with an ordinary Highland kern, that he might endeavour to effect his escape, and swam across the river Kyle. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he was at length taken by a Ross-shire chief, MacLeod of Assint, who happened to be out with a party of his men in arms. The Marquis discovered himself to this man, thinking himself secure of favour, since Assint had been once his own follower. But, tempted by a reward of four hundred bolls of meal, this wretched chief delivered his old commander into the unfriendly hands of David Lesley.[1]

The Covenanters, when he who had so often made them

[1] Assint was afterwards tried at Edinburgh, for his treachery, but by means of bribery and the corrupt influence of the times, he escaped punishment.—WISHART.

tremble was at length delivered into their hands, celebrated their victory with all the exultation of mean, timid, and sullen spirits, suddenly released from apprehension of imminent danger. Montrose was dragged in a sort of triumph from town to town, in the mean garb in which he had disguised himself for flight. To the honour of the town of Dundee, which, you will recollect, had been partly plundered and partly burnt by Montrose's forces, during his eventful progress in 1645, the citizens of that town were the first who supplied their fallen foe with clothes befitting his rank, with money, and with necessaries. The Marquis himself must have felt this as a severe rebuke for the wasteful mode in which he had carried on his warfare; and it was a still more piercing reproach to the unworthy victors, who now triumphed over a heroic enemy in the same manner as they would have done over a detected felon.

While Montrose was confined in the house of the Laird of Grange, in Fifeshire, he had almost made his escape through the bold stratagem of the Laird's wife, a descendant of the house of Somerville. This lady's address had drenched the guards with liquor; and the Marquis, disguised in female attire, with which she had furnished him, had already passed the sleeping sentinels, when he was challenged and stopped by a half-drunken soldier, who had been rambling about without any duty or purpose. The alarm being given, he was again secured, and the lady's plot was of no avail. She escaped punishment only by her husband's connection with the ruling party.

Before Montrose reached Edinburgh, he had been condemned by the Parliament to the death of a traitor. The sentence was pronounced, without further trial, upon an act of attainder passed whilst he was plundering Argyle in the winter of 1644; and it was studiously aggravated by every species of infamy.

The Marquis was, according to the special order of Parliament, met at the gates by the magistrates, attended by the common hangman, who was clad for the time in his own livery. He was appointed, as the most infamous mode of execution, to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, his head to be fixed on the tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh, his body to be quartered, and his limbs to be placed over the gates of the principal towns of Scotland. According to the sentence, he was conducted to

jail on a cart, whereon was fixed a high bench, on which he was placed, bound and bareheaded, the horse led by the executioner, wearing his bonnet, and the noble prisoner exposed to the scorn of the people, who were expected to hoot and revile him. But the rabble, who came out with the rudest purposes, relented when they saw the dignity of his bearing; and silence, accompanied by the sighs and tears of the crowd, attended the progress, which his enemies had designed should excite other emotions. The only observation he made was, that "the ceremonial of his entrance had been somewhat fatiguing and tedious."

He was next brought before the Parliament to hear the terms of his sentence, where he appeared with the same manly indifference. He gazed around on his assembled enemies with as much composure as the most unconcerned spectator; heard Loudon, the chancellor, upbraid him, in a long and violent declamation, with the breach of both the first and second Covenant; with his cruel wars at the head of the savage Irish and Highlandmen; and with the murders, treasons, and conflagrations, which they had occasioned. When the chancellor had finished, Montrose with difficulty obtained permission to reply.

He told the Parliament, with his usual boldness, that if he appeared before them uncovered, and addressed them with respect, it was only because the King had acknowledged their assembly, by entering into a treaty with them. He admitted he had taken the first, or National Covenant, and had acted upon it so long as it was confined to its proper purposes, but had dissented from and opposed those who had used it as a pretext for assailing the Royal authority. "The second, or Solemn League and Covenant," he said, "he had never taken, and was therefore in no respect bound by it. He had made war by the King's express commission; and although it was impossible, in the course of hostilities, absolutely to prevent acts of military violence, he had always disowned and punished such irregularities. He had never," he said, "spilt the blood of a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends—nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle. His last undertaking," he continued, "was carried on at the express command of Charles II., whom they had proclaimed their sovereign, and with whom they were treat-

ing as such. Therefore, he desired to be used by them as a man and a Christian, to whom many of them had been indebted for life and property, when the fate of war had placed both in his power. He required them, in conclusion, to proceed with him according to the laws of nature and nations, but especially according to those of Scotland, as they themselves would expect to be judged when they stood at the bar of Almighty God."

The sentence already mentioned was then read to the undaunted prisoner, on which he observed, he was more honoured in having his head set on the prison, for the cause in which he died, than he would have been had they decreed a golden statue to be erected to him in the market-place, or in having his picture in the King's bedchamber. As to the distribution of his limbs, he said he wished he had flesh enough to send some to each city of Europe, in memory of the cause in which he died. He spent the night in reducing these ideas into poetry.[1]

Early on the morning of the next day he was awakened by the drums and trumpets calling out the guards, by orders of Parliament, to attend on his execution. "Alas!" he said, "I have given these good folks much trouble while alive, and do I continue to be a terror to them on the day I am to die?"

The clergy importuned him, urging repentance of his sins, and offering, on his expressing such compunction, to relieve him from the sentence of excommunication, under which he laboured. He calmly replied, that though the excommunication had been rashly pronounced, yet it gave him pain, and he desired to be freed from it, if a relaxation could be obtained, by expressing penitence for his offences as a man; but that he had committed none in his duty to his prince and country, and, therefore, had none to acknowledge or repent of.

[1] The following lines were written with the point of a diamond upon the window of his prison:—

"Let them bestow on every airth[1] a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air.
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

[1] *Airt*—point of the compass.

Johnstone of Warriston, an eminent Covenanter, intruded himself on the noble prisoner, while he was combing the long curled hair which he wore as a cavalier. Warriston, a gloomy fanatic, hinted as if it were but an idle employment at so solemn a time. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day, while it is still my own," answered Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list."

The Marquis walked on foot, from the prison to the Grass-market, the common place of execution for the basest felons, where a gibbet of extraordinary height, with a scaffold covered with black cloth, was erected. Here he was again pressed by the Presbyterian clergy to own his guilt. Their cruel and illiberal officiousness could not disturb the serenity of his temper. To exaggerate the infamy of his punishment, or rather to show the mean spite of his enemies, a book, containing the printed history of his exploits, was hung around his neck by the hangman. This insult, likewise, he treated with contempt, saying, he accounted such a record of his services to his prince as a symbol equally honourable with the badge of the Garter, which the King had bestowed on him. In all other particulars, Montrose bore himself with the same calm dignity, and finally submitted to execution with such resolved courage, that many, even of his bitterest enemies, wept on the occasion. He suffered on the 21st of May 1650.

Argyle, the mortal foe of Montrose, exulted in private over the death of his enemy, but abstained from appearing in Parliament when he was condemned, and from witnessing his execution. He is even said to have shed tears when he heard the scene rehearsed. His son, Lord Lorn, was less scrupulous; he looked on his feudal enemy's last moments, and even watched the blows of the executioner's axe, while he dissevered the head from the body. His cruelty was requited in the subsequent reign; and indeed Heaven soon after made manifest the folly, as well as guilt, which destroyed this celebrated commander, at a time when approaching war might have rendered his talents invaluable to his country.

Other noble Scottish blood was spilt at the same time, both at home and in England. The Marquis of Huntly, who had always acted for the King, though he had injured his affairs by his hesitation to co-operate with Montrose, was beheaded at Edinburgh; and Urry, who had been sometimes the enemy,

sometimes the follower of Montrose, was executed with others of the Marquis's principal followers.

The unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, a man of a gentle but indecisive character, was taken, as I have told you, in his attempt to invade England and deliver the King, whom he seems to have served with fidelity, though he fell under his suspicion, and even suffered a long imprisonment by the Royal order. While he was confined at Windsor, Charles, previous to his trial, was brought there by the soldiers. The dethroned King was permitted a momentary interview with the subject, who had lost fortune and liberty in his cause. Hamilton burst into tears, and flung himself at the King's feet, exclaiming, "My dear master!"—"I have been a *dear* master to you indeed," said Charles, kindly raising him. After the execution of the King, Hamilton, with the Earl of Holland, Lord Capel, and others, who had promoted the rising of the Royalists on different points, were condemned to be beheaded. A stout old cavalier, Sir John Owen, was one of the number. When the sentence was pronounced, he exclaimed it was a great honour to a poor Welsh knight to be beheaded with so many nobles, adding, with an oath, "I thought they would have hanged me." This gallant old man's life was spared, when his companions in misfortune were executed.

While these bloody scenes were proceeding, the Commissioners of the Scottish Parliament continued to carry on the treaty with Charles II. He had nearly broken it off, when Montrose's execution was reported to him; but a sense of his own duplicity in maintaining a treaty with the Parliament, while he gave Montrose a commission to invade and make war on them, smothered his complaints on the subject. At length Charles, seeing no other resource, agreed to accept the crown of Scotland on the terms offered, which were those of the most absolute compliance with the will of the Scottish Parliament in civil affairs, and with the pleasure of the General Assembly of the Kirk in ecclesiastical concerns. Above all, the young King promised to take upon him the obligations of the Solemn League and Covenant, and to further them by every means in his power. On these conditions the treaty was concluded; Charles sailed from Holland, and arriving on the coast of Scotland, landed near the mouth of the river Spey, and advanced to Stirling.

16th June 1650.

Scotland was at this time divided into three parties, highly

inimical to each other. There was, FIRST, the rigid Presbyterians, of whom Argyle was the leader. This was the faction which had, since the Whigamores' Raid, been in possession of the supreme power of government, and with its leaders the King had made the treaty in Holland. SECONDLY, the moderate Presbyterians, called the Engagers, who had joined with Hamilton in his incursion into England. These were headed by the Earl of Lanark, who succeeded to the dukedom of Hamilton on the execution of his brother; by Lauderdale, a man of very considerable talents; Dunfermline and others. THIRDLY, there was the party of the Absolute Loyalists, friends and followers of Montrose; such as the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Ogilvy, a few other nobles and gentlemen, and some Highland chiefs, too ignorant and too remotely situated to have any influence in state affairs.

As all these three parties acknowledged, with more or less warmth, the sovereignty of King Charles, it might have seemed no very difficult matter to have united them in the same patriotic purpose of maintaining the national independence of the kingdom. But successful resistance to the English was a task to which the high Presbyterians, being the ruling party, thought themselves perfectly competent. Indeed they entertained the most presumptuous confidence in their own strength, and their clergy assured them, that so far from the aid of either Engagers or Malignants being profitable to them in the common defence, the presence of any such profane assistants would draw down the curse of Heaven on the cause, which, if trusted to the hands of true Covenanters only, could not fail to prosper.

Argyle, therefore, and his friends, received the young King with all the outward marks of profound respect. But they took care to give him his own will in no one particular. They excluded from attendance on his person all his English adherents, suspicious of their attachment to Prelacy and malignant opinions. The ministers beset him with exhortations and sermons of immoderate length, introduced on all occasions, and exhausting the patience of a young prince, whose strong sense of the ridiculous, and impatience of serious subjects, led him to receive with heartfelt contempt and disgust the homely eloquence of the long-winded orators. The preachers also gave him offence, by choosing frequently for their themes the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, who was a Catholic, and what

they frankly termed his own ill-disguised disposition to malignity. They numbered up the judgments which, they affirmed, these sins had brought on his father's house, and they prayed that they might not be followed by similar punishments upon Charles himself. These ill-timed and ill-judged admonitions were so often repeated, as to impress on the young King's mind a feeling of dislike and disgust, with which he remembered the Presbyterian preachers and their doctrines as long as he lived.

Sometimes their fanaticism and want of judgment led to ridiculous scenes. It is said, that on one occasion a devout lady, who lived opposite to the Royal lodgings, saw from her window the young King engaged in a game at cards, or some other frivolous amusement, which the rigour of the Covenanters denounced as sinful. The lady communicated this important discovery to her minister, and it reached the ears of the Commission of the Kirk, who named a venerable member of their body to rebuke the monarch personally for this act of backsliding. The clergyman to whom this delicate commission was entrusted was a shrewd old man, who saw no great wisdom in the proceedings of his brethren, but executed their commands with courtly dexterity, and summed up his ghostly admonition with a request, that when his Majesty indulged in similar recreations, he would be pleased to take the precaution of shutting the windows. The King laughed, and was glad to escape so well from the apprehended lecture. But events were fast approaching which had no jesting aspect.

England, to which you must now turn your attention, had totally changed its outward constitution since the death of the King. Cromwell, who, using the victorious army as his tools, was already in the real possession of the supreme power, had still more tasks than one to accomplish before he dared venture to assume the external appearance of it. He suffered, therefore, the diminished and mutilated House of Commons to exist for a season, during which the philosophical Republicans of the party passed resolutions that monarchy should never be again established in England; that the power of the Executive Government should be lodged in a Council of State; and that the House of Lords should be abolished.

Meantime, Cromwell led in person a part of his victorious army to Ireland, which had been the scene of more frightful disorders than England, or even Scotland. These had begun

by the Catholic inhabitants rising upon the Protestants, and murdering many thousands of them in what is termed the Irish Massacre. This had been followed by a general war between the opposite parties in religion, but at length the address of the Duke of Ormond, as devoted a loyalist as Montrose, contrived to engage a large portion of the Catholics on the side of Charles; and Ireland became the place of refuge to all the Cavaliers, or remains of the Royal party, who began to assume a formidable appearance in that island. The arrival of Cromwell suddenly changed this gleam of fortune into cloud and storm. Wherever this fated general appeared he was victorious; and in Ireland, in order perhaps to strike terror into a fierce people (for Oliver Cromwell was not bloodthirsty by disposition), he made dreadful execution among the vanquished, particularly at the storming of the town of Drogheda, where his troops spared neither sex nor age. He now returned to England, with even greater terror attached to his name than before.

The new Commonwealth of England had no intention that the son of the King whom they had put to death should be suffered to establish himself quietly in the sister kingdom of Scotland, and enjoy the power, when opportunity offered, of again calling to arms his numerous adherents in England, and disturbing, or perhaps destroying, their new-modelled republic. They were resolved to prevent this danger by making war on Scotland, while still weakened by her domestic dissensions; and compelling her to adopt the constitution of a republic, and to become confederated with their own. This proposal was of course haughtily rejected by the Scots, as it implied a renunciation at once of king and kirk, and a total alteration of the Scottish constitution in civil and ecclesiastical government. The ruling parties of both nations, therefore, prepared for the contest.

The rigid Presbyterians in Scotland showed now a double anxiety to exclude from their army all, however otherwise well qualified to assist in such a crisis, whom they regarded as suspicious, whether as absolute malignants, or as approaching nearer to their own doctrines, by professing only a moderate and tolerant attachment to Presbytery.

Yet even without the assistance of these excluded parties, the Convention of Estates assembled a fine army, full of men enthusiastic in the cause in which they were about to fight;

and feeling all the impulse which could be given by the rude eloquence of their favourite ministers. Unfortunately the preachers were not disposed to limit themselves to the task of animating the courage of the soldiers; but were so presumptuous as to interfere with and control the plans of the general, and movements of the army.

The army of England, consisting almost entirely of Independents, amongst whom any man who chose might assume the office of a clergyman, resembled the Presbyterian troops of Scotland; for both armies professed to appeal to Heaven for the justice of their cause, and both resounded with psalms, prayers, exhortations, and religious exercises, to confirm the faith, and animate the zeal of the soldiers. Both likewise used the same language in their proclamations against each other, and it was such as implied a war rather on account of religion than of temporal interests. The Scottish proclamations declared the army commanded by Cromwell to be a union of the most perverse heretical sectaries, of every different persuasion, agreeing in nothing, saving their desire to effect the ruin of the unity and discipline of the Christian Church, and the destruction of the Covenant, to which most of their leaders had sworn fidelity. The army of Cromwell replied to them in the same style. They declared that they valued the Christian Church ten thousand times more than their own lives. They protested that they were not only a rod of iron to dash asunder the common enemies, but a hedge (though unworthy) about the divine vineyard. As for the Covenant, they protested that, were it not for making it an object of idolatry, they would be content, if called upon to encounter the Scots in this quarrel, to place that national engagement on the point of their pikes, and let God himself judge whether they or their opponents had best observed its obligations.

Although the contending nations thus nearly resembled each other in their ideas and language, there was betwixt the Scottish and English soldiers one difference, and it proved a material one. In the English army the officers insisted upon being preachers, and though their doctrine was wild enough, their ignorance of theology had no effect on military events. But with the Scots, the Presbyterian clergy were unhappily seized with the opposite rage of acting as officers and generals, and their skill in their own profession of divinity

could not redeem the errors which they committed in the art of war.

Fairfax having declined the command of the English army, his conscience (for he was a Presbyterian) not permitting him to engage in the war, Cromwell accepted with joy the supreme military authority, and prepared for the invasion of Scotland.

The wars between the sister kingdoms seemed now about to be rekindled, after the interval of two-thirds of a century; and notwithstanding the greatly superior power of England, there was no room for absolute confidence in her ultimate success. The Scots, though divided into parties, so far as church government was concerned, were unanimous in acknowledging the right of King Charles, whereas the English were far from making common cause against his claims. On the contrary, if the stern army of sectaries, now about to take the field, should sustain any great disaster, the Cavaliers of England, with great part of the Presbyterians in that country, were alike disposed to put the King once more at the head of the government; so that the fate not of Scotland alone, but of England also, was committed to the event of the present war.

Neither were the armies and generals opposed to each other unworthy of the struggle. If the army of Cromwell consisted of veteran soldiers, inured to constant victory, that of Scotland was fresh, numerous, and masters of their own strong country, which was the destined scene of action. If Cromwell had defeated the most celebrated generals of the Cavaliers, David Lesley, the effective commander-in-chief in Scotland, had been victor over Montrose, more renowned perhaps than any of them. If Cromwell was a general of the most decisive character, celebrated for the battles which he had won, Lesley was, by early education, a trained soldier, more skilful than his antagonist in taking positions, defending passes, and all the previous arrangements of a campaign. With these advantages on the different sides, the eventful struggle commenced.

Early in the summer of 1650 Cromwell invaded Scotland at the head of his veteran and well-disciplined troops. But, on marching through Berwickshire and East Lothian, he found that the country was abandoned by the population, and stripped of everything which could supply the hostile army. Nothing

was to be seen save old spectre-looking women, clothed in white flannel, who told the English officers that all the men had taken arms, under command of the barons.

Subsisting chiefly on the provisions supplied by a fleet, which, sailing along the coast, accompanied his movements, the English general approached the capital, where Lesley had fixed his headquarters. The right wing of the Scottish army rested upon the high grounds at the rise of the mountain called Arthur's Seat, and the left wing was posted at Leith; while the high bank, formerly called Leith Walk, made a part of his lines, which, defended by a numerous artillery, completely protected the metropolis. Cromwell skirmished with the Scottish advanced posts near to Restalrig, but his cuirassiers were so warmly encountered that they gained no advantage, and their general was obliged to withdraw to Musselburgh. His next effort was made from the westward.

The English army made a circuit from the coast, proceeding inland to Colinton, Redhall, and other places near to the eastern extremity of the Pentland hills, from which Cromwell hoped to advance on Edinburgh. But Lesley was immediately on his guard. He left his position betwixt Edinburgh and Leith, and took up one which covered the city to the westward, and was protected by the Water of Leith, and the several cuts, drains, and mill-leads, at Saughton, Coltbridge, and the houses and villages in that quarter. Here Cromwell again found the Scots in order of battle, and again was obliged to withdraw after a distant cannonade.

The necessity of returning to the neighbourhood of his fleet obliged Cromwell to march back to his encampment at Musselburgh. Nor was he permitted to remain there in quiet. At the dead of night a strong body of cavalry, called the regiment of the Kirk, well armed at all points, broke into the English lines, with loud cries of "God and the Kirk! all is ours!" It was with some difficulty that Cromwell rallied his soldiers upon this sudden alarm, in which he sustained considerable loss, though the assailants were finally compelled to retreat.

The situation of the English army now became critical; their provisions were nearly exhausted, the communication with the fleet grew daily more precarious, while Lesley, with the same prudence which had hitherto guided his defence, baffled all the schemes of the English leader, without exposing his army to the

risk of a general action; until Cromwell, fairly outgeneralled by the address of his enemy, was compelled to retire towards England.

Lesley, on his part, left his encampment without delay, for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the English. Moving by a shorter line than Cromwell, who was obliged to keep the coast, he took possession with his army of the skirts of Lammermoor, a ridge of hills terminating on the sea near the town of Dunbar, abounding with difficult passes, all of which he occupied strongly. Here he proposed to await the attack of the English, with every chance, nay, almost with the certainty, of gaining a great and decisive victory.

Cromwell was reduced to much perplexity. To force his way, it was necessary to attack a tremendous pass called Cockburn's path, where, according to Cromwell's own description, one man might do more to defend than twelve to make way. And if he engaged in this desperate enterprise, he was liable to be assaulted by the numerous forces of Lesley in flank and rear. He saw all the danger, and entertained thoughts of embarking his foot on board of his ships, and cutting his own way to England as he best could, at the head of his cavalry.

At this moment, the interference of the Presbyterian preachers, and the influence which they possessed over the Scottish army and its general, ruined this fair promise of success. In spite of all the prudent remonstrances of Lesley, they insisted that the Scottish army should be led from their strong position, to attack the English upon equal ground. This, in the language of Scripture, they called going down against the Philistines at Gilgal.

Cromwell had slept at the Duke of Roxburghe's house, called Broxmouth, half a mile east of Dunbar, and his army was stationed in the park there, when he received news that the Scots were leaving their fastnesses, and about to hazard a battle on the level plain. He exclaimed, "That God had delivered them into his hands;" and calling for his horse, placed himself at the head of his troops. Coming to the head of a regiment of Lancashire men, he found one of their officers, while they were in the act of marching to battle, in a fit of sudden enthusiasm holding forth or preaching to the men. Cromwell also listened, and seemed affected by his discourse. At this moment the sun showed his broad orb on the level surface of

the sea, which is close to the scene of action. "Let the Lord arise," he said, "and let his enemies be scattered;" and presently after, looking upon the field where the battle had now commenced, he added, "I profess they flee."

Cromwell's hopes did not deceive him. The hastily raised Scottish levies, thus presumptuously opposed to the veteran soldiers of the English commander, proved unequal to stand the shock. Two regiments fought bravely and were almost all cut off; but the greater part of Lesley's army fell into confusion without much resistance. Great slaughter ensued, and many prisoners were made, whom the cruelty of the English government destined to a fate hitherto unknown in Christian warfare. They transported to the English settlements in America those unfortunate captives, subjects of an independent kingdom, who bore arms by order of their own lawful government, and there sold them for slaves.

3d Sept.

The decisive defeat at Dunbar opened the whole of the south of Scotland to Cromwell. The Independents found a few friends and brother sectaries among the gentry, who had been hitherto deterred, by the fear of the Presbyterians, from making their opinions public. Almost all the strong places on the south side of the Forth were won by the arms of the English or yielded by the timidity of their defenders. Edinburgh Castle was surrendered, not without suspicion of gross treachery; and Tantallon, Hume, Roslin, and Borthwick, with other fortresses, fell into their hands.

Internal dissension added to the calamitous state of Scotland. The Committee of Estates, with the King, and the remainder of Lesley's army, retreated to Stirling, where they still hoped to make a stand, by defending the passes of the Forth. A Parliament, held at Perth, was in this extremity disposed to relax in the extreme rigour of its exclusive doctrines, and to admit into the army, which it laboured to reinforce, such of the moderate Presbyterians, or Engagers, and even of the Royalists and Malignants, as were inclined to make a formal confession of their former errors. The Royalists readily enough complied with this requisition; but as their pretended repentance was generally regarded as a mere farce, submitted to that they might obtain leave to bear arms for the King, the stricter Presbyterians looked upon this compromise with Malignants as a sinful seeking for help from Egypt. The Presbyterians of the western

counties, in particular, carried this opinion so far, as to think this period of national distress an auspicious time for disclaiming the King's interest and title. Refusing to allow that the victory of Dunbar was owing to the military skill of Cromwell and the disciplined valour of his troops, they set it down as a chastisement justly inflicted on the Scottish nation for espousing the Royal cause. Under this separate banner there assembled an army of about four thousand men, commanded by Kerr and Strachan. They were resolved, at the same time, to oppose the English invasion, and to fight with the King's forces, and thus embroil the kingdom in a threefold war. The leaders of this third party, who were called Remonstrators, made a smart attack on a large body of English troops, stationed in Hamilton under General Lambert, and were at first successful; but falling into disorder, owing to their very success, they were ultimately defeated. Kerr, one of their leaders, was wounded, and made prisoner; and Strachan soon afterwards revolted, and joined the English army.

Cromwell, in the meanwhile, made the fairest promises to all who would listen to him, and laboured, not altogether in vain, to impress the rigid Presbyterian party with a belief, that they had better join with the Independents, although disallowing of church-government, and thus obtain peace and a close alliance with England, than adhere to the cause of the King, who, with his father's house, had, he said, been so long the troublers of Israel. And here I may interrupt the course of public events, to tell you an anecdote not generally known, but curious as illustrating the character of Cromwell.

Shortly after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell visited Glasgow; and on Sunday attended the Presbyterian service in the principal church of that city. The preacher, a rigid Presbyterian, was nothing intimidated by the presence of the English general; but entering freely upon state affairs, which were then a common topic in the pulpit, he preached boldly on the errors and heresies of the Independent sectaries, insisted on the duty of resisting their doctrines, and even spoke with little respect of the person of Cromwell himself. An officer who sat behind Cromwell whispered something in his ear more than once, and the general as often seemed to impose silence upon him. The curiosity of the congregation was strongly excited. At length the service was ended, and Cromwell was in the act of leaving the church, when he cast his eyes on one Wilson, a mechanic who had long

resided at Glasgow, and called on him by name. The man no sooner saw the general take notice of him than he ran away. Cromwell directed that he should be followed and brought before him, but without injury. At the same time he sent a civil message to the clergyman who had preached, desiring to see him at his quarters. These things augmented the curiosity of the town's people; and when they saw Wilson led as prisoner to the general's apartments, many remained about the door, watching the result. Wilson soon returned, and joyfully showed his acquaintances some money which the English general had given him to drink his health. His business with Cromwell was easily explained. This man had been son of a footman who had attended James VI. to England. By some accident Wilson had served his apprenticeship to a shoemaker in the same town where Cromwell's father lived, had often played with Master Oliver while they were both children, and had obliged him by making balls and other playthings for him. When Wilson saw that his old companion recognised him, he ran away, because, recollecting his father had been a servant of the Royal family, he thought the general, who was known to have brought the late King to the block, might nourish ill-will against all who were connected with him. But Cromwell had received him kindly, spoken of their childish acquaintance, and gave him some money. The familiarity with which he seemed to treat him encouraged Wilson to ask his former friend what it was that passed betwixt the officer and him, when the preacher was thundering from the pulpit against the sectaries and their general. "He called the clergyman an insolent rascal," said Cromwell, not unwilling, perhaps, that his forbearance should be made public, "and asked my leave to pull him out of the pulpit by the ears; and I commanded him to sit still, telling him the minister was one fool, and he another." This anecdote serves to show Cromwell's recollection of persons and faces. He next gave audience to the preacher, and used arguments with him which did not reach the public; but were so convincing, that the minister pronounced a second discourse in the evening, in a tone much mitigated towards Independency and its professors.

While the south of Scotland was overawed, and the Western Remonstrators were dispersed by Cromwell, the Scottish Parliament, though retired beyond the Forth, still maintained a show of decided opposition. They resolved upon the coronation

of Charles, a ceremony hitherto deferred, but which they determined now to perform, as a solemn pledge of their resolution to support the constitution and religion of Scotland to the last.

But the melancholy solemnity had been nearly prevented by the absence of the principal personage. Charles, disgusted with the invectives of the Presbyterian clergy, and perhaps remembering the fate of his father at Newcastle, formed a hasty purpose of flying from the Presbyterian camp. He had not been sufficiently aware of the weakness of the Royalists, who recommended this wild step, and he actually went off to the hills. But he found only a few Highlanders at Clova,[1] without the appearance of an army, which he had promised himself, and was easily induced to return to the camp with a party who had been despatched in pursuit of him.

This excursion, which was called the *Start*, did not greatly tend to increase confidence betwixt the young King and his Presbyterian counsellors. The ceremony of the coronation was performed with such solemnities as the time admitted, but mingled with circumstances which must have been highly disgusting to Charles. The confirmation of the Covenant was introduced as an essential part of the solemnity; and the coronation was preceded by a national fast and humiliation, expressly held on account of the sins of the Royal family. A suspected hand, that of the Marquis of Argyle, placed an insecure crown on the head of the son,[2] whose father he had been one of the principal instruments in dethroning. 1st Jan. 1651.

These were bad omens. But, on the other hand, the King enjoyed more liberty than before; most of the Engagers had

[1] The village of Clova is situated in the northern extremity of Forfarshire, near to the source of the South Esk, in a glen of the Grampians, along which that river flows in a south-eastward direction for upwards of ten miles, issuing at length into a more open course in the romantic vicinity of Cortachy Castle, a seat of the Earl of Airlie.

[2] "Upon that occasion, the King, clad in a prince's robe, walked in procession from the hall of the palace to the church, the spurs, sword of state, sceptre, and crown being carried before him by the principal nobility. It was remarkable, that upon this occasion the crown was borne by the unhappy Marquis of Argyle, who was put to death in no very legal manner immediately after the Restoration, using upon the scaffold these remarkable words, 'I placed the crown on the King's head, and in reward he brings mine to the block.'"—See *History of the Regalia of Scotland.*

resumed their seats in Parliament; and many Royalist officers were received into the army.

Determined at this time not to be tempted to a disadvantageous battle, the King, who assumed the command of the army in person, took up a line in front of Stirling, having in his front the river of Carron. Cromwell approached, but could neither with prudence attack the Scots in their lines, nor find means of inducing them to hazard a battle, unless on great advantage. After the armies had confronted each other for more than a month, Cromwell despatched Colonel Overton into Fife, to turn the left flank of the Scottish army, and intercept their supplies. He was encountered near the town of Inverkeithing by the Scots, commanded by Holborn and Brown. The first of these officers behaved basely, and perhaps treacherously. Brown fought well and bravely, but finally sustaining a total defeat, was made prisoner, and afterwards died of grief.

The situation of the main Scottish army, under Charles, became hazardous after this defeat, for their position was rendered precarious by the footing which the English obtained in the counties of Fife and Kinross, which enabled them to intercept the King's supplies and communications from the north. In this distressed situation Charles adopted a bold and decisive measure. He resolved to transfer the war from Scotland to England and suddenly raising his camp, he moved to the south-westward by rapid marches, hoping to rouse his friends in England, to arms, before Cromwell could overtake him. But the Cavaliers of England were now broken and dispirited, and were, besides, altogether unprepared for this hasty invasion, which seemed rather the effect of despair than the result of deliberate and settled resolution. The Presbyterians, though rather inclined to the Royal cause, were still less disposed to hazard a junction with him, until terms of mutual accommodation could be settled. They were divided and uncertain, while the republicans were resolved and active.

The English militia assembled under Lambert to oppose Charles in front, and Cromwell followed close in his rear, to take every advantage that could offer. The Scots reached the city of Worcester without much opposition, where the militia, commanded by Lambert, and the regular forces under Cromwell, attacked the Royalists with a force double their number. Clarendon and other

3d Sept. 1651.

English authors represent the Scottish army as making little resistance. Cromwell, on the contrary, talks of the battle of Worcester, in his peculiar phraseology, as "a stiff business—a very glorious mercy—as stiff a contest as he had ever beheld." But, well or ill disputed, the day was totally lost. Three thousand men were slain in the field, ten thousand were taken, and such of them as survived their wounds, and the horrors of overcrowded jails, were shipped off to the plantations as slaves.

Charles, after beholding the ruin of his cause, and having given sufficient proofs of personal valour, escaped from the field, and concealed himself in obscure retreats, under various disguises. At one time he was obliged to hide himself in the boughs of a spreading oak-tree; hence called the Royal Oak. At another time he rode before a lady, Mrs. Lane, in the quality of a groom; and in this disguise passed through a part of the Parliament forces. After infinite fatigue, many romantic adventures, and the most imminent risk of discovery, he at length escaped by sea, and for eight years continued to wander from one foreign court to another, a poor, neglected, and insulted adventurer, the claimant of thrones which he seemed destined never to possess.

The defeat at Worcester was a deathblow to the resistance of the King's party in Scotland. The Parliament, driven from Stirling to the Highlands, endeavoured in vain to assemble new forces. The English troops, after Cromwell's departure, were placed under the command of General Monk, who now began to make a remarkable figure in those times. He was a gentleman of good birth, had been in arms for the King's service, but being made prisoner, had finally embraced the party of the Parliament, and fought for them in Ireland. He was accounted a brave and skilful commander, totally free from the spirit of fanaticism so general in the army of Cromwell, and a man of deep sagacity, and a cold reserved temper. Under Monk's conduct, seconded by that of Overton, Alured, and other Parliamentary officers, the cities, castles, and fortresses of Scotland were reduced one after another. The partial resistance of the wealthy seaport of Dundee, in particular, was punished with the extremities of fire and sword, so that Montrose, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews became terrified, and surrendered without opposition. 1st Sept. 1651.

The castle of Dunottar, in Kincardineshire, the hereditary

fortress of the Earls Marischal, made an honourable defence under George Ogilvy of Barras. It is situated upon a rock, almost separated from the land by a deep ravine on the one side, and overhanging the ocean on the other.[1] In this strong fortress the Honours of Scotland, as they were called, had been deposited after the battle of Dunbar. These were the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, the symbols of Scottish sovereignty, which were regarded by the nation with peculiar veneration. The terror was great lest pledges, with which the national honour was so intimately connected, should fall into the hands of foreign schismatics and republicans. On the other hand, the English, ardently desirous to possess themselves of these trophies (the rather that they had formed a disproportioned idea of their intrinsic value), besieged the castle closely, and blockaded it by sea and land. As provisions began to fail, the governor foresaw that further defence must speedily become impossible; and, with the assistance of Mr. Granger, minister of Kinneff, he formed a stratagem for securing the ancient and venerable *regalia* from the threatened dishonour. The first preparation was to spread a report that these national treasures had been carried abroad by Sir John Keith, a younger son of the Earl Marischal, ancestor of the family of Kintore. Mrs. Granger, the minister's wife, was the principal agent in the subsequent part of the scheme. Having obtained of the English general the permission to bring out of the castle some *hards* (or bundles) of lint, which she said was her property, she had the courage and address to conceal the regalia within the hards of lint, and carried them boldly through the English camp, at the risk of much ill-usage, had she been discovered in an attempt to deprive the greedy soldiery of their prey. Mrs. Granger played her part so boldly, that she imposed on the general himself, who courteously saluted her, and helped her to mount on horseback as she left the encampment, little guessing with what a valuable part of his expected booty she was loaded. Arriving with her precious charge at Kinneff, the minister buried the relics of royalty under the pulpit of his church, and visited them from time to time, in order to wrap them in fresh packages, and preserve them from injury. Suspicion attached to the Governor of Dunottar; and when

[1] On the eastern coast, nigh to the town of Stonehaven, and seventeen miles south of Aberdeen.

the castle was finally surrendered, for want of provisions, he was rigorously dealt with, imprisoned, and even tortured, to make him discover where the regalia were concealed. His lady, who had been active in the stratagem, was subjected to similar severities, as were also the minister of Kinneff and his courageous spouse. All, however, persisted in keeping the secret. Rewards were distributed, after the Restoration, to those who had been concerned in saving the Honours, but they do not appear to have been very accurately accommodated to the merits of the parties. Sir John Keith, whose name had only been used in the transaction as a blind, to put the English on a wrong scent, was created Earl of Kintore, and Ogilvy was made a baronet; but the courageous minister, with his heroic wife, were only rewarded with a pension in money.

The towns and castles of Scotland being thus reduced, the national resistance was confined to a petty warfare, carried on by small bands, who lurked among the mountains and morasses, and took every advantage which these afforded to annoy the English troops, and cut off small parties, or straggling soldiers. These were called Mosstroopers, from a word formerly appropriated to the freebooters of the Border. But the English, who observed a most rigid discipline, were not much in danger of suffering from such desultory efforts; and as they seldom spared the prisoners taken in the skirmishes, the Scots found themselves obliged to submit, for the first time, to an invader more fortunate than all the preceding rulers of England. Their resistance ceased, but their hatred watched for a safer opportunity of vengeance. The Highlanders, however, being strong in the character of the country and its inhabitants, continued refractory to the English authority, and if the soldiery ventured to go through the country alone, or in small parties, they were sure to be surprised and slain, without its being possible to discover the actors. The English officers endeavoured to obtain from the neighbouring chiefs, who pretended complete ignorance of these transactions, such redress as the case admitted of, but their endeavours were in general ingeniously eluded.

For example, an English garrison had lost cattle, horses, and even men, by the incursion of a Highland clan who had their residence in the neighbouring mountains, so that the incensed governor demanded peremptorily, that the actors of

these depredations should be delivered up to him to suffer punishment. The chief was in no condition to resist, but was not the less unwilling to deliver up the men actually concerned in the *creagh*, who were probably the boldest, or, as it was then termed, the *prettiest*, men of his name. To get easily out of the dilemma, he is said to have selected two or three old creatures, past all military service, whom he sent down to the English commandant, as if they had been the caterans, or plunderers, whom he wanted. The English officer caused them instantly to be hanged *in terrorem*, which was done accordingly, no protestations which they might make of their innocence being understood or attended to. It is to be hoped that other refractory chiefs found more justifiable means of preserving their authority.

In the meantime, Oliver Cromwell accomplished an extraordinary revolution in England, which I can here but barely touch upon. He and his council of officers, who had so often offered violence to the Parliament, by excluding from the sittings such members as were obnoxious to them, now resolved altogether to destroy the very remnant of this body. For this purpose Cromwell came to the house while it was sitting, told them, in a violent manner, that they were no longer a Parliament, and, upbraiding several individuals with injurious names, he called in a body of soldiers, and commanded one of them to "take away that bauble," meaning the silver mace, which is an emblem of the authority of the House. Then turning the members forcibly out of the hall, he locked the doors, and thus dissolved that memorable body, which had made war against the King, defeated, dethroned, and beheaded him, yet sunk at once under the authority of one of their own members, and an officer of their own naming, who had, in the beginning of these struggles, been regarded as a man of very mean consideration. Oliver Cromwell now seized the supreme power into his hands, with the title of Protector of the Republics of Great Britain and Ireland, under which he governed these islands till his death, with authority more ample than was ever possessed by any of their lawful monarchs.

The confusion which the usurpation of Cromwell was expected to have occasioned in England, determined the Royalists to attempt a general rising, in which it was expected that great part of the Highland chieftains would join. The successes

of Montrose were remembered, although it seems to have been forgotten that it was more his own genius than his means, that enabled him to attain them. The Earl of Glencairn was placed by the King's commission at the head of the insurrection; he was joined by the Earl of Athole, by the son of the heroic Montrose, by Lord Lorn, the son of the Marquis of Argyle, and other nobles. A romantic young English cavalier, named Wogan, joined this insurgent army at the head of a body of eighty horse, whom he brought by a toilsome and dangerous march through England and the Lowlands of Scotland. This gallant troop was frequently engaged with the Republican forces, and particularly with a horse regiment, called "the Brazen Wall," from their never having been broken. Wogan defeated, however, a party of these invincibles, but received several wounds, which, though not at first mortal, became so for want of good surgeons; and thus, in an obscure skirmish, ended the singular career of an enthusiastic Royalist.

The army under Glencairn increased to five thousand men, numbers much greater than Montrose usually commanded. Their leader, however, though a brave and accomplished nobleman, seems to have been deficient in military skill, or, at any rate, in the art of securing the good-will and obedience of the various chiefs and nobles who acted under him. It was in vain that Charles, to reconcile their feuds, sent over, as their commander-in-chief, General Middleton, who, after having fought against Montrose in the cause of the Covenant, had at length become an entire Royalist, and was trusted as such. But his military talents were not adequate to surmount the objections which were made to his obscure origin, and the difficulties annexed to his situation.

General Middleton met with but an indifferent welcome from the Highland army, as the following scene, which took place at an entertainment given by him on taking the command, will show. Glencairn had spoken something in praise of the men he had assembled for the King's service, especially the Highlanders. In reply, up started Sir George Munro, an officer of some reputation, but of a haughty and brutal temper, and who, trained in the wars of Germany, despised all irregular troops, and flatly swore that the men of whom the Earl thus boasted, were a pack of thieves and robbers, whose place he hoped to supply with very different soldiers. Glengarry, a Highland

chief who was present, arose to resent this insolent language; but Glencairn, preventing him, replied to Munro, "You are a base liar!—these men are neither thieves nor robbers, but gallant gentlemen, and brave soldiers."

In spite of Middleton's attempts to preserve peace, this altercation led to a duel. They fought on horseback, first with pistols, and then with broadswords. Sir George Munro having received a wound on the bridle hand, called to the Earl that he was unable to command his horse, and therefore desired to continue the contest on foot. "You base churl," answered Glencairn, "I will match you either on foot or on horseback." Both dismounted, and encountered fiercely on foot, with their broadswords, when Munro received a wound across his forehead, from which the blood flowed so fast into his eyes, that he could not see to continue the combat. Glencairn was about to thrust his enemy through the body, when the Earl's servant struck up the point of his master's sword, saying, "You have enough of him, my Lord—you have gained the day." Glencairn, still in great anger, struck the intrusive peacemaker across the shoulders, but returned to his quarters, where he was shortly after laid under arrest, by order of the general.

Ere this quarrel was composed, one Captain Livingstone, a friend of Munro's, debated the justice of the question betwixt the leaders so keenly with a gentleman, named Lindsay, that they must needs fight a duel also, in which Lindsay killed Livingstone on the spot. General Middleton, in spite of Glencairn's intercessions, ordered Lindsay to be executed by martial law, on which Glencairn left the army with his own immediate followers, and soon after returning to the Lowlands, made peace with the English. His example was followed by most of the Lowland nobles, who grew impatient of long marches, Highland quarters, and obscure skirmishes, which were followed by no important result.

Middleton still endeavoured to keep the war alive, although Cromwell had sent additional forces into the Highlands. At length he sustained a defeat at Loch Garry, 26th July 1654, after which his army dispersed, and he himself retired abroad. The English forces then marched through the Highlands, and compelled the principal clans to submit to the authority of the Protector. And here I may give you an account of one individual chieftain, of great celebrity at that time, since you

will learn better the character of that primitive race of men from personal anecdotes than from details of obscure and petty contests, fought at places with unpronounceable names.

Evan Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of Cameron, was born in 1629. He was called Mac-Connuill Dhu (the son of Black Donald), from the patronymic that marked his descent, and Evan Dhu, or Black Evan, a personal epithet derived from his own complexion. Young Lochiel was bred up under the directions of the Marquis of Argyle, and was in attendance on that nobleman, who regarded him as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his clan. It is said, that in the civil war the young chief was converted to the side of the King by the exhortations of Sir Robert Spottiswood, then in prison at St. Andrews, and shortly afterwards executed, as we have elsewhere noticed, for his adherence to Montrose.

Evan Dhu, having embraced these principles, was one of the first to join in the insurrection of 1652, of which I have just given a short account. During the best part of two years he was always with his clan, in the very front of battle, and behaved gallantly in the various skirmishes which took place. He was compelled, however, on one occasion, to withdraw from the main body, on learning that the English were approaching Lochaber, with the purpose of laying waste the country of Lochiel. He hastened thither to protect his own possessions, and those of his clan.

On returning to his estates, Lochiel had the mortification to find that the English had established a garrison at Inverlochy, with the purpose of reducing to submission the Royalist clans in the neighbourhood, particularly his own, and the MacDonalds of Glengarry and Keppoch. He resolved to keep a strict watch on their proceedings, and dismissing the rest of his followers, whom he had not the means of maintaining without attracting attention to his motions, he lay in the woods with about fifty chosen men, within a few miles of Inverlochy.

It was the constant policy of Cromwell and his officers, both in Ireland and Scotland, to cut down and destroy the forests in which the insurgent natives found places of defence and concealment. In conformity with this general rule, the commandant of Inverlochy embarked three hundred men in two light-armed vessels, with directions to disembark at a place

called Achdelew, for the purpose of destroying Lochiel's cattle and felling his woods. Lochiel, who watched their motions closely, saw the English soldiers come ashore, one-half having hatchets and other tools as a working party, the other half under arms, to protect their operations. Though the difference of numbers was so great, the chieftain vowed that he would make the red soldier (so the English were called from their uniform) pay dear for every bullock or tree which he should destroy on the black soldier's property (alluding to the dark colour of the tartan, and perhaps to his own complexion). He then demanded of some of his followers who had served under Montrose, whether they had ever seen the Great Marquis encounter with such unequal numbers. They answered, they could recollect no instance of such temerity. "We will fight, nevertheless," said Evan Dhu, "and if each of us kill a man, which is no mighty matter, I will answer for the event." That his family might not be destroyed in so doubtful an enterprise, he ordered his brother Allan to be bound to a tree, meaning to prevent his interference in the conflict. But Allan prevailed on a little boy, who was left to attend him, to unloose the cords, and was soon as deep in the fight as Evan himself.

The Camerons, concealed by the trees, advanced so close on the enemy as to pour on them an unexpected and destructive shower of shot and arrows, which slew thirty men; and ere they could recover from their surprise, the Highlanders were in the midst of them, laying about them with incredible fury with their ponderous swords and axes. After a gallant resistance, the mass of the English began to retire towards their vessels, when Evan Dhu commanded a piper and a small party to go betwixt the enemy and their barks, and then sound his pibroch and war-cry, till their clamour made it seem that there was another body of Highlanders in ambush to cut off their retreat. The English, driven to fury and despair by this new alarm, turned back, like brave men, upon the first assailants, and, if the working party had possessed military weapons, Lochiel might have had little reason to congratulate himself on the result of this audacious stratagem.

He himself had a personal rencontre, strongly characteristic of the ferocity of the times. The chief was singled out by an English officer of great personal strength, and, as they were separated from the general strife, they fought in single combat

for some time. Lochiel was dexterous enough to disarm the Englishman; but his gigantic adversary suddenly closed on him, and in the struggle which ensued both fell to the ground, the officer uppermost. He was in the act of grasping at his sword, which had fallen near the place where they lay in deadly struggle, and was naturally extending his neck in the same direction, when the Highland chief, making a desperate effort, grasped his enemy by the collar, and snatching with his teeth at the bare and outstretched throat, he seized it as a wild-cat might have done, and kept his hold so fast as to tear out the windpipe. The officer died in this singular manner. Lochiel was so far from disowning, or being ashamed of this extraordinary mode of defence, that he was afterwards heard to say, it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

When Lochiel, thus extricated from the most imminent danger, was able to rejoin his men, he found they had not only pursued the English to the beach, but even into the sea, cutting and stabbing whomsoever they could overtake. He himself advanced till he was chin-deep, and observing a man on board one of the armed vessels take aim at him with a musket, he dived under the water, escaping so narrowly that the bullet grazed his head. Another marksman was foiled by the affection of the chief's foster-brother, who threw himself betwixt the Englishman and the object of his aim, and was killed by the ball designed for his lord.

Having cut off a second party, who ventured to sally from the fort, and thus, as he thought, sufficiently chastised the garrison of Inverlochy, Lochiel again joined Middleton, but was soon recalled to Lochaber, by new acts of devastation. Leaving most of his men with the Royalist general, Evan Dhu returned with such speed and secrecy, that he again surprised a strong party when in the act of felling his woods, and assaulting them suddenly, killed on the spot a hundred men, and all the officers, driving the rest up to the very walls of the garrison.

Middleton's army being disbanded, it was long ere Lochiel could bring himself to accept of peace from the hands of the English. He continued to harass them by attacks on detached parties who straggled from the fort,—on the officers who went out into the woods in hunting-parties,—on the engineer officers who were sent to survey the Highlands, of whom he made a large party prisoners, and confined them in a desolate island, on

a small lake called Loch Ortuigg. By such exploits he rendered himself so troublesome, that the English were desirous to have peace with him on any moderate terms. Their overtures were at first rejected, Evan Dhu returning for answer, that he would not abjure the King's authority, even although the alternative was to be his living and dying in the condition of an exile and outlaw. But when it was hinted to him that no express renunciation of the King's authority would be required, and that he was only desired to live in peace under the existing government, the chief made his submission to the existing powers with much solemnity.

Lochiel came down on this occasion at the head of his whole clan in arms, to the garrison of Inverlochy. The English forces being drawn up in a line opposite to them, the Camerons laid down their arms in the name of King Charles, and took them up again in that of the States, without any mention of Cromwell, or any disowning of the King's authority. In consequence of this honourable treaty, the last Scotsman who maintained the cause of Charles Stewart submitted to the authority of the republic.

It is related of this remarkable chieftain, that he slew with his own hand the last wolf that was ever seen in the Highlands of Scotland. Tradition records another anecdote of him. Being benighted, on some party for the battle or the chase, Evan Dhu laid himself down with his followers to sleep in the snow. As he composed himself to rest, he observed that one of his sons, or nephews, had rolled together a great snow-ball, on which he deposited his head. Indignant at what he considered as a mark of effeminacy, he started up and kicked the snow-ball from under the sleeper's head, exclaiming,—"Are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?"

After the accession of James II., Lochiel came to court to obtain pardon for one of his clan, who, being in command of a party of Camerons, had fired by mistake on a body of Athole men, and killed several. He was received with the most honourable distinction, and his request granted. The King desiring to make him a knight, asked the chieftain for his own sword, in order to render the ceremony still more peculiar. Lochiel had ridden up from Scotland, being then the only mode of travelling, and a constant rain had so rusted his trusty broadsword, that at the moment no man could have unsheathed it. Lochiel,

affronted at the idea which the courtiers might conceive from his not being able to draw his own sword, burst into tears.

"Do not regard it, my faithful friend," said King James, with ready courtesy—"your sword would have left the scabbard of itself had the Royal cause required it."

With that he bestowed the intended honour with his own sword, which he presented to the new knight as soon as the ceremony was performed.

Sir Evan Dhu supported the cause of the Stewart family, for the last time, and with distinguished heroism, in the battle of Killiecrankie. After that civil strife was ended, he grew old in peace, and survived until 1719, aged about ninety, and so much deprived of his strength and faculties, that this once formidable warrior was fed like an infant, and like an infant rocked in a cradle.

CHAPTER XLVII

Administration of Public Justice in Scotland, under Cromwell—Heavy Taxes imposed by him—Church Affairs—Trials for Witchcraft

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGN.—*France*: Louis XIV.

1655—1658

WE will now take a general glance of Scotland, reduced as the country was to temporary submission to Cromwell, whose power there and elsewhere was founded upon military usurpation only. He built strong citadels at Leith, Ayr, Inverness, and Glasgow. Eighteen garrisons were maintained throughout the kingdom, and a standing army of ten thousand men kept the country in subjection. Monk, so often mentioned, commanded this army, and was, besides, member of a Council of State, to whom the executive government was committed. Lord Broghill was President of this body, and out of nine members two only, Swinton and Lockhart, were natives of Scotland.

To regulate the administration of public justice, four English, and three Scottish judges, were appointed to hear causes, and to make circuits for that purpose. The English judges, it may be supposed, were indifferently versed in the law of Scotland; but they distributed justice with an impartiality to which the

Scottish nation had been entirely a stranger, and which ceased to be experienced from the native judges after the Restoration. The peculiar rectitude of the men employed by Cromwell being pointed out to a learned judge, in the beginning of the next century, his lordship composedly answered, "Devil thank them for their impartiality! a pack of kinless loons—for my part, I can never see a cousin or friend in the wrong."

This shameful partiality in the Scottish courts of justice revived, as just noticed, with the Restoration, when the judges were to be gained, not only by the solicitation of private friends, and by the influence of kinsfolk, but by the interference of persons in power, and the application of downright bribery.

In point of taxation, Oliver Cromwell's Scottish government was intolerably oppressive, since he appears to have screwed out of that miserable country an assessment of £10,000 per month, which, even when gradually diminished to £72,000 yearly, was paid with the utmost difficulty. Some alleviation was indeed introduced by the circulation of the money with which England paid her soldiers and civil establishment, which was at one time calculated at half a million yearly, and was never beneath the moiety of that sum.

With regard to the Presbyterian Church, Cromwell prudently foresaw, that the importance of the preachers would gradually diminish if they were permitted to abuse each other, but prevented from stirring up their congregations to arms. They continued to be rent asunder by the recent discord, which had followed upon the King's death. The majority were Resolutionists, who owned the King's title, and would not be prohibited from praying for him at any risk. The Remonstrants, who had never been able to see any sufficient reason for embracing the cause, or acknowledging the right, of Charles the Second, yielded obedience to the English government, and disowned all notice of the King in their public devotions. The Independents treated both with contemptuous indifference, and only imposed on them the necessity of observing toleration towards each other.

But though divided into different classes, Presbyterianism continued on the whole predominant. The temper of the Scottish nation seemed altogether indisposed to receive any of the various sects which had proved so prolific in England. The quiet and harmless Quakers were the only sectaries who gained some proselytes of distinction. Independents of other

denominations made small progress, owing to the vigilance with which the Presbyterian clergy maintained the unity of the Church.

Even Cromwell was compelled to show deference to the prevailing opinions in favour of Presbytery in Scotland, though contrary to his principles as an Independent. He named a commission of about thirty ministers from the class of Remonstrators, and declared that, without certificates from three or four of these select persons, no minister, though he might be called to a church, should enjoy a stipend. This put the keys of the Church (so far as emolument was concerned) entirely into the hands of the Presbyterians; and it may be presumed, that such of the Commissioners as acted (for many declined the office, thinking the duties of the Ecclesiastical Commission too much resembled the domination of Episcopacy) took care to admit no minister whose opinions did not coincide with their own. The sectaries who were concerned in civil affairs were also thwarted and contemned; and on the whole, in spite of the victories of the Independents in the field, their doctrines made little progress in Scotland.

During the four years which ensued betwixt the final cessation of the Civil War, by the dispersion of the Royalist army, and the Restoration of Monarchy, there occurred no public event worthy of notice. The spirit of the country was depressed and broken. The nobles, who hitherto had yielded but imperfect obedience to their native monarchs, were now compelled to crouch under the rod of an English usurper. Most of them retired to their country seats, or castles, and lived in obscurity, enjoying such limited dominion over their vassals as the neighbourhood of the English garrisons permitted them to retain. These, of course, precluded all calling of the people to arms, and exercise of the privilege, on the part of the barons, of making open war on each other.

Thus far the subjection of the country was of advantage to the tenantry and lower classes, who enjoyed more peace and tranquillity during this period of national subjugation than had been their lot during the civil wars. But the weight of oppressive taxes, collected by means of a foreign soldiery, and the general sense of degradation arising from the rule of a foreign power, counterbalanced for the time the diminution of feudal oppression.

In the absence of other matter, I may here mention a subject which is interesting, as peculiarly characteristic of the manners of Scotland. I mean the frequent recurrence of prosecutions for witchcraft, which distinguishes this period.

Scripture refers more than once to the existence of witches; and though divines have doubted concerning their nature and character, yet most European nations have, during the darker periods of their history, retained in their statutes laws founded upon the text of Exodus, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."[1] The Reformers, although rejecting the miracles of the Catholic Church, retained with tenacity the belief of the existence of such sorceresses, and zealously enforced the penalties against all unfortunate creatures whom they believed to fall under the description of witches, wizards, or the like. The increase of general information and common sense has, at a later period, occasioned the annulling of those cruel laws in most countries of Europe. It has been judiciously thought that, since the Almighty has ceased to manifest His own power by direct and miraculous suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, it is inconsistent to suppose that evil spirits should be left at liberty in the present day to form a league with wretched mortals, and impart to them supernatural powers of injuring or tormenting others. And the truth of this reasoning has been proved by the general fact, that where the laws against witchcraft have been abolished, witches are rarely heard of, or thought of, even amongst the lowest vulgar.

But in the seventeenth century, the belief in this imaginary crime was general, and the prosecutions, especially in Scotland, were very frequent. James VI., who often turned the learning he had acquired to a very idle use, was at the trouble to write a treatise against witchcraft, as he composed another against smoking tobacco; and the Presbyterian clergy, however little apt to coincide with that monarch's sentiments, gave full acceptation to his opinion on the first point of doctrine, and very

[1] "In the Law of Moses, dictated by the Divinity himself, was announced a text, which, as interpreted literally, having been inserted into the Criminal Code of all Christian nations, has occasioned much cruelty and bloodshed, either from its tenor being misunderstood, or that, being exclusively calculated for the Israelites, it made part of the judicial Mosaic dispensation, and was abrogated, like the greater part of that law, by the more benign and clement dispensation of the Gospel." — *Letters on Demonology.*

many persons were put to death as guilty of this imaginary crime.

I must, however, observe that some of those executed for witchcraft well deserved their fate. Impostors of both sexes were found, who deluded credulous persons by pretending an intercourse with supernatural powers, and furnished those who consulted them with potions, for the purpose of revenging themselves on their enemies, which were in fact poisonous compounds sure to prove fatal to those who partook of them.

Among many other instances, I may mention that of a lady of high rank, the second wife of a northern earl, who, being desirous of destroying her husband's eldest son by the former marriage, in order that her own son might succeed to the father's title and estate, procured drugs to effect her purpose from a Highland woman, who pretended to be a witch or sorceress. The fatal ingredients were mixed with ale, and set aside by the wicked countess, to be given to her victim on the first fitting opportunity. But Heaven disappointed her purpose, and, at the same time, inflicted on her a dreadful punishment. Her own son, for whose advantage she meditated this horrible crime, returning fatigued and thirsty from hunting, lighted by chance on this fatal cup of liquor, drank it without hesitation, and died in consequence. The wretched mixer of the poison was tried and executed; but, although no one could be sorry that the agent in such a deed was brought to punishment, it is clear she deserved death, not as a witch, but as one who was an accomplice in murder by poison.

But most of the poor creatures who suffered death for witchcraft were aged persons, usually unprotected females, living alone, in a poor and miserable condition, and disposed, from the peevishness of age and infirmity, to rail against or desire evil, in their froward humour, to neighbours by whom they were abused or slighted. When such unhappy persons had unwittingly given vent to impotent anger in bad wishes or imprecations, if a child fell sick, a horse became lame, a bullock died, or any other misfortune chanced in the family against which the ill-will had been expressed, it subjected the utterer instantly to the charge of witchcraft, and was received by judges and jury as a strong proof of guilt. If, in addition to this, the miserable creature had, by the oddity of her manners, the crossness of her temper, the habit of speaking to herself,

or any other signs of the dotage which attends comfortless old age and poverty, attracted the suspicions of her credulous neighbours, she was then said to have been held and reputed a witch, and was rarely permitted to escape being burnt to death at the stake.

It was equally fatal for an aged person of the lower ranks, if, as was frequently the case, she conceived herself to possess any peculiar receipt or charm for curing diseases, either by the application of medicines, of which she had acquired the secret, or by repeating words, or using spells and charms, which the superstition of the time supposed to have the power of relieving maladies that were beyond the skill of medical practitioners.

Such a person was accounted a *white* witch; one who employed her skill for the benefit, not the harm, of her fellow-creatures. But still she was a sorceress, and, as such, was liable to be brought to the stake. A doctress of this kind was equally exposed to a like charge, whether her patient died or recovered; and she was, according to circumstances, condemned for using sorcery whether to cure or to kill. Her allegation that she had received the secret from family tradition, or from any other source, was not admitted as a defence; and she was doomed to death with as little hesitation for having attempted to cure by mysterious and unlawful means, as if she had been charged, as in the instance already given, with having assisted to commit murder.

The following example of such a case is worthy of notice. It rests on tradition, but is very likely to be true. An eminent English judge was travelling the circuit when an old woman was brought before him for using a spell to cure dimness of sight, by hanging a clew of yarn round the neck of the patient. Marvellous things were told by the witnesses of the cures which this spell had performed on patients far beyond the reach of ordinary medicine. The poor woman made no other defence than by protesting, that if there was any witchcraft in the ball of yarn, she knew nothing of it. It had been given her, she said, thirty years before, by a young Oxford student, for the cure of one of her own family, who having used it with advantage for a disorder in her eyes, she had seen no harm in lending it for the relief of others who laboured under similar infirmity, or in accepting a small gratuity for doing so. Her

defence was little attended to by the jury; but the judge was much agitated. He asked the woman where she resided when she obtained possession of this valuable relic. She gave the name of a village, in which she had in former times kept a petty alehouse. He then looked at the clew very earnestly, and at length addressed the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are on the point of committing a great injustice to this poor old woman; and to prevent it, I must publicly confess a piece of early folly, which does me no honour. At the time this poor creature speaks of, I was at college, leading an idle and careless life, which, had I not been given grace to correct it, must have made it highly improbable that ever I should have attained my present situation. I chanced to remain for a day and night in this woman's alehouse, without having money to discharge my reckoning. Not knowing what to do, and seeing her much occupied with a child who had weak eyes, I had the meanness to pretend that I could write out a spell that would mend her daughter's sight, if she would accept it instead of her bill. The ignorant woman readily agreed; and I scrawled some figures on a piece of parchment, and added two lines of nonsensical doggerel, in ridicule of her credulity, and caused her to make it up in that clew which has so nearly cost her her life. To prove the truth of this, let the yarn be unwound, and you may judge of the efficacy of the spell." The clew was unwound accordingly; and the following pithy couplet was found on the enclosed bit of parchment—

> "The devil scratch out both thine eyes,
> And spit into the holes likewise."

It was evident that those who were cured by such a spell, must have been indebted to nature, with some assistance, perhaps, from imagination. But the users of such charms were not always so lucky as to light upon the person who drew them up; and doubtless many innocent and unfortunate creatures were executed, as the poor alewife would have been, had she not lighted upon her former customer in the unexpected character of her judge.

Another old woman is said to have cured many cattle of the murrain, by a repetition of a certain verse. The fee which she required, was a loaf of bread and a silver penny; and when she was commanded to reveal the magical verses which wrought

such wonders, they were found to be the following jest on the credulity of her customers :—

> "My loaf in my lap, and my penny in my purse,
> Thou art never the better, and I never the worse."

It was not medicine only which witchery was supposed to mingle with ; but any remarkable degree of dexterity in an art or craft, whether attained by skill or industry, subjected those who possessed it to similar suspicion. Thus it was a dangerous thing to possess more thriving cows than those of the neighbourhood, though their superiority was attained merely by paying greater attention to feeding and cleaning the animals. It was often an article of suspicion, that a woman had spun considerably more thread than her less laborious neighbours chose to think could be accomplished by ordinary industry ; and, to crown these absurdities, a yeoman of the town of Malling, in Kent, was accused before a justice of peace as a sorcerer, because he used more frequently than his companions to hit the mark which he aimed at. This dexterity, and some idle story of the archer's amusing himself with letting a fly hum and buzz around him, convinced the judge that the poor man's skill in his art was owing to the assistance of some imp of Satan. So he punished the marksman severely, to the great encouragement of archery, and as a wise example to all justices of the peace.

Other charges, the most ridiculous and improbable, were brought against those suspected of witchcraft. They were supposed to have power, by going through some absurd and impious ceremony, to summon to their presence the Author of Evil, who appeared in some mean or absurd shape, and, in return for the invokers renouncing their redemption, gave them the power of avenging themselves on their enemies ; which privilege, with that of injuring and teasing their fellow-creatures, was almost all they gained from their new master. Sometimes, indeed, they were said to obtain from him the power of flying through the air on broomsticks, when the Foul Fiend gave public parties ; and the accounts given of the ceremonies practised on such occasions are equally disgusting and vulgar, totally foreign to any idea we can have of a spiritual nature, and only fit to be invented and believed by the most ignorant and brutal of the human species.

Another of these absurdities was, the belief that the evil spirits would attend if they were invoked with certain profane and blasphemous ceremonies, such as reading the Lord's Prayer backwards, or the like; and would then tell the future fortunes of those who had raised them, as it was called, or inform them what was become of articles which had been lost or stolen. Stories are told of such exploits by grave authors, which are to the full as ridiculous, and indeed more so, than anything that is to be found in fairy tales, invented for the amusement of children. And for all this incredible nonsense, unfortunate creatures were imprisoned, tortured, and finally burnt alive, by the sentence of their judges.

It is strange to find, that the persons accused of this imaginary crime in most cases paved the way for their own condemnation, by confessing and admitting the truth of all the monstrous absurdities which were charged against them by their accusers. This may surprise you; but yet it can be accounted for.

Many of these poor creatures were crazy, and infirm in mind as well as body; and, hearing themselves charged with such monstrous enormities by those whom they accounted wise and learned, became half persuaded of their own guilt, and assented to all the nonsensical questions which were put to them. But this was not all. Very many made these confessions under the influence of torture, which was applied to them with cruel severity.

It is true, the ordinary courts of justice in Scotland had not the power of examining criminals under torture, a privilege which was reserved for the Privy Council. But this was a slight protection; for witches were seldom tried before the ordinary Criminal Courts, because the judges and lawyers, though they could not deny the existence of a crime for which the law had assigned a punishment, yet showed a degree of incredulity respecting witchcraft which was supposed frequently to lead to the escape of those accused of this unpopular crime, when in the management of professional persons. To avoid the ordinary jurisdiction of the Justiciary, and other regular criminal jurisdictions, the trial of witchcraft in the provinces was usually brought before commissioners appointed by the Privy Council. These commissioners were commonly country gentlemen and clergymen, who, from ignorance on the one side,

misdirected learning on the other, and bigotry on both, were as eager in the prosecution as the vulgar could desire. By their commission they had the power of torture, and employed it unscrupulously, usually calling in to their assistance a witch-finder; a fellow, that is, who made money by pretending to have peculiar art and excellence in discovering these offenders, and who sometimes undertook to rid a parish or township of witches at so much a-head, as if they had been foxes, wild-cats, or other vermin. These detestable impostors directed the process of the torture, which frequently consisted in keeping the aged and weary beings from sleep, and compelling them to walk up and down their prison, whenever they began to close their eyes, and in running needles into their flesh, under pretence of discovering a mark, which the witch-finders affirmed the devil had impressed on their skin, in token that they were his property and subjects. It is no wonder that wretched creatures, driven mad by pain and want of sleep, confessed anything whatever to obtain a moment's relief, though they were afterwards to die for it.

But besides the imbecility of such victims, and the torture to which they were subjected, shame and weariness of life often caused their pleading guilty to accusations in themselves absurd and impossible. You must consider that the persons accused of witchcraft were almost always held guilty by the public and by their neighbours, and that if the court scrupled to condemn them, it was a common thing for the mob to take the execution into their own hands, and duck the unhappy wretches to death, or otherwise destroy them. The fear of such a fate might determine many of the accused, even though they were in their sound mind, and unconstrained by bodily torture, to plead guilty at once, and rather lose their wretched life by the sentence of the law, than expose themselves to the fury of the prejudiced multitude. A singular story is told to this effect.

An old woman and her daughter were tried as witches at Haddington. The principal evidence of the crime was that, though miserably poor, the two females had contrived to look "fresh and fair," during the progress of a terrible famine, which reduced even the better classes to straits, and brought all indigent people to the point of starving; while, during the universal distress, these two women lived on in their usual way, and never either begged for assistance or seemed to suffer by

the general calamity. The jury were perfectly satisfied that this could not take place by any natural means; and, as the accused persons, on undergoing the discipline of one Kincaid, a witch-finder, readily admitted all that was asked about their intercourse with the devil, the jury, on their confession, brought them in guilty of witchcraft without hesitation.

The King's Advocate for the time (I believe Sir George Mackenzie is named) was sceptical on the subject of witchcraft. He visited the women in private, and urged them to tell the real truth. They continued at first to maintain the story they had given in their confession. But the Advocate, perceiving them to be women of more sense than ordinary, urged upon them the crime of being accessary to their own death, by persisting in accusing themselves of impossibilities, and promised them life and protection, providing they would unfold the true secret which they used for their subsistence. The poor women looked wistfully on each other, like people that were in perplexity. At length, the mother said, "You are very good, my lord, and I daresay your power is very great, but you cannot be of use to my daughter and me. If you were to set us at liberty from the bar, you could not free us from the suspicion of being witches. As soon as we return to our hut, we shall be welcomed by the violence and abuse of all our neighbours, who, if they do not beat our brains out, or drown us on the spot, will retain hatred and malice against us, which will be shown on every occasion, and make our life so miserable, that we have made up our minds to prefer death at once."

"Do not be afraid of your neighbours," said the Advocate. "If you will trust your secret with me, I will take care of you for the rest of your lives, and send you to an estate of mine in the north, where nobody can know anything of your history, and where, indeed, the people's ideas are such, that, if they even thought you witches, they would rather regard you with fear and respect than hatred."

The women, moved by his promises, told him that, if he would cause to be removed an old empty trunk which stood in the corner of their hut, and dig the earth where he saw it had been stirred, he would find the secret by means of which they had been supported through the famine; protesting to Heaven, at the same time, that they were totally innocent of any unlawful arts, such as had been imputed to them, and which they

had confessed in their despair. Sir George Mackenzie hastened to examine the spot, and found concealed in the earth two firkins of salted snails, one of them nearly empty. On this strange food the poor women had been nourished during the famine. The Advocate was as good as his word; and the story shows how little weight is to be laid on the frequent confessions of the party in cases of witchcraft.

As this story is only traditional, I will mention two others of the same kind, to which I can give a precise date.

The first of these instances regards a woman of rank, much superior to those who were usually accused of this imaginary crime. She was sister of Sir John Henderson of Fordel, and wife to the Laird of Pittardo, in Fife. Notwithstanding her honourable birth and connections, this unfortunate matron was, in the year 1649, imprisoned in the common jail of Edinburgh, from the month of July till the middle of the month of December, when she was found dead, with every symptom of poison. Undoubtedly the infamy of the charge, and the sense that it must destroy her character and disgrace her family, was the cause which instigated her to commit suicide.

The same sentiment which drove this poor lady to her death was expressed by a female, young and handsome, executed at Paisley in 1697, in the following short answer to some of her friends, who were blaming her for not being sufficiently active in defending herself upon her trial. "They have taken away my character," she said, "and my life is not worth preserving."

But the most affecting instance of such a confession being made, and persisted in to the last, by an innocent person, is recorded by one who was a diligent collector of witch stories, and a faithful believer in them. He says, that in the village of Lauder, there was a certain woman accused of witchcraft, who for a long time denied her guilt. At length when all her companions in prison had been removed, and were appointed for execution, and she herself about to be left to total solitude, the poor creature became weary of life, and made a false confession, avowing that she was guilty of certain facts, which, in the opinion of the times, amounted to witchcraft. She, therefore, made it her petition that she should be put to death with the others on the day appointed for their execution. Her clergyman and others, on considering this young woman's particular case, entertained, for once, some doubts that her confes-

sion was not sincere, and remonstrated strongly with her upon the wickedness of causing her own death by a false avowal of guilt. But as she stubbornly adhered to her confession, she was condemned, and appointed to be executed with the rest, as she had so earnestly desired. Being carried forth to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, and then perceiving that there remained no more but to rise and go to the stake, she lift up her body, and with a loud voice cried out, "Now, all you that see me this day, know that I am now to die as a witch, by my own confession: and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself—my blood be upon my own head; and, as I must make answer to the God of Heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch,—disowned by my husband and friends,—and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than live."—And so died.

It was remarkable that the number of supposed witches seemed to increase in proportion to the increase of punishment. On the 22d of May 1650 the Scottish Parliament named a committee for inquiry into the depositions of no less than fifty-four witches, with power to grant such commissions as we have already described, to proceed with their trial, condemnation, and execution. Supposing these dreaded sorceresses to exist in such numbers, and to possess the powers of injury imputed to them, it was to be expected, as Reginald Scott expresses himself, that "there would neither be butter in the churn, nor cow in the close, nor corn in the field, nor fair weather without, nor health within doors." Indeed the extent to which people indulged their horrors and suspicions was in itself the proof of their being fanciful. If, in a small province, or even a petty town, there had existed scores of people possessed of supernatural power, the result would be that the laws of nature would have been liable to constant interruption.

The English judges appointed for Scotland in Cromwell's time saw the cruelty and absurdity of witch-trials, and endeavoured to put a stop to them; but the thanks which they

received were only reflections on their principles of toleration the benefit of which, in the opinion of the Scots, was extended, by this lenity, not only to heretics of every denomination, but even to those who worshipped the devil. Some went still farther, and accused the sectaries of holding intercourse with evil spirits in their devotions. This was particularly reported and believed of the Quakers, the most simple and moral of all dissenters from the Church.

Wiser and better views on the subject began to prevail in the end of the seventeenth century, and capital prosecutions for this imaginary crime were seen to decrease. The last instance of execution for witchcraft took place in the remote province of Sutherland in 1722, under the direction of an ignorant provincial judge, who was censured by his superiors for the proceeding. The victim was an old woman in her last dotage, so silly that she was delighted to warm her wrinkled hands at the fire which was to consume her; and who, while they were preparing for her execution, repeatedly said, that so good a blaze, and so many neighbours gathered round it, made the most cheerful sight she had seen for many years![1]

The laws against witchcraft, both in England and Scotland, were abolished; and persons who pretend to fortune-telling, the use of spells, or similar mysterious feats of skill, are now punished as common knaves and impostors. Since this has been the case, no one has ever heard of witches or witchcraft, even among the most ignorant of the vulgar; so that the crime must have been entirely imaginary, since it ceased to exist so soon as men ceased to hunt it out for punishment.

[1] "The last person who was prosecuted before the *Lords of Justiciary* for witchcraft was *Elspeth Rule*, who was tried before Lord Anstruther at the Dumfries circuit, on the 3d of May 1709. No special act of witchcraft was charged against her; the indictment was of a very general nature, that the prisoner was *habit and repute* a witch, and that she had used threatening expressions against persons at enmity with her, who were afterwards visited with the loss of cattle, or the death of friends, and one of whom ran mad. The jury by a majority of voices found these articles proved, and the judge ordained the prisoner to be burned on the cheek, and to be banished Scotland for life."—ARNOT.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Cromwell's System of Government—his Death—Richard Cromwell's Accession to the Protectorate, and Retirement from it—General Monk—Dissolution of the Long Parliament—Proposal for the Recall of the Exiled Stewarts—The Restoration—Character of Charles II.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGN.—*France*: Louis XIV.

1658—1660

OLIVER CROMWELL, who, in the extraordinary manner I have told you, raised himself to the supreme sovereignty of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was a man of great talents, and, as has been already said, not naturally of a severe or revengeful disposition. He made the kingdoms which he ruled formidable to foreign powers; and perhaps no government was ever more respected abroad than that of the Lord Protector.

At home Cromwell had a very difficult task to perform, in order to maintain his usurped authority. He was obliged on several occasions, as has been successfully done in other countries by usurpers of his class, to convoke some kind of senate or parliament, consisting of his own creatures, who might appear to divide with him the power, and save him, in appearance at least, the odium of governing by his sole authority. But such was the spirit of the English nation, that whenever Cromwell convoked a Parliament, though in a great measure consisting of his own partisans, and though the rest were studiously chosen as mean and ignorant persons, the instant that they met they began to inquire into the ground of the Protector's authority, and proposed measures which interfered with his assumption of supreme power.

In addition to this, the various factions into which the country was divided, all agreed in hating the usurped power of the Protector, and were frequently engaged in conspiracies against him, which were conceived and carried on not only by Cavaliers and Presbyterians, but by Republicans, and even by his own soldiers.

Thus hard pressed on every side, the Protector displayed the utmost sagacity in his mode of defending himself. On two or three occasions, indeed, he held what he called High Courts of Justice, by whose doom both Cavaliers and Presbyterians suffered capital punishment for plots against his government. But it was with reluctance Cromwell resorted to such severe measures. His general policy was to balance parties against each other, and make each of them desirous of the subsistence of his authority, rather than run the risk of seeing it changed for some other than their own. At great expense, and by constant assiduity, he maintained spies in the councils of every faction of the state; and often the least suspected, and apparently most vehement, among the hostile parties, were, in private, the mercenary tools of Cromwell.

In the wandering court of Charles II., in particular, one of the most noted cavaliers was Sir Richard Willis, who had fought bravely, and suffered much, in the cause both of the late King and of his son. There was no man among the Royalists who attended on Charles's person so much trusted and honoured as this gentleman, who, nevertheless, enjoyed a large pension from Cromwell, and betrayed to him whatever schemes were proposed for the restoration of the exiled monarch. By this and similar intercourse, the Protector had the means of preventing the numerous conspiracies against him from coming to a head, and also of opposing the machinations of one discontented party by means of the others.

It is believed, however, that, with all his art, the Protector would not have been able to maintain his power for many years. A people long accustomed to a free government were generally incensed at being subjected to the unlimited authority of one man, and the discontent became universal. It seemed that, towards the conclusion of his life, Cromwell was nearly at the end of his expedients; and it is certain that his own conduct then displayed an apprehension of danger which he had never before exhibited. He became morose and melancholy, always wore secret armour under his ordinary dress, never stirred abroad unless surrounded with guards, never returned by the same road, nor slept above thrice in the same apartment, from the dread of assassination. His health broke down under these gloomy apprehensions; and on the 3d of

September 1658 he died at the age of sixty. His death was accompanied by a general and fearful tempest; and by another circumstance equally striking in those superstitious times, namely, that he died on the day and month in which he had gained his decisive victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

The sceptre, which Oliver had held with so firm a grasp, was transferred to that of his son, Richard Cromwell; while the funeral of the deceased Protector was solemnised at an expense superior far to what England had bestowed on the obsequies of any of her kings. But this apparent transmission of Oliver's authority to his son was only nominal. A Parliament, which Richard assembled that they might vote him supplies, commenced an inquiry into the nature of the new Lord Protector's title; and a council of officers whom he convoked became refractory, and assumed an authority which he dared not dispute with them. These military despots compelled Richard to dissolve the Parliament, and subsequently obliged him to resign the office of Protector. He descended quietly into humble life, burdened not only by many personal debts but also by the demands of those who had supplied the exorbitant expenses of his father's funeral, which the State unworthily and meanly suffered to descend upon him. 22d April 1659.

Richard Cromwell, removed from the dangers and the guilt of power, lived a long and peaceable life, and died in 1712, at the age of eighty-six. Two anecdotes respecting him are worth mentioning. When he was obliged to retire abroad on account of his debts, Richard Cromwell, travelling under a borrowed name, was led, from curiosity, to visit Pezenas, a pleasant town and castle in Languedoc. The proprietor was the Prince of Conti, a French prince of the blood royal, who, hearing an English traveller was in the palace, had the curiosity to receive him, that he might learn the latest news from England, which at this time astonished Europe by its frequent changes of government. The French prince spoke to the stranger of Oliver Cromwell as a wicked man, and a lawless usurper of the government: but then he acknowledged his deep sagacity, high talents, and courage in danger, and admired the art and force with which he had subjected three kingdoms to his own individual authority. "He knew how to command,"

continued the prince, "and deserved to be obeyed. But what has become of the poor poltroon, Richard—the coward, the dastard, who gave up, without a blow or struggle, all that his father had gained? Have you any idea how the man could be such a fool, and mean-spirited caitiff?" Poor Richard, glad to remain unknown where he was so little esteemed, only replied, "That the abdicated Protector had been deceived by those in whom he most trusted, and to whom his father had shown most kindness." He then took leave of the prince, who did not learn till two days afterwards that he had addressed so unpleasing a discourse to the person whom it principally regarded.

The other anecdote is of a later date, being subsequent to 1705. Some lawsuit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench Court. The judge who presided showed a generous deference to fallen greatness, and to the mutability of human affairs. He received with respect the man who had been once Sovereign of England, caused a chair to be placed for him within the bar, and requested him to be covered. When the counsel on the opposite side began his speech, as if about to allude to Richard's descent from the obnoxious Oliver, the judge checked him with generous independence. "I will hear nothing on that topic, sir," he said; "speak to the merits of the cause before us." After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person, who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him civilly, "It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?" —"Not since I sat in that chair," answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power.

To return to public affairs in London, where, after the abdication of Richard, changes succeeded with as little permanence as the reflection of faces presented to a mirror,—the attempt of the officers of the army to establish a purely military government was combated by the return to Par-

liament of those republican members whom Oliver Cromwell had expelled, and whom the common people, by a vulgar but expressive nickname, now called the Rump Parliament. This assembly, so called because it was the sitting part of that which commenced the civil war, was again subjected to military violence, and dissolved by General Lambert, who unquestionably designed in his own person to act the part of Oliver Cromwell, though without either the talents or high reputation of the original performer. But a general change had taken place in the sentiments of the nation.

The public had been to a certain degree patient under the government of Oliver, to whom it was impossible to deny all the praise which belongs to firmness and energy; but they saw with disgust these feeble usurpers, by whom his vigorous government was succeeded, bustle amongst themselves, and push each other from the rudder of the state, without consulting the people at large. Remembering the quiet and peaceful condition of the kingdom before the civil wars, when its kings succeeded by hereditary right to a limited power, and when the popular and monarchical branches of the constitution so judiciously balanced each other, that the whole British nation looked back to the period as one of liberty, peace, and lawful order; and comparing this happy and settled state of public affairs with the recent manner in which every successive faction seized upon power when they could snatch it, and again yielded it up to the grasp of another and stronger party, all men were filled with dissatisfaction.

Upon the whole, the thoughts of all the judicious part of the nation were turned towards the exiled prince, and there was a general desire to call him back to the exercise of the government, an inclination which was only suppressed by the strong hand of the armed fanatics. It was absolutely necessary that some military force should be on foot in order to cope with these warlike saints, as they called themselves, before the general disposition of the kingdom could have room or freedom to express itself.

As it was the disturbances in Scotland which first shook the throne of Charles the First, so it was from the same country that the movement took place which eventually replaced on the throne his son and heir. We have already

noticed that the kingdom of Scotland had been finally subdued by the efforts of General Monk, who afterwards governed it during the protectorate of Cromwell, and in obedience to his authority.

Monk was a man of a grave, reserved, and sagacious character, who had gained general esteem by the manner in which he managed Scottish affairs. He had taken care to model the veteran troops under his command in that kingdom, so as to subject them to his own separate control, and to remove such officers as were either violent enthusiasts, or peculiarly attached to Lambert, and his council of officers. Thus having under his immediate orders a movable force of between seven and eight thousand men, besides those necessary to garrison Scotland, Monk eagerly watched the contest of the factions in London, in order to perceive and seize on the fit opportunity for action.

This seemed to arrive when the army under Lambert again thrust the Rump Parliament out of doors, and commenced a new military government, by means of a committee of officers, called the Council of Safety. Monk then threw aside the mask of indifference which he had long worn, assembled his forces on the Borders, and declared for the freedom of Parliament, and against the military faction by which they had been suppressed. The persuasion was universal throughout Britain that Monk, by these general expressions, meant something more effectual than merely restoring the authority of the Rump, which had fallen into the common contempt of all men, by the repeated acts of violence to which they had tamely submitted. But General Monk, allowing all parties to suppose what they thought most probable, proceeded deliberately to make his preparations for marching into England, without suffering even a whisper to escape concerning the ultimate objects of the expedition. He assembled the Scottish Convention of Estates, and asked and received from it a supply of six months' pay, for the maintenance of his troops. The confidence entertained of his intentions was such, that the Convention offered him the support of a Scottish army of twenty-four thousand men; but Monk declined assistance which would have been unpopular in England. He then proceeded in his plan of new-modelling his army, with more boldness than before, dismissing many of the Independent officers whom he had not before ventured to

cashier, and supplying their places with Presbyterians, and even with secret Royalists.

The news of these proceedings spread through England, and were generally received with joy. Universal resistance was made to the payment of taxes; for the Rump Parliament had, on the eve of its expulsion by Lambert, declared it high treason to levy money without consent of Parliament, and the provinces, where Lambert and his military council had no power of enforcing their illegal exactions, refused to obey them. The Council of Safety wanted money therefore, even for the payment of their troops, and were reduced to extreme perplexity.

Lambert himself, a brave man, and a good officer, saw the necessity of acting with promptitude; and placing himself at the head of a considerable force of veteran soldiers, marched towards Scotland. His numbers were exaggerated by the report of the various spies and agents whom he sent into Monk's army under the guise of envoys. "What will you do?" said one of these persons, addressing a party of Monk's soldiers; "Lambert is coming down against you with such numerous forces that your army will not be a breakfast for him."

"The north must have given Lambert a good appetite," answered one of Monk's veterans, "if he be willing to chew bullets, and feed upon pikes and musket barrels."

In this tone of defiance the two armies moved against each other. Lambert took up his headquarters at Newcastle. Monk, on the other hand, placed his at Coldstream, on the Tweed, a place which commanded the second best passage over that river, Berwick being already in his hands. Coldstream, now a thriving town, was then so miserable that Monk could get no supper, even for his own table, but was fain to have recourse to chewing tobacco to appease his hunger. Next day provisions were sent from Berwick; and the camp at Coldstream is still kept in memory in the English army, by the second regiment of guards, which was one of those that composed Monk's vanguard, being called to this day the Coldstream Guards.

The rival generals at first engaged in a treaty, which Monk, perceiving Lambert's forces to be more numerous than his own, for some time encouraged, aware that want of pay, and of the luxuries to which they were accustomed in London, would soon induce his rival's troops to desert him.

Disaffection and weariness accordingly began to diminish Lambert's forces, when at length they heard news from the capital by which they were totally dispirited. During Lambert's absence, the presidency in the Military Committee, and the command of such of the army as remained to overawe London, devolved on General Fleetwood, a weak man, who really was overcome by the feelings of fanaticism which others only affected. Incapable of any exertion, this person suffered the troops under his command to be seduced from his interest to that of the Rump Parliament, which thus came again, and for the last time, into power. With these tidings came to Newcastle others of a nature scarce less alarming. The celebrated General Fairfax had taken arms in Yorkshire, and was at the head of considerable forces, both Cavaliers and Presbyterians, who declared for calling a free Parliament, that the national will might be consulted in the most constitutional manner for once more regaining the blessing of a settled government. The soldiers of Lambert, disconcerted by these events, and receiving no pay, began to break up; and when Lambert himself attempted to lead them back to London, they left him in such numbers that his army seemed actually to melt away, and leave the road to the capital open to Monk and the forces from Scotland.

That general moved on accordingly, without opposition, carefully concealing his own intentions, receiving favourably all the numerous applications which were made to him for calling a new and free Parliament, in order to regenerate the national constitution, but returning no reply which could give the slightest intimation of his ultimate purpose. Monk observed this mystery in order, perhaps, that he might reserve to himself the power of being guided by circumstances — at all events, knowing well, that if he were to declare in favour of any one party, or set of principals, among the various factious opinions which divided the state, the others would at once unite against him, a course which they would be loath to adopt while each as yet entertained hopes that he might turn to their side.

With the eyes of all the nation fixed upon him and his forces, Monk advanced to Barnet, within ten miles of London, and from thence caused the Parliament to understand that they would do well to send from the city the remains of the army

of Fleetwood, in case of discord between his troops and those which at present occupied the capital. The Rump Parliament had no alternative but to take the hint, unless they had resolved to try the fate of battle at the head of those insubordinate troops against the steady veterans of the Scottish wars. The late army of Fleetwood, excepting two regiments commanded by men whom Monk could perfectly trust, were ordered to leave the city, and the general of the army of Scotland entered at the head of his troops, who, rough from a toilsome march, and bearing other marks of severe service, made a far more hardy and serviceable, though a less showy appearance than those who had so long bridled the people of London.

General Monk, and the remnant of the Parliament met each other with external civility, but with great distrust on both sides. They propounded to him the oath of abjuration, as it was called, by which he was to renounce and abjure all allegiance to the House of Stewart, and all attempts to restore Charles II. But the general declined taking the oath; too many oaths, he said, had been already imposed on the public, unless they had been better kept. This circumstance seemed to throw light on Monk's intentions, and the citizens of London, now as anxious for the King's restoration as ever they had been for the expulsion of his father, passed a vote in Common Council, by which they declared they would pay no taxes or contributions to this shadow of a Parliament until the vacant seats in it should be filled up to the full extent of a genuine House of Commons.

The Rump Parliament had now, they conceived, an opportunity of ascertaining Monk's real purpose, and forcing him to a decisive measure. They laid their express commands on him to march into the city, seize upon the gates, break down the portcullises, destroy the ports, chains, and other means of defending the streets, and take from the contumacious citizens all means of protecting in future the entrance into the capital.

Monk, to the astonishment of most of his own officers, obeyed the commands thus imposed on him. He was probably desirous of ascertaining whether the disposition of his troops would induce them to consider the task as a harsh and unworthy one. Accordingly, he no sooner heard his soldiers

exclaiming at the disgrace of becoming the tools of the vengeance of the Rump members against the city of London than he seemed to adopt their feelings and passions as his own, and like them complained, and complained aloud, of having been employed in an unjust and unpopular task for the express purpose of rendering him odious to the citizens.

At this crisis the rashness of the ruling junto, for it would be absurd to term them a Parliament, gave the general, whom it was their business to propitiate if possible, a new subject of complaint. They encouraged a body of the most fanatical sectaries, headed by a ridiculous personage called Praise-God Barebone, to present a violent petition to the House, demanding that no one should be admitted to any office of public trust, or so much as to teach a school, without his having taken the abjuration oath; and proposing that any motion made in Parliament for the restoration of the King should be visited with the pains of high treason.

The tenor of this petition, and the honour and favour which it received when presented, gave Monk the further cause of complaint against the Rump, or Remnant of the Parliament, which perhaps was what he chiefly desired. He refused to return to Whitehall, where he had formerly lodged, and took up his abode in the city, where he found it easy to excuse his late violence upon their defences, and to atone for it by declaring himself the protector and ally of the magistrates and community. From his quarters in the heart of London the general wrote to the Parliament an angry expostulation, charging them with a design to arm the more violent fanatics, and call in the assistance of Fleetwood and Lambert against the army he had marched from Scotland; and recommending to them, in a tone of authority, forthwith to dissolve themselves, and call a new Parliament, which should be open to all parties. The Parliament, greatly alarmed at this intimation, sent two of their members to communicate with the general; but they could only extract from him that if writs went instantly forth for the new elections it would be very well, otherwise he and they were likely to disagree.

The assurance that General Monk had openly quarrelled with the present rulers, and was disposed to insist for a free and full Parliament, was made public by the printing and dis-

persing of the general's letter, and the tidings filled the city with most extravagant rejoicings. The Royalists and Presbyterians, forgetting past animosities, mingled in common joy, and vowed never more to gratify the ambition of factious tyrants by their calamitous divisions. The rabble rung all the bells, lighted immense bonfires in every street, and danced around them, while they drank healths to the general, the secluded members, and even to the King. But the principal part of their amusement was roasting rumps of poultry, or fragments of butcher meat cut into that form, in ridicule of their late rulers, whose power they foresaw would cease whenever a full Parliament should be convened. The revelry lasted the whole night, which was that of 11th February 1660.

Monk, supported at once by military strength and the consciousness of general popularity, did not wait until the new Parliament should be assembled, or the present dissolved, to take measures for destroying the influence of the junto now sitting at Westminster. He compelled them to open their doors, and admit to their deliberations and votes all the secluded members of their body, who had been expelled from their seats by military violence, since it was first practised on the occasion called Colonel Pride's Purge. These members, returning to Parliament accordingly, made by their numbers such a predominant majority in the House that the fifty or sixty persons who had lately been at the head of the Government were instantly reduced to the insignificance, as a party, from which they had only emerged by dint of the force which had been exercised to exclude the large body who were now restored to their seats.

The first acts of the House thus renovated were to disband the refractory part of the army, to dispossess the disaffected officers, of whom there were very many, and to reduce the country to a state of tranquillity; after which they dissolved themselves, 16th March, having first issued writs to summon a new Parliament, to meet on the 25th of April. Thus then finally ended the Long Parliament, as it is called, which had sat for nearly twenty years; the most eventful period, perhaps, in British History.

While this important revolution was on the eve of taking place, Charles the Second's affairs seemed to be at a lower ebb

than they had almost ever been before. A general insurrection of the Cavaliers had been defeated by Lambert a few months before, and the severe measures which followed had, for the time, totally subdued the spirit, and almost crushed the party of the Royalists. It was in vain that Charles had made advances to Monk while in Scotland, both through the general's own brother, and by means of Sir John Grenville, one of his nearest and most valued relatives and friends. If Monk's mind was then made up concerning the part which he designed to perform, he at least was determined to keep his purpose secret in his own bosom, and declined, therefore, though civilly, to hear any proposition on the part of the banished family. The accounts which the little exiled court received concerning Monk's advance into England were equally disconsolate. All intercourse with the Cavaliers had been carefully avoided by the cloudy and mysterious soldier, in whose hands Fortune seemed to place the fate of the British kingdoms. The general belief was, that Monk would renew, in his own person, the attempt in which Cromwell had succeeded and Lambert had failed, and again place a military commander at the head of the government; and this opinion seemed confirmed by his harsh treatment of the City.

While Charles and his attendants were in this state of despondence, they were suddenly astonished by the arrival from England of a partisan, named Baillie, an Irish Royalist, who had travelled with extreme rapidity to bring the exiled Prince the news of Monk's decided breach with the remnant of the Long Parliament, and the temper which had been displayed by the City of London when his letter became public. The King and his small Council listened to the messenger as they would have done to one speaking in a dream. Over-wearied and fatigued by the journey, and strongly excited by the importance of the intelligence which he brought them, the officer seemed rather like one under the influence of temporary derangement or intoxication than the deliberate bearer of great tidings. His character was, however, known as a gentleman of fidelity and firmness, and they heard him with wonder again and again affirm, that London was blazing with bonfires, that the universal wish of the people of all sorts, boldly and freely expressed, demanded the restoration of the King to his authority, and

that Monk had insisted upon the summoning of a free Parliament, which the junto called the Rump had no longer the power of opposing. He produced also a copy of Monk's letter to the Parliament, to show that the general had completely broken with that body.

Other messengers soon confirmed the joyful tidings, and Sir John Grenville was despatched to London in all haste, with full powers to offer the general everything which could gratify ambition or love of wealth, on condition of his proving the friend of Charles at this crisis.

This faithful and active Royalist reached the metropolis, and cautiously refusing to open his commission to any one, obtained a private interview with the mysterious and reserved general. He boldly communicated his credentials, and remained unappalled when Monk, stepping back in surprise, asked him, with some emotion, how he dared become the bearer of such proposals. Sir John replied firmly, that all danger which might be incurred in obedience to his sovereign's command had become familiar to him from frequent practice, and that the King, from the course which Monk had hitherto pursued, entertained the most confident hope of his loyal service. On this General Monk either laid aside the mask which he had always worn, or only now formed his determination upon a line of conduct that had hitherto been undecided in his own mind. He accepted of the high offers tendered to him by the young Prince; and, from that moment, if not earlier, made the interest of Charles the principal object of his thoughts. It has been indeed stated, that he had expressed his ultimate purpose of serving Charles before leaving Scotland; but, whatever may have been his secret intentions, it seems improbable that he made any one his confidant.

At the meeting of the new Parliament, the House of Peers, which regained under this new aspect of things the privileges which Cromwell had suspended, again assumed their rank as a branch of the legislature. As the Royalists and Presbyterians concurred in the same purpose of restoring the King, and possessed the most triumphant majority, if not the whole votes, in the new House of Commons, the Parliament had only to be informed that Grenville awaited without, bearing letters from King Charles, when he was welcomed into the House

with shouts and rejoicings; and the British Constitution, by King, Lords, and Commons, after having been suspended for twenty years, was restored at once and by acclamation.

Charles Stewart, instead of being a banished pretender, whose name it was dangerous to pronounce, and whose cause it was death to espouse, became at once a lawful, beloved, almost adored prince, whose absence was mourned by the people, as they might have bemoaned that of the sun itself; and numbers of the great or ambitious hurried to Holland, where Charles now was, some to plead former services, some to excuse ancient delinquencies, some to allege the merit of having staked their lives in the King's cause, others to enrich the monarch by sharing with him the spoils which they had gained by fighting against him.

It has been said by historians that this precipitate and general haste in restoring Charles to the throne, without any conditions for the future, was throwing away all the advantage which the nation might have derived from the Civil Wars, and that it would have been much better to have readmitted the King, upon a solemn treaty, which should have adjusted the prerogative of the crown, and the rights of the subject, and settled for ever those great national questions which had been disputed between Charles the First and his Parliament.

This sounds all well in theory; but in practice there are many things, and perhaps the Restoration is one of them, which may be executed easily and safely if the work is commenced and carried through in the enthusiasm of a favourable moment, but which is likely enough to miscarry if protracted beyond that happy conjuncture. The ardour in favour of monarchy with which the mass of the English nation was at this time agitated, might probably have abated during such a lengthened treaty, providing for all the delicate questions respecting the settlement of the Church and State, and necessarily involving a renewal of all the discussions which had occasioned the Civil War. And supposing that the old discord was not rekindled by raking among its ashes, still it should be remembered that great part of Cromwell's army was not yet dissolved, and that even Monk's troops were not altogether to be confided in. So that the least appearance of disunion, such as the discussions of the proposed treaty were certain to give

rise to, might have afforded these warlike enthusiasts a pretext for again assembling together, and reinstating the military despotism which they were pleased to term the Reign of the Saints.

A circumstance occurred which showed how very pressing this danger was, and how little wisdom there would have been in postponing the restoration of a legal government to the event of a treaty. Lambert, who had been lodged in the Tower as a dangerous person, made his escape from that state prison, fled to Daventry, and began to assemble forces. The activity of Colonel Ingoldsby, who had been, like Lambert himself, an officer under Cromwell, but who was now firmly attached to Monk, stifled a spark which might have raised a mighty conflagration. He succeeded in gaining over and dispersing the troops who had assembled under Lambert, and, making his former commander prisoner with his own hand, brought him back in safety to his old quarters in the Tower of London. But as the roads were filled with soldiers of the old Cromwellian army, hastening to join Lambert, it was clear that only the immediate suppression of his force, and the capture of his person, prevented the renewal of general hostilities. 23d April.

In so delicate a state of affairs, it was of importance that the Restoration, being the measure to which all wise men looked as the only radical cure for the distresses and disorders of the kingdom, should be executed hastily, leaving it in future to the mutual prudence of the King and his subjects to avoid the renewal of those points of quarrel which had given rise to the Civil War of 1641, since which time both Royalists and Parliamentarians had suffered such extreme misery as was likely to make them very cautious how the one made unjust attempts to extend the power of the crown, or the other to resist it while within its constitutional limits.

The King landed at Dover on 26th May 1660, and was received by General Monk, now gratified and honoured with the dukedom of Albemarle, the Order of the Garter, and the command of the army. He entered London on the 29th, which was also his birthday; and with him came his two brothers, James, Duke of York, of whom we shall have much to say, and the Duke of Gloucester, who died early. They were received with such extravagant shouts of welcome that the King said to

those around him, "It must surely have been our own fault that we have been so long absent from a country where every one seems so glad to see us."

Of Charles the Second, who thus unexpectedly, and as it were by miracle, was replaced on his father's throne, in spite of so many obstacles as within even a week or two of the event seemed to render it incredible, I have not much that is advantageous to tell you. He was a prince of an excellent understanding, of which he made less use than he ought to have done; a graceful address, much ready wit, and no deficiency of courage. Unfortunately, he was very fond of pleasure, and, in his zeal to pursue it, habitually neglected the interests of his kingdom. He was very selfish too, like all whose own gratification is their sole pursuit; and he seems to have cared little what became of friends or enemies, provided he could maintain himself on the throne, get money to supply the expenses of a luxurious and dissolute court, and enjoy a life of easy and dishonourable pleasure. He was good-natured in general; but any apprehension of his own safety easily induced him to be severe and even cruel, for his love of self predominated above both his sense of justice and his natural clemency of temper. He was always willing to sacrifice sincerity to convenience, and perhaps the satirical epitaph, written upon him at his own request, by his witty favourite, the Earl of Rochester, is not more severe than just—

> "Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

After this sketch of the King's character, we shall return to Scotland, from which we have been absent since Monk's march from Coldstream, to accomplish the Restoration.

CHAPTER XLIX

The Restoration causes general joy in Scotland—Middleton sent as High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament—Introduction of Episcopacy—Trial and Execution of Argyle—Conventicles—The Earl of Lauderdale succeeds to the power of Middleton

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGN.—*France*: Louis XIV.

1660—1665

THE Restoration was celebrated with the same general and joyful assent in Scotland which had hailed it in the sister country. Indeed the Scots, during the whole war, can hardly be said to have quitted their sentiments of loyalty to the monarchy. They had fought against Charles I., first to establish Presbytery in their own country, and then to extend it into England; but then even the most rigid of the Presbyterians had united in the resistance to the English invasion, had owned the right of Charles the Second, and asserted it to their severe national loss at the battle of Dunbar. Since that eventful overthrow, the influence of the Church of Scotland over the people at large had been considerably diminished, by disputes among the ministers themselves, as they espoused more rigid or more moderate doctrines, and by the various modes in which it had been Cromwell's policy to injure their respectability, and curb their power. But the Presbyterian interest was still very strong in Scotland. It entirely engrossed the western counties, had a large share of influence in the south and midland provinces, and was only less predominant in the northern shires, where the Episcopal interest prevailed.

The Presbyterian Church was sufficiently alive to their own interest and that of their body, for they had sent to Monk's army, ere it had reached London, an agent or commissioner to take care of the affairs of the Scottish Church in any revolution which should take place in consequence of the general's expedition.

This agent was James Sharp, famous during his life, and still more in his deplorable death. At this time he was a man

competently learned, bold, active, and ambitious, displaying much zeal for the interest of the Church, and certainly by no means negligent of his own. This Master James Sharp quickly found, while in London, that there was little purpose of establishing the Presbyterian religion in Scotland. It is true, that King Charles had, on his former expedition into Scotland, deliberately accepted and sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the principal object of which was the establishment of Presbytery of the most rigid kind. It was also true that the Earl of Lauderdale, who, both from his high talents and from the long imprisonment which he had sustained ever since the battle of Worcester, had a peculiar title to be consulted on Scottish affairs, strongly advised the King to suffer his northern subjects to retain possession of their darling form of worship; and though he endeavoured to give this advice in the manner most agreeable to the King, ridiculing bitterly the pedantry of the Scottish ministers, and reprobating the uses made of the Covenant, and in so far gratifying and amusing the King, still he returned to the point, that the Covenant and Presbyterian discipline ought not to be removed from Scotland, while the people continued so partial to them. They should be treated, he argued, like froward children, whom their keepers do not vex by struggling to wrest from them an unfitting plaything, but quietly wait to withdraw it when sleep or satiety makes it indifferent to them.

But the respect due to the King's personal engagement, as well as the opinion thus delivered by this worldly-wise nobleman, were strongly contested by those Cavaliers who professed absolute loyalty and devotion to the King, and affected to form their political opinions on those of Montrose. They laid upon the Presbyterian Church the whole blame of the late rebellion, and contended that the infamous transaction of delivering up Charles the First to the Parliamentary forces was the act of an army guided by Presbyterian counsels. In short, they imputed to the Church of Scotland the whole original guilt of the war; and though it was allowed that they at length joined the Royal cause, it was immediately added that their accession only took place when they were afraid of being deprived of their power over men's consciences by Cromwell and his independent schismatics. The King was then reminded, that he had been received by the

Presbyterians less as their prince than as a passive tool and engine, whom they determined to indulge in nothing save the name of a sovereign; and that his taking the Covenant had been under a degree of moral restraint, which rendered it as little binding as if imposed by personal violence. Lastly, the King was assured that the whole people of Scotland were now so much delighted with his happy restoration, that the moment was highly favourable for any innovation, either in church or state, which might place the crown firmer on his head; that no change could be so important as the substitution of Episcopacy for Presbytery; and that the opportunity, if lost, might never return.

The King himself had personal reasons, though they ought not to have entered into such a discussion, for recollecting with disgust the affronts and rigorous treatment which he had received from the Presbyterian leaders, before the battle of Dunbar had diminished their power. He had then adopted a notion that Presbytery was not a religion "for a gentleman," and he now committed to Lord Middleton, who was to be his High Commissioner and representative in the Scottish Parliament, full powers to act in the matter of altering the national religious establishment to the Episcopal model as soon as he should think proper.

This determination was signing the doom of Presbytery as far as Charles could do so; for Middleton, though once in the service of the Covenanting Parliament, and as such opposed to Montrose, by whom he was beaten at the bridge of Dee, had afterwards been Major-General of the Duke of Hamilton's ill-fated army, which was destroyed at Uttoxeter in 1648, and ever since that period had fought bravely, though unsuccessfully, in the cause of Charles, maintaining at the same time the tenets of the most extravagant Royalism. He was a good soldier, but in other respects a man of inferior talents, who had lived the life of an adventurer, and who, in enjoying the height of fortune which he had attained, was determined to indulge without control all his favourite propensities. These were, unhappily, of a coarse and scandalous nature. The Covenanters had assumed an exterior of strict demeanour and precise morality; and the Cavaliers, in order to show themselves their opposites in every respect, gave in to the most excessive

indulgences in wine and revelry, and conceived that in doing so they showed their loyalty to the King, and their contempt of what they termed the formal hypocrisy of his enemies. When the Scottish Parliament met, the members were, in many instances, under the influence of wine; and they were more than once obliged to adjourn because the Royal Commissioner was too intoxicated to behave properly in the chair.

While the Scottish Parliament was in this jovial humour, it failed not to drive forward the schemes of the Commissioner Middleton, and of the very violent Royalists, with a zeal which was equally imprudent and impolitic. At once, and by a single sweeping resolution, it annulled and rescinded every statute and ordinance which had been made by those holding the supreme authority in Scotland since the commencement of the Civil Wars; although, in doing so, it set aside many laws useful to the subject, many which had received the personal assent of the sovereign, and some that were entered into expressly for his defence, and the acknowledgment and protection of his right. By a statute subsequent to the Act Rescissory, as it was called, the whole Presbyterian church government was destroyed, and the Episcopal institutions, to which the nation had shown themselves so adverse, were rashly and precipitately established. James Sharp, to whom allusion has already been made, who had yielded to the high temptations held out to him, was named Lord Bishop of St. Andrews, and Primate of Scotland,[1] and other persons, either ancient members of the Episcopal Church, or new converts to the doctrines which seemed a sure road to preferment, were

[1] "The great stain will always remain, that Sharp deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren intrusted to him, and abused to his own purposes a mission which he ought not to have undertaken, but with the determination of maintaining its principal object. Kirkton says, that when Sharp returned from Scotland, he himself, affecting no ambition for the prelacy, pressed the acceptance of the See of Saint Andrews upon Mr. Robert Douglas, one of his former colleagues. The stern Presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and when he had given his own positive rejection, demanded of his former friend what he would do himself were the offer made to him? Sharp hesitated; —'I perceive,' said Douglas, 'you are clear—you will engage—you will be Primate of Scotland; take it then,' he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'and take the curse of God along with it.' The subject would suit a painter."—*Review of* KIRKTON'S *History*.

appointed prelates, with seats in Parliament, and who afterwards attained great influence in the councils of the nation.

It may seem wonderful that such great changes, and in a matter so essential, should have been made without more violent opposition. But the general joy at finding themselves delivered from the domination of England; the withdrawing the troops, and abandoning the citadels by which Cromwell had ruled them, as a foreign conqueror governs a subdued country; and the pleasure of enjoying once more their own Parliament under the authority of their native prince, had a great effect, amid the first tumult of joy, in reconciling the minds of the Scottish people to the change even of the form of religion, when proposed and carried through as the natural consequences (it was pretended) of the restoration of Royal power.

The Scottish nobility, and many of the gentry, especially the younger men, had long resented the interference of the Presbyterian preachers, in searching out scandals and improprieties within the bosoms of families; and this right, which the clergy claimed and exercised, became more and more intolerable to those who were disposed to adopt the gay and dissolute manners which distinguished the Cavaliers of England, and who had for some time regarded with resentment the interference and rebukes with which the Presbyterian clergy claimed the right of checking their career of pleasure.

The populace of the towns were amused with processions, largesses, free distribution of liquor, and such like marks of public rejoicing, by which they are generally attracted. And I cannot help mentioning as remarkable, that on 23d April 1661 Jenny Geddes, the very woman who had given the first signal of civil broil, by throwing her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, when he read the service-book on the memorable 23d July 1637, showed her conversion to loyalty by contributing the materials of her green-stall, her baskets, shelves, forms, and even her own wicker-chair, to augment a bonfire kindled in honour of his Majesty's coronation, and the proceedings of his Parliament.

There were many, however, in Scotland, who were very differently affected by the hasty proceedings of Middleton and

his jovial Parliament, of whose sentiments I shall have much to say hereafter.

The greatest evil to be apprehended from the King's return was the probability that he might be disposed to distinguish the more especial enemies of himself and his father, and perpetuate the memory of former injuries and quarrels by taking vengeance for them. Charles had indeed published a promise of indemnity and of oblivion for all offences during the civil war against his own or his father's person. But this proclamation bore an exception of such persons as Parliament should point out as especially deserving of punishment. Accordingly, those who had been actively concerned in the death, or, as it may well be termed, the murder of Charles I., were, with one or two others, who had been peculiarly violent during the late times, excepted from pardon; and although but few were actually executed, yet it had been better perhaps to have spared several even of the most obnoxious class. But that is a question belonging to English history. In order that Scotland might enjoy the benefit of similar examples of severity, it was resolved also to bring to trial some of the most active persons there.

Among these, the Marquis of Argyle, whom we have so often mentioned, was by far the most considerable. He had repaired to London, on the Restoration, hoping to make interest with the King, but was instantly arrested, and imprisoned in the Tower, and afterwards sent down to Scotland to undergo a trial, according to the laws of that country. There was a strong desire, on the part of the Cavalier party, that Argyle should be put to death, in revenge for the execution of Montrose, to whom, you must remember, he had been a deadly and persevering enemy. Undoubtedly this powerful nobleman had been guilty of much cruelty in suppressing the Royalist party in the Highlands; and had probably been privately accessary to Montrose's tragical fate, though he seemed to hold aloof from the councils held on the subject. But it was then greatly too late to call him into judgment for these things. The King, when he came to Scotland after Montrose's execution, had acknowledged all that was done against that illustrious loyalist as good service rendered to himself, had entered the gate of Edinburgh, over which the features of his

faithful general were blackening in the sun, and had received, in such circumstances, the attendance and assistance of Argyle as of a faithful and deserving subject. Nay, besides all this, which in effect implied a pardon for Argyle's past offences, the Marquis was protected by the general Act of Remission, granted by Charles in 1651, for all state offence committed before that period.

Sensible of the weight of this defence, the crown counsel and judges searched anxiously for some evidence of Argyle's having communicated with the English army subsequently to 1651. The trial was long protracted, and the accused was about to be acquitted for want of testimony to acts of more importance than that compulsory submission which the conquering Englishmen demanded from all, and which no one had the power to refuse. But just when the Marquis was about to be discharged, a knock was heard at the door of the court, and a despatch just arrived from London was handed to the Lord Advocate. As it was discovered that the name of the messenger was Campbell, it was concluded that he bore the pardon, or remission of the Marquis; but the contents were very different, being certain letters which had been written by Argyle to General Monk, when the latter was acting under Cromwell, in which he naturally endeavoured to gain the general's good opinion by expressing a zeal for the English interest, then headed and managed by his correspondent. Monk, it seems, had not intended to produce these letters, if other matter had occurred to secure Argyle's condemnation, desirous, doubtless, to avoid the ignominy of so treacherous an action; yet he resolved to send them, that they might be produced in evidence, rather than that the accused should be acquitted. This transaction leaves a deep blot on the character of the restorer of the English monarchy.

These letters so faithlessly brought forward, were received as full evidence of the Marquis's ready compliance with the English enemy; and being found guilty, though only of doing that which no man in Scotland dared refuse to do at the time, he received sentence of death by beheading.

As Argyle rose from his knees, on which he had received the sentence, he offered to speak, but the trumpets sounding, he stopped till they ended; then he said, "This reminds me

that I had the honour to set the crown upon the King's head" (meaning at the coronation at Scone), "and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own!" Then turning to the Commissioner and Parliament he added, "You have the indemnity of an earthly king among your hands, and have denied me a share in that, but you cannot hinder me from the indemnity of the King of Kings; and shortly you must be before his tribunal. I pray he mete not out such measure to you as you have done to me, when you are called to account for all your actings, and this among the rest."

He faced death with a courage which other passages of his life had not prepared men to expect, for he was generally esteemed to be of a timorous disposition. On the scaffold, he told a friend that he felt himself capable of braving death like a Roman, but he preferred submitting to it with the patience of a Christian. The rest of his behaviour made his words good; and thus died the celebrated Marquis of Argyle, so important a person during this melancholy time. He was called by the Highlanders Gillespie Grumach, or the Grim, from an obliquity in his eyes, which gave a sinister expression to his countenance. The Marquis's head replaced on the tower of the tolbooth that of Montrose, his formidable enemy, whose scattered limbs were now assembled, and committed with much pomp to an honourable grave.

John Swinton of Swinton, representative of a family which is repeatedly mentioned in the preceding series of these tales, was destined to share Argyle's fate. He had taken the side of Cromwell very early after the battle of Dunbar, and it was by his councils, and those of Lockhart of Lee, that the usurper chiefly managed the affairs of Scotland. He was, therefore, far more deeply engaged in compliances with Cromwell than the Marquis of Argyle, though less obnoxious in other respects. Swinton was a man of acute and penetrating judgment, and great activity of mind; yet, finding himself beset with danger, and sent down to Scotland in the same ship with Argyle, he chose, from conviction, or to screen himself from danger, to turn Quaker. As he was determined that his family should embrace the same faith, his eldest son, when about to rise in the morning, was surprised to see that his laced scarlet coat, his rapier, and other parts of a fashionable young gentleman's dress at the

time, were removed, and that a plain suit of gray cloth, with a slouched hat, without loop or button, was laid down by his bedside. He could hardly be prevailed on to assume this simple habit.

His father, on the contrary, seemed entirely to have humbled himself to the condition he had assumed; and when he appeared at the bar in the plain attire of his new sect, he declined to use any of the legal pleas afforded by the act of indemnity, or otherwise, but answered, according to his new religious principles of non-resistance, that it was true he had been guilty of the crimes charged against him, and many more, but it was when he was in the gall of wickedness and bond of iniquity; and that now, being called to the light, he acknowledged his past errors, and did not refuse to atone for them with his life. The mode of his delivery was at once so dignified and so modest, and the sight of a person who had enjoyed great power, placed under such altered circumstances, appears to have so much affected the Parliament before whom he stood, that his life was spared, though he was impoverished by forfeiture and confiscation. The people in his own country said, that if Swinton had not *trembled* he would not have *quaked*; but notwithstanding this pun, his conversion seems to have been perfectly sincere. It is said that he had a principal share in converting to the opinions of the Friends, the celebrated Robert Barclay, who afterwards so well defended their cause in the "Apology for the people called, in scorn, Quakers." Swinton remained a member of their congregation till his death, and was highly esteemed among them.

The escape of Judge Swinton might be accounted almost miraculous, for those who followed him during the same reign, although persons chiefly of inferior note, experienced no clemency. Johnstone of Warriston, executed for high treason, was indeed a man of rank and a lawyer, who had complied with all the measures of Cromwell and those who succeeded him. But it seemed petty vengeance which selected as subjects for capital punishment, Mr. Guthrie, a clergyman, who had written a book imputing the wrath of Heaven against Scotland to the sins of Charles I. and his house, and a man, called Govan, merely because he had been the first to bring to Scotland the news of Charles's death, and had told it in terms of approbation.

An act of oblivion was at length passed; but it contained a fatal clause, that those who might be entitled to plead the benefit of it should be liable to certain fines, in proportion to their estates. The imposition of those fines was remitted to a committee of Parliament, who secretly accepted large bribes from those who were the most guilty, and inflicted severe penalties on such as were comparatively innocent but who disdained to compound for their trespasses.

A transaction of a description still more daring shows the rapacious and reckless character of the commissioner Middleton in the strongest light.

The Marquis of Argyle, as I have already said, had been executed, and his son succeeded to the title of Earl of Argyle only. He had repaired to London, in order to make some interest at court, and had been persuaded that some of the minions of Lord Clarendon, then at the head of affairs, would, for a thousand pounds, undertake to procure for him that minister's patronage and favour. Argyle upon this wrote a confidential letter to Lord Duffus, in which he told him that provided he could raise a thousand pounds, he would be able to obtain the protection of the English minister; that in such case he trusted the present would prove but a *gowk* storm;[1] and after some other depreciating expressions concerning the prevailing party in the Scottish Parliament, he added, that "then the King would see their tricks."

This letter fell into the hands of Middleton, who determined, that for expressions so innocent and simple, being in fact the natural language of a rival courtier, Argyle should be brought to trial for *leasing-making*; a crime, the essence of which consisted in spreading abroad falsehoods, tending to sow dissension between the King and the people. On this tyrannical law, which had been raked up on purpose, but which never could have been intended to apply to a private letter, Argyle was condemned to lose his head, and forfeit his estate. But the account of such a trial and sentence for a vague expression of ill-humour, struck Charles and his privy council with astonishment when it reached England, and the Chancellor Clarendon was the first

[1] A short storm, such as comes in the spring, the season of the cuckoo which the Scotch call the Gowk.

to exclaim in the King's presence, that did he think he lived in a country where such gross oppression could be permitted, he would get out of his Majesty's dominions as fast as the gout would permit him. An order was sent down, forbidding the execution of Argyle, who was nevertheless detained prisoner until the end of Middleton's government,—a severe penalty for imputing tricks to the Royal Ministry. He was afterwards restored to his liberty and estates, to become at a later period a victim to similar persecution.

It was by driving on the alteration of church government in Scotland, that Middleton hoped to regain the place in Charles's favour, and Clarendon's good opinion, which he had lost by his excesses and severity. A general act of uniformity was passed for enforcing the observances of the Episcopal Church, and it was followed up by an order of council of the most violent character, framed, it is said, during the heat of a drunken revel at Glasgow. This furious mandate commanded that all ministers who had not received a presentation from their lay patrons, and spiritual induction into their livings from the prelates, should be removed from them by military force, if necessary. All their parishioners were prohibited from attending upon the ministry of such nonconformists, or acknowledging them as clergymen. This was at one stroke displacing all Presbyterian ministers who might scruple at once to become Episcopalians. 1st Oct. 1662.

It appeared by this rash action that Middleton entertained an opinion that the ministers, however attached to Presbyterianism, would submit to the Episcopal model rather than lose their livings, which were the only means most of them had for the support of themselves and families. But to the great astonishment of the commissioners, about three hundred and fifty ministers resigned their churches without hesitation, and determined to submit to the last extremity of poverty rather than enjoy comfort at the price of renouncing the tenets of their Church. In the north parts of Scotland, in the midland counties, and along the eastern side of the Borders, many or most of the clergy conformed. But the western shires, where Presbytery had been ever most flourishing, were almost entirely deprived of their pastors; and the result was, that a number equal to one-third of the whole parish ministers of

Scotland were at once expelled from their livings, and the people deprived of their instructions.

The congregations of the exiled preachers were strongly affected by this sweeping change, and by the fate of their clergymen. Many of the latter had, by birth or marriage, relations and connections in the parishes from which they were summarily banished, and they had all been the zealous instructors of the people in religion, and often their advisers in secular matters also. It was not in nature that their congregations should have seen them with indifference suddenly reduced from decent comfort to indigence, and submitting to it with patience, rather than sacrifice their conscientious scruples to their interest. Accordingly, they showed, in almost every case, the deepest sympathy with the distresses of their pastors, and corresponding indignation against the proceedings of the Government.

The cause also for which the clergy suffered was not indifferent to the laity. It is true, the consequences of the Solemn League and Covenant had been so fatal, that at the time of the Restoration none but a few high-flying and rigid Presbyterians would have desired the re-establishment of that celebrated engagement. It depended only on the temper and moderation of the court to have reduced what was once the idol of all true Presbyterians to the insignificance of an old almanac, as it had been termed by the Independents. But there was great difference between suffering the Covenant to fall into neglect, as containing doctrines too highly pitched and readily susceptible of misrepresentation, and in complying with the Government by ridiculing as absurd, and renouncing as odious, a document which had been once so much respected.

The Parliament, however, commanded the Solemn League and Covenant to be burned at the Cross of Edinburgh, and elsewhere, with every mark of dishonour; while figures, dressed up to resemble Western Whigamores, as they were called, were also committed to the flames, to represent a burning of Presbyterianism in effigy. But as those who witnessed these proceedings could not but recollect, at the same time, that upon its first being formed, the same Covenant had been solemnly sworn to by almost all Scotland,—nobility, gentry, clergy, burgesses, and people, with weeping eyes, and uplifted

hands, and had been solemnly taken by the King himself, and a very large proportion of the statesmen, including the present ministers,—it was natural they should feel involuntary respect for that which once appeared so sacred to themselves, or to their fathers, and feel the unnecessary insults directed against it as a species of sacrilege.

The oaths, also, which imposed on every person in public office the duty of renouncing the Covenant, as an unlawful engagement, were distressing to the consciences of many, particularly of the lower class; and, in general, the efforts made to render the Covenant odious and contemptible rather revived its decaying interest with the Scottish public.

There was yet another aggravation of the evils consequent on the expulsion of the Presbyterian clergy. So many pulpits became vacant at once, that the prelates had no means of filling them up with suitable persons, whose talents and influence might have supplied the place of the exiled preachers. Numbers of half-educated youths were hastily sent for from the northern districts, in order that they might become *curates*, which was the term used in the Scottish Episcopal Church for a parish priest, although commonly applied in England to signify a clergymen hired to discharge the duty of another. From the unavoidable haste in filling the vacancies in the Church, these raw students, so hastily called into the spiritual vineyard, had, according to the historians of the period, as little morality as learning, and still less devotion than either. A northern country gentleman is said to have cursed the scruples of the Presbyterian clergy, because, he said, ever since they threw up their livings it was impossible to find a boy to herd cows—they had all gone away to be curates in the west.

The natural consequences of all these adverse circumstances were, that the Presbyterian congregations withdrew themselves in numbers from the parish churches, treated the curates with neglect and disrespect, and, seeking out their ancient preachers in the obscurity to which they had retired, begged and received from them the religious instruction which the deprived clergymen still thought it their duty to impart to those who needed and desired it, in despite of the additional severities imposed by the Government upon their doing so.

The Episcopal Church Courts, or Commission Courts, as

they were termed, took upon them to find a remedy for the defection occasioned by the scruples of the people. Nine prelates, and thirty-five commissioners from the laity, of whom a bishop, with four assistants, made a quorum, were entrusted with the power of enforcing the acts for the preservation of the newly re-established Episcopal Church. These oppressive ecclesiastical courts were held wherever there was a complaint of nonconformity; and they employed all the rigours of long imprisonment, heavy fines, and corporal punishment, upon those who either abandoned the worship of their own parish church or went to hear the doctrine of the Presbyterian clergy, whose private meetings for worship were termed conventicles.

These conventicles were at first held in private houses, barns, or other buildings, as was the case in England, where (though in a much more moderate degree, and by milder measures) the general conformity of the Church was also enforced. But as such meetings, especially if numerously attended, were liable to be discovered and intruded upon by peace-officers and soldiers, who dispersed them rudely, sometimes plundering the men of their purses, and the women of their cloaks and plaids, the Scottish Presbyterians had recourse to an expedient of safety, suggested by the wild character of their country, and held these forbidden meetings in the open air, remote alike from observation and interruption, in wild, solitary, and mountainous places, where it was neither easy to find them nor safe to disturb them, unless the force which assailed the congregation was considerable.

On the other hand, the Privy Council doubled their exertions to suppress, or rather to destroy, the whole body of nonconformists. But the attention of the English ministers had been attracted by the violence of their proceedings. Middleton began to fall into disfavour with Charles, and was sent as governor to Tangier, in a kind of honourable banishment, where he lost the life which he had exposed to so many dangers in battle by a fall down a staircase.

Lauderdale, who succeeded to his power, had much more talent. He was ungainly in his personal appearance, being a big man, with shaggy red hair, coarse features, and a tongue which seemed too large for his mouth. But he possessed a great portion of sense, learning, and wit. He was originally

zealous for the Covenant, and his enemies at court had pressed forward the oaths by which it was to be renounced with the more eagerness, that they hoped Lauderdale would scruple to take them; but he only laughed at the idea of their supposing themselves capable of forming any oath which could obstruct the progress of his rise to political power.

Being now in full authority, Lauderdale distinctly perceived that the violent courses adopted were more likely to ruin Scotland than to establish Episcopacy. But he also knew that he could not retain the power he had obtained, unless by keeping on terms with Sharpe, the Primate of Scotland, and the other bishops, at whose instigation these wild measures were adopted and carried on; and it is quite consistent with Lauderdale's selfish and crafty character, to suppose that he even urged them on to further excesses, in order that, when the consequences had ruined their reputation, he might succeed to the whole of that power of which, at present, the prelates had a large share. The severities against dissenters, therefore, were continued; and the ruinous pecuniary penalties which were imposed on nonconformists were raised by quartering soldiers upon the delinquents, who were entitled to have lodging, meat, and drink in their houses, and forage for their horses, without any payment till the fine was discharged. These men, who knew they were placed for the purpose of a punishment in the families where they were quartered, took care to be so insolent and rapacious that if selling the last article he had of any value could raise money, to rid him of these unwelcome guests, the unfortunate landlord was glad to part with them at whatever sacrifice.

The principal agents in this species of crusade against Calvinism were the soldiers of the King's horse-guards, a body raised since the Restoration upon the plan of the French household troops, the privates of which were accounted gentlemen, being frequently the younger sons of men of some pretension to family; cavaliers by profession, accustomed to practise the debauchery common among the dissolute youth of the period, and likely, from habit and inclination, to be a complete pest and torment to any respectable house in which they might be quartered. Other regiments of horse, upon the ordinary establishment, were raised for the same purpose.

The west of Scotland, and in particular Dumfriesshire, Ayrshire, and Galloway, were peculiarly harassed, as being more averse to the Episcopalian establishment, or, as the Council termed it, more refractory and obstinate than any others. For the purpose of punishing those nonconformists, Sir James Turner was sent thither with a considerable party of troops, and full commission from the Privy Council to impose and levy fines, and inflict all the other penalties, for enforcing general compliance with the Episcopal system. Sir James was a soldier of fortune, who had served under David Lesley and afterwards in the army of Engagers, under the Duke of Hamilton. He was a man of some literature, having written a treatise on the Art of War, and some other works, besides his own Memoirs. Nevertheless, he appears, by the account he gives of himself in his Memoirs, to have been an unscrupulous plunderer, and other authorities describe him as a fierce and dissolute character. In such hands the powers assigned by the Commission were not likely to slumber, although Sir James assures his readers that he never extorted above one-half of the fine imposed. But a number of co-operating circumstances had rendered the exercise of such a commission as was entrusted to him less safe than it had hitherto been.